

TRUE STORY OF A HOLLYWOOD GIRL

Silver Screen

May

10c



Ginger
Rogers

BAND LEADERS KNOW THE ANSWERS

TROPIC

NEW COAST-TO-COAST

NAIL POLISH COLOR SENSATION



Joan Bennett, Charming Star of "I Met My Love Again," a Walter Wanger Production.



TROPIC playground of Hollywood stars—Hawaii's golden sands and flaming flowers inspired Glazo's new color success—TROPIC.

I love it, **SAYS JOAN BENNETT**

I'VE adopted this gorgeous new Glazo shade for my very own," exclaims Miss Bennett, known for her flawless taste as well as her beauty. "Tropic is the most exciting nail polish creation in years!"

TROPIC brings flattering warmth to every skin-tone—a subtle accent to smart spring costume colors. And, because it is Glazo's new Perfected Polish, TROPIC wears perfectly for days!

TROPIC is sweeping the country! Warm, provocative, glowing—it is the essence of spring—a prophecy of exciting new clothes, new places.

As Joan Bennett says: "Find out for yourself what fun it is to wear!"

Your approval of Glazo's shades will include not only Tropic, but also the new Congo, Spice and Cabaña. Vary them with fashion-approved Thistle, Suntan, Old Rose, Russet, Dahlia, Flame, Shell and Natural.

*Lead Fashion—Wear **TROPIC** Now*

Your favorite toilet goods counter—in every city and town from coast-to-coast—is featuring Glazo's latest color sensation. See how TROPIC adds new beauty to your hands and a new zest to your life!

For a perfect manicure, apply TROPIC after using Glazo Polish Remover and Cuticle Remover. Extra-large sizes at all drug counters, 25¢.

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The Smart Manicure

GLAZO'S *New Perfected Polish*

New Glazo gives you these three conclusive points of superiority:

- 1** LONG WEAR—the New Glazo wears for days and days without peeling, chipping or fading! Slightly heavier for extra "coverage," it meets the demand for a polish that really *clings* to the nails!
- 2** EASE OF APPLICATION—every drop in the bottle goes on easily, evenly. It will not streak or run; dries quickly.
- 3** BRILLIANT LUSTRE—won't fade in sun or water.

Glazo's Perfected Polish gives all 3 points of excellence to these new shades:

TROPIC—lovely with all spring costume colors.
CONGO—perfect for bright shades and prints.
SPICE—wear it with grey, pastels and all blues.
CABAÑA—gay with beige, yellow, green, black.



...AND MEN CAN BE SUCH AWFUL GOSSIPS TOO!



Let's face the truth about UNDERARM PERSPIRATION ODOR

MEN DO TALK about girls behind their backs—although they won't admit it. Is a girl pretty, a good sport, a smooth dancer? The answer quickly goes the rounds!

They talk about other things, too. About the girls they hate to dance with—the girls they simply *won't* take out. For a girl must be *more* than pretty and smart. She'll never make a hit with men unless she is truly *sweet*—nice to be *near*.

Unpopularity often begins with the first hint of underarm odor. This is one fault that men can't stand—one fault they *can't* forgive. Yet any girl may offend this way, if she trusts her *bath alone* to keep her fresh!

Smart girls—popular girls—don't take chances! They know a bath only takes

care of *past perspiration*—that they still need Mum, to prevent odor *to come*.

MUM LASTS ALL DAY! All day or all evening long, Mum's protection is *sure*.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum does not stop healthful perspiration. Even after underarm shav-

ing it never irritates the skin. And Mum is completely harmless to fabrics—safe to apply even *after* you're dressed.

MUM IS QUICK! One half minute is all it takes for a dab of Mum under each arm! To be a girl men *like* to have around, use Mum every day and after every bath.

FOR THIS IMPORTANT USE, TOO Thousands of women use Mum for Sanitary Napkins because they know Mum is so gentle, so sure! Don't risk embarrassment! Always use Mum!

HOURS AFTER YOUR BATH MUM STILL KEEPS YOU SWEET



MUM

 TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

APR 14 1938

The Opening Chorus



Gene Raymond

A LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR BOSS:

I am amazed and annoyed and confused—and not the least bit happy about it all. Now I don't want to be a kill-joy, not me the glad girl, but I just must complain a little in my gentle, sweet, neurotic manner.

I am amazed because such a nice, intelligent young actor as Gene Raymond should be so persnickerty about stories written about him. Gene, like Nelson Eddy, insists upon having stories submitted to him before the writer sends them in to the fan magazines. And they say when Gene gets hold of a pencil he simply goes hog-wild.

Many are the anecdotes told around town about Gene and his editing phobia, but the most amazing concerns a story written recently by one of the better male writers who had a sentence that read: "In Hollywood eligible and unattached males don't grow on gooseberry bushes." Gene, with a flourish of pencil, scratched out "gooseberry." Is there anything wrong about "gooseberry"? It's made every dictionary for a long, long time. It's in awfully good standing with the Purists, and the Hays office. Perhaps Gene should stick to his acting.

I am annoyed . . . because actors who go to previews are often so chatty that it is difficult to hear what is being said on the screen. At the "Jezebel" preview the other night I had to sit behind the party-throwing Basil Rathbones, who enjoyed the picture so thoroughly that not only did they discuss it with each other quite audibly during the entire preview, but they had to point at the screen during tense moments. I thought screen-pointers had gone out with title readers and the dodo bird.

Mrs. Rathbone wore a little inverted flower pot number with quite a wild cluster of feathers sprouting up from it. The pot plus the feathers (Gene, where is your pencil) must have added a goodly foot or so to Mrs. Rathbone's height—and need it be said that she did *not* remove the hat. And me a Bette Davis pushover. I tell you I became a wild young thing, fit to be tied. As Basil left his seat at the end of the preview he said, for the benefit of all who were interested, "This is really a great picture." I said "I wouldn't know" and sulked something awful.

I am confused—because people, even very sane, sensible people, often call me Liza the Louse.

Liza

REFLECTING *the* MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

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Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN
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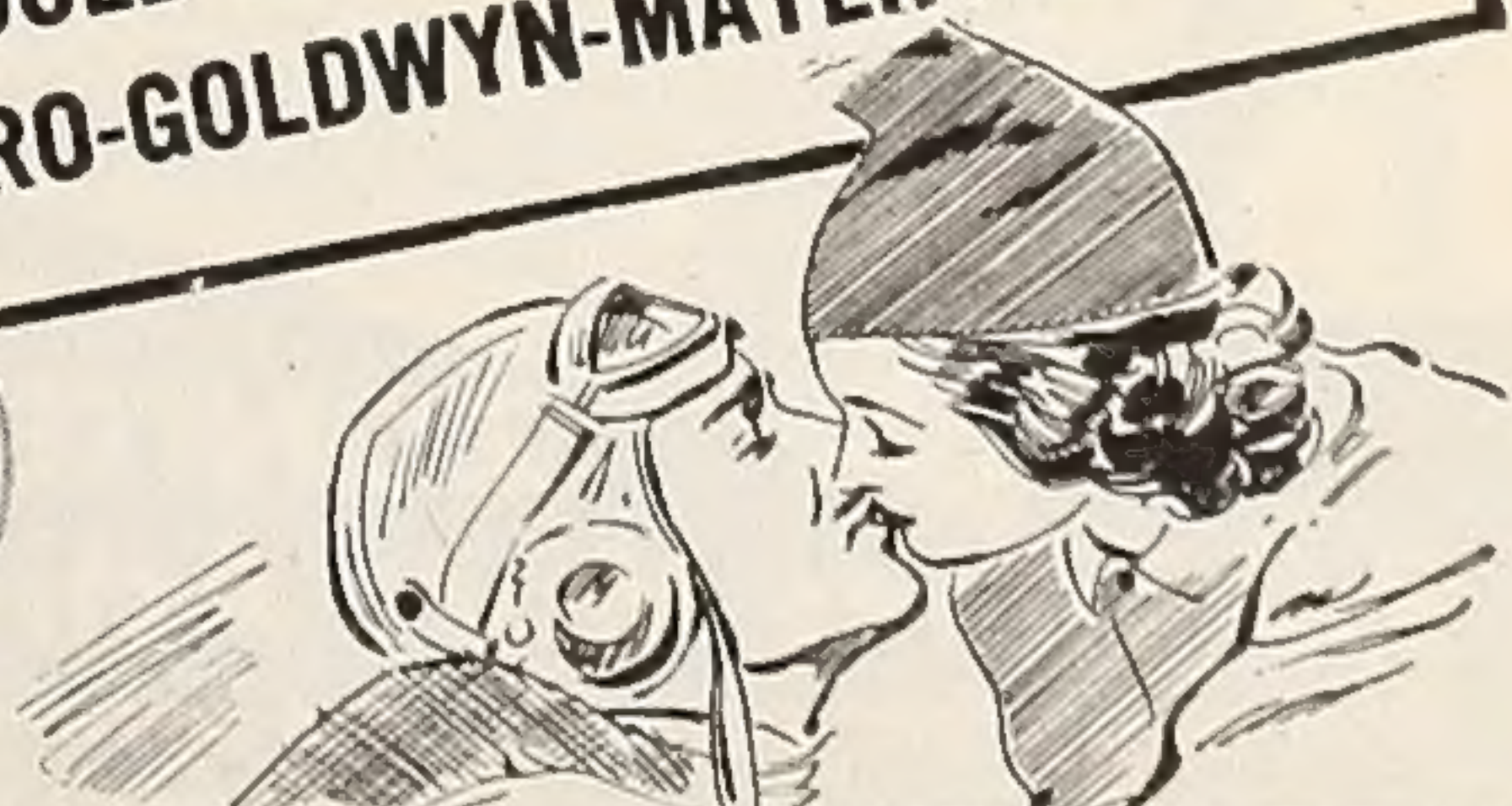
In VICTOR FLEMING'S *Production*

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WITH LIONEL BARRYMORE

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DIRECTED BY VICTOR FLEMING · A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Laughter too... as Clark makes Spencer act as Myrna's stand-in! Spencer's willing but not able...if you get what we mean.



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ZONITE Is 9.3 Times More Active
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Tips On Pictures

ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER, THE—Fine. This Mark Twain classic, we are glad to say, was filmed (in Technicolor) with the Mark Twain touch, which means that it is a simple, human and very tender account of those heart-warming youngsters, (Tom, Huck Finn and Becky Thatcher) who seemed to have such a perfectly grand time on the banks of the Mississippi about a hundred years ago. (May Robson, Victor Jory, David Holt).

ADVENTURES OF MARCO POLO—Fine. A lavish super-special, depicting in thrilling and spectacular fashion life in the 13th Century, when Marco Polo, the Venetian adventurer, journeyed to the court of the great Kublai Khan in China, and, among other exciting intrigues, indulged in a romance with the Khan's lovely daughter, Sigrid Gurie. (Gary Cooper, Basil Rathbone).

AFFAIRS OF MAUPASSANT—Fine. Filmed in Vienna, with German dialogue, this episode in the life of that French master of the short-story, Guy de Maupassant, in which he falls in love with the brilliant Russian patron of the arts, Marie Bashkirtseff, is fine dramatic entertainment. The setting is Paris in the '80's, and Offenbach's "Orpheus In The Underworld" provides a touching musical background. (Hans Jaray, Lili Darvas). Catch this at your nearest "art" theater.

BARONESS AND THE BUTLER, THE—Fair. A comedy in the Continental drawing-room style, in which William Powell, the almost perfect butler, wins a seat in Parliament, much to the astonishment of his "master," the Prime Minister (Henry Stephenson). The setting is Budapest, and Powell's romance with the Prime Minister's married daughter, Annabella, gives a certain charm and sparkle to the film.

BELOVED BRAT, THE—Fair. Our favorite problem girl, Bonita Granville, plays the title role, that of a wealthy brat, so totally spoiled and overbearing that she's finally sent to a reform school. Here she is utterly transformed by the kindly treatment accorded her by the matron, played by Dolores Costello.

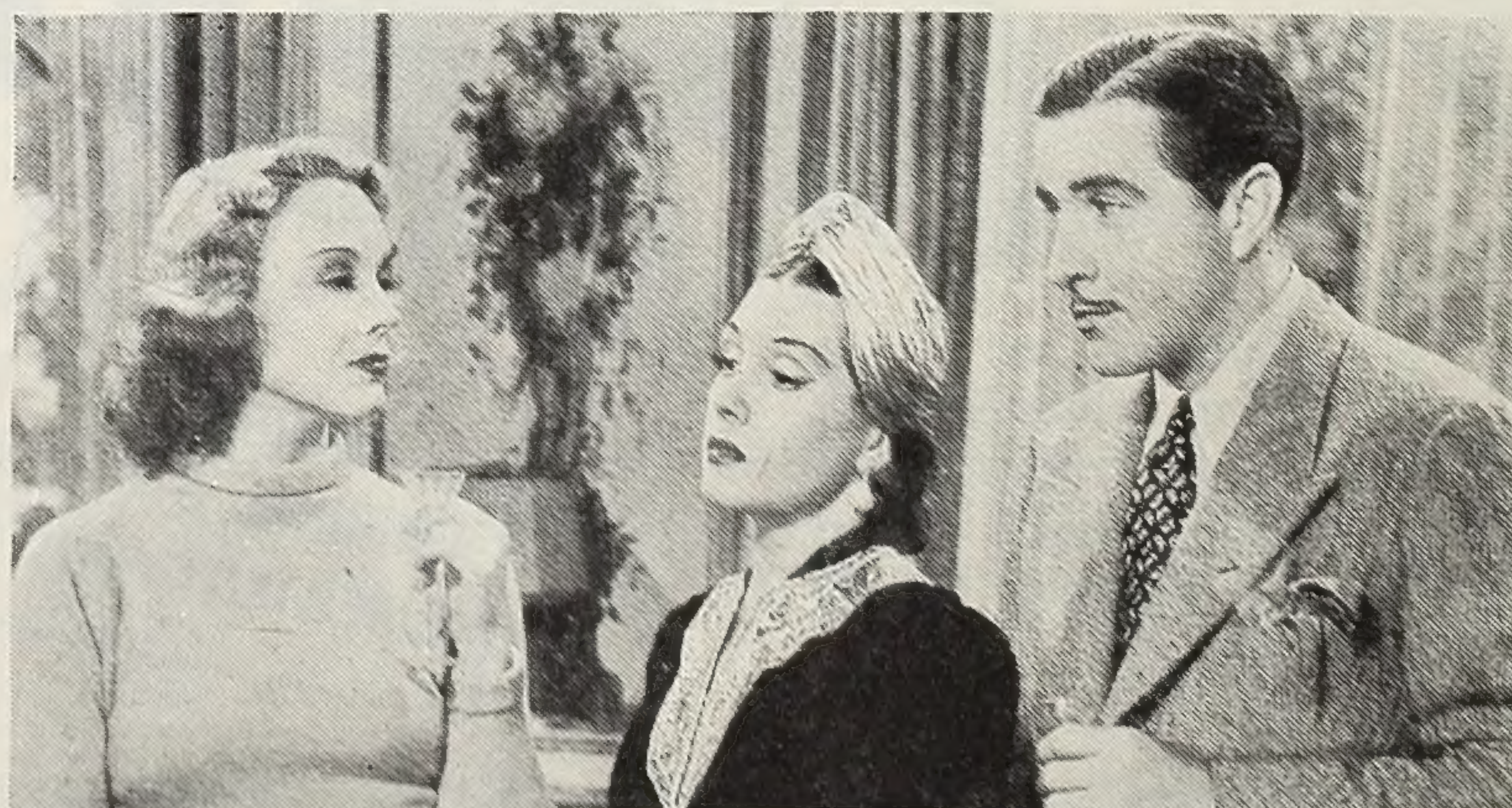
BRINGING UP BABY—Amusing. The dignified and oft-times tragic Katherine Hepburn goes slapstick on us now—and in the grand manner, too! With Cary Grant (a serious paleontologist) to capture for a husband, the scatterbrained Katherine sets herself a job that combines eventually all the delicious antics allotted this type of picture. (Chas. Ruggles, May Robson).

CRIME OF DR. HALLET, THE—Good. The medical profession goes slightly berserk for a while in the tropics, but Dr. Ralph Bellamy, desiring to right a great wrong, assumes the personality and name of his dead assistant (who had invented an important serum) and carries on a great work. There's plenty of romantic interest in the person of Josephine Hutchinson.

DANGEROUS TO KNOW—Only fair. The strength of this somewhat time-worn gangster film lies in the casting of Akim Tamiroff and Anna May Wong in the leading roles—that of a big-shot politician and his so-called hostess. Melodrama of a somewhat lurid sort abounds, although there is a certain amount of love interest to offset it. (Gail Patrick, Harvey Stephens, Roscoe Karns).

EVERYBODY SING—Good entertainment. When Judy Garland gets expelled from school for singing jazz she brings you home to as screwy a family as you have yet met in a season of screwy comedies. But you'll find the domestic pyrotechnics delightful especially when they're set off by such joyous comedians as Fanny Brice, Reginald Owen, Billie Burke, Allan Jones, etc.

Claire Dodd is trying to make Gladys Swarthout feel relatively unimportant in the eyes of romantic John Boles, but she's not succeeding very well.



HAWAII CALLS—Good. If you're in a mellow, sentimental mood, this comedy-adventure yarn should be your choice. As the title indicates the locale is the romantic islands of Hawaii, and Bobby Breen, the boy soprano, sings sweetly throughout while charming every member of the cast, native and American alike. (Ned Sparks, Irvin Cobb, Gloria Holden).

LOVE, HONOR AND BEHAVE—Fair. Here we have that popular matinee idol, Wayne Morris, cast as a slightly too-sure-of-himself Yale tennis champ, who has a hard time ridding himself of a mother complex, in spite of his early marriage to Priscilla Lane. Cave-man tactics at the end bring the drifting Priscilla back to his arms. (Barbara O'Neill, Mona Barrie).

MIDNIGHT INTRUDER—So-so. This can be accepted on a dual bill that features a top-ranking film. The plot has to do with a couple of comparatively shiftless young men who risk their last cent at the racetrack, and, while hitchhiking to nowhere in particular, run into a fairly exciting series of adventures. (Louis Hayward, Eric Linden, Barbara Read).

OF HUMAN HEARTS—Fine. A tender, exquisitely sentimental story of the conflict existing within the domestic circle of an intolerant circuit riding preacher, whose son wishes to save the bodies of men instead of their souls. The period is just before and during the Civil War and there is one memorable scene in which Abraham Lincoln stands out more impressively than ever before in films. (Walter Huston, James Stewart, Beulah Bondi).

OUTSIDE OF PARADISE—Good. You will enjoy this film which teams Phil Regan and the amusing Penny Singleton. Phil inherits an Irish castle and proceeds to turn part of it into a night club. Amid many tuneful melodies and effective dance routines, and the usual romantic complications, the plot pursues its way to the inevitable happy ending.

ROMANCE IN THE DARK—Good. Gladys Swarthout gets her first decent film break in this colorful comedy with music. The locale is Hungary, with John Boles cast as an operatic tenor, John Barrymore an impresario with lusty ideas, and Swarthout a girl from the country with warbling ambitions and plenty of "yumphi".

SALLY, IRENE, AND MARY—Fair. It's too bad this remake of a very successful silent movie (originally a successful musical comedy) suffers sadly by comparison, in spite of a cast that does its most to make it otherwise. The story concerns three manicurists who have been bitten by the stage bug, and there's plenty of singing, dancing and general merriment while they're traveling the uncertain road to glory. (Alice Faye, Marjorie Weaver, Gregory Ratoff, Jimmy Durante).

WIDE OPEN FACES—Good. A field day for Joe E. Brown fans. In this deliberately absurd take-off on the familiar gangster theme, Joe gets involved with G-Men and crooks with equal aplomb, and the laughs come along quick and sure, without any pretension of pseudo-smartness. (Jane Wyman, Alison Skipworth, Sidney Toler).

WIFE OF GENERAL LING—Interesting. A British film that may come unheralded but which should create plenty of word-of-mouth critical appreciation. It is strongly dramatic (the British are at their best when it comes to secret agent plots) and features a gifted actor by the name of Griffith Jones. The dialogue is smart and surrounding cast quite good.

Mary Astor

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Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color) <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
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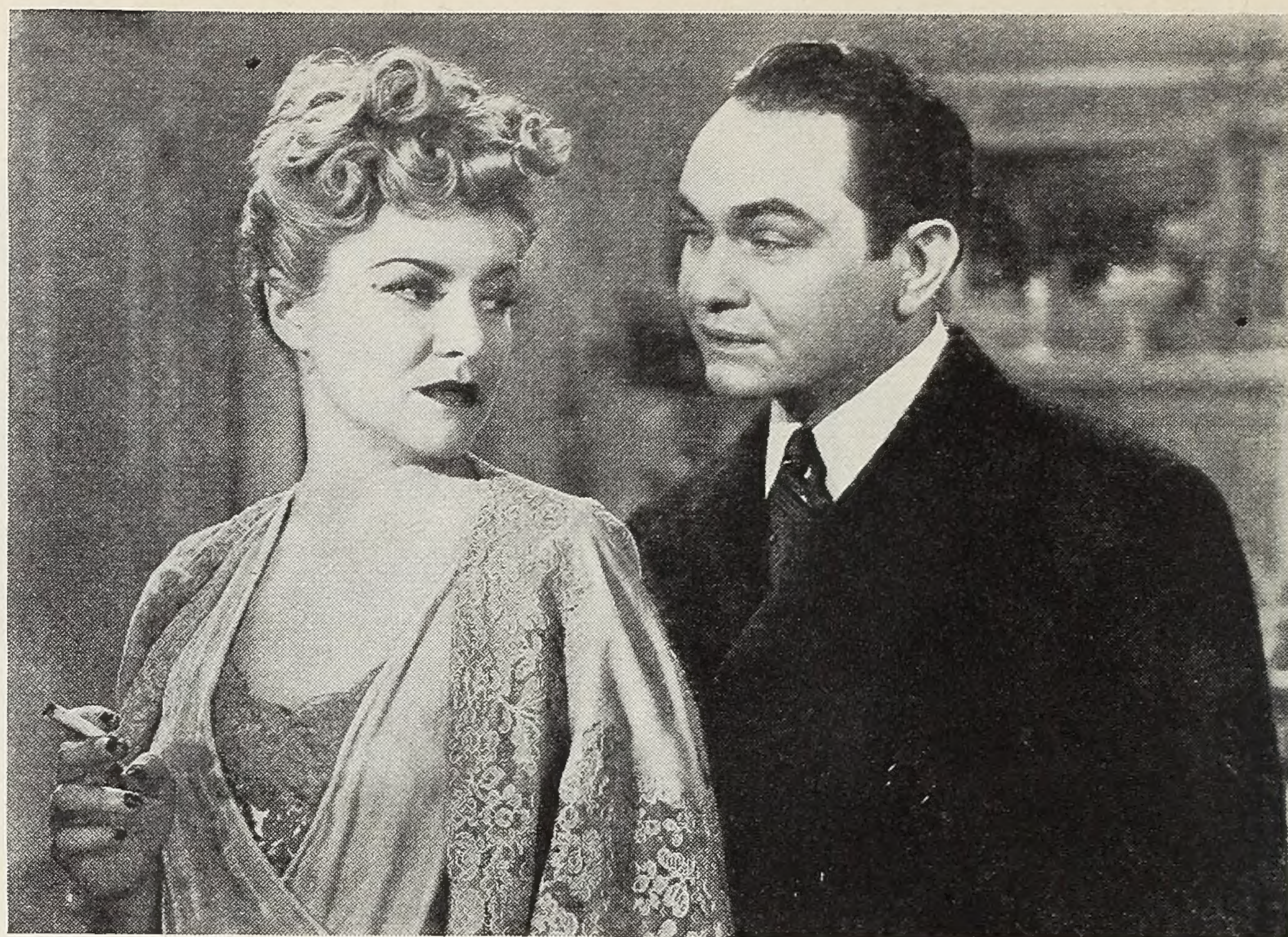
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"The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse"
has another good part for
Edward G. Robinson.
Claire Trevor goes crim-
inal, since someone
has to.

"Men At Work" And
Stars Brightly Shining.
S. R. Mook Visits
The Sets.

PICTURES ON THE FIRE

WHAT doldrums
this industry
is in! My, oh,
my! The makers of
movies evidently do
not realize that this
benign frame of mind I'm in can't last
forever. As long as it is lasting, though, let
me say that what there is this month
seems good. Once again—

Warner Brothers

is the only studio where there is much
doing.

First we have the one and only Kay
Francis in a little number called "Secrets
of An Actress." It's the first time Kay has
faced a camera since last September and
even the camera looks happy. I don't know
the story of the picture. I only know that
Kay is the daughter of an actor—I suppose
she's an actress herself—and Ian Hunter is
meeting her for the first time. The meeting
isn't important—except to him. But, boy,
oh, boy! Does *she* look elegant.

"Now, you're *not* going already," she says
when the scene is finished—just as though
it mattered to her. "I haven't seen you in
months."

"Tell me about your house," I coax her.

"Well, it's finally finished, all but the liv-
ing room. I've done that over three times
and I'm on the fourth go-round now. I
just can't get it to suit me."

And then I remember that Kay has just
got herself engaged. Another of my idols
lost to me forever. Another near-sighted
female who has let me slip through her
fingers.

have never been one to stand up and cheer
for Mr. Robinson (he does plenty of that
for himself) but I must admit in all fairness
(and I *can* be fair—if there's a gallery—
and if I'm pressed) that in "A Slight Case
of Murder" and also in this one he's giving
a performance that even I can't carp about.

He is a scientist who is vitally interested
in the reaction of the criminal mind at the
time of a crime. So he allies himself with
the detective force and then proceeds to
get into the den of a bunch of crooks, of
which Claire (whose picture name is Jo
Keller) is the head. The "den" is Claire's
apartment, and *SOME* apartment it is, let
me tell you. Whoever said that crime
doesn't pay, never got a load of this outfit.
And Claire—well, this being a family maga-
zine I can't say how Claire affects me but
the outfit she has on certainly doesn't do
anything to lessen my admiration for her.

Robinson, to bait her and worm himself
into the confidence of the gang, has come
up there with a pocket full of jewelry.

"Thirty," Claire offers.

"Forty," he demands.

"We'll compromise at thirty-two," she
suggests.

"We'll compromise at thirty-eight," he
agrees.

"You're taking all the profit out of
crime," she informs him with a sad, sad
sigh, "but—it's a deal." She starts to pick

up the jewels but he stops her politely. "My terms—not that I don't trust you—are strictly cash," he reminds her.

"You don't take any chances, do you?" she smiles.

"In an occupation as full of chances as mine, it's no use taking unnecessary chances," he says. "As far as my coming here with all this on me," waving his hand towards the jewels, "at your and the others' first sight of it, I had the upper hand—psychologically speaking—and that's all anyone can ask for."

By this time Claire has gone into the bedroom, leaving the door open. She went to get the money. "I like your style, Professor," she laughs.

"And I yours," he calls back.

"No reason why we couldn't join up—professionally," she hints.

"Of course—professionally. No reason," he agrees.

"Everyone you met in '920' is an expert in his line," she informs him, coming back into the room with the money in an envelope. "Here's your cash, Professor. Rocks is the boss—he knows combinations. Okay is a wizard when it comes to burglar alarms. Popus is the best ice expert in the East. All top men."

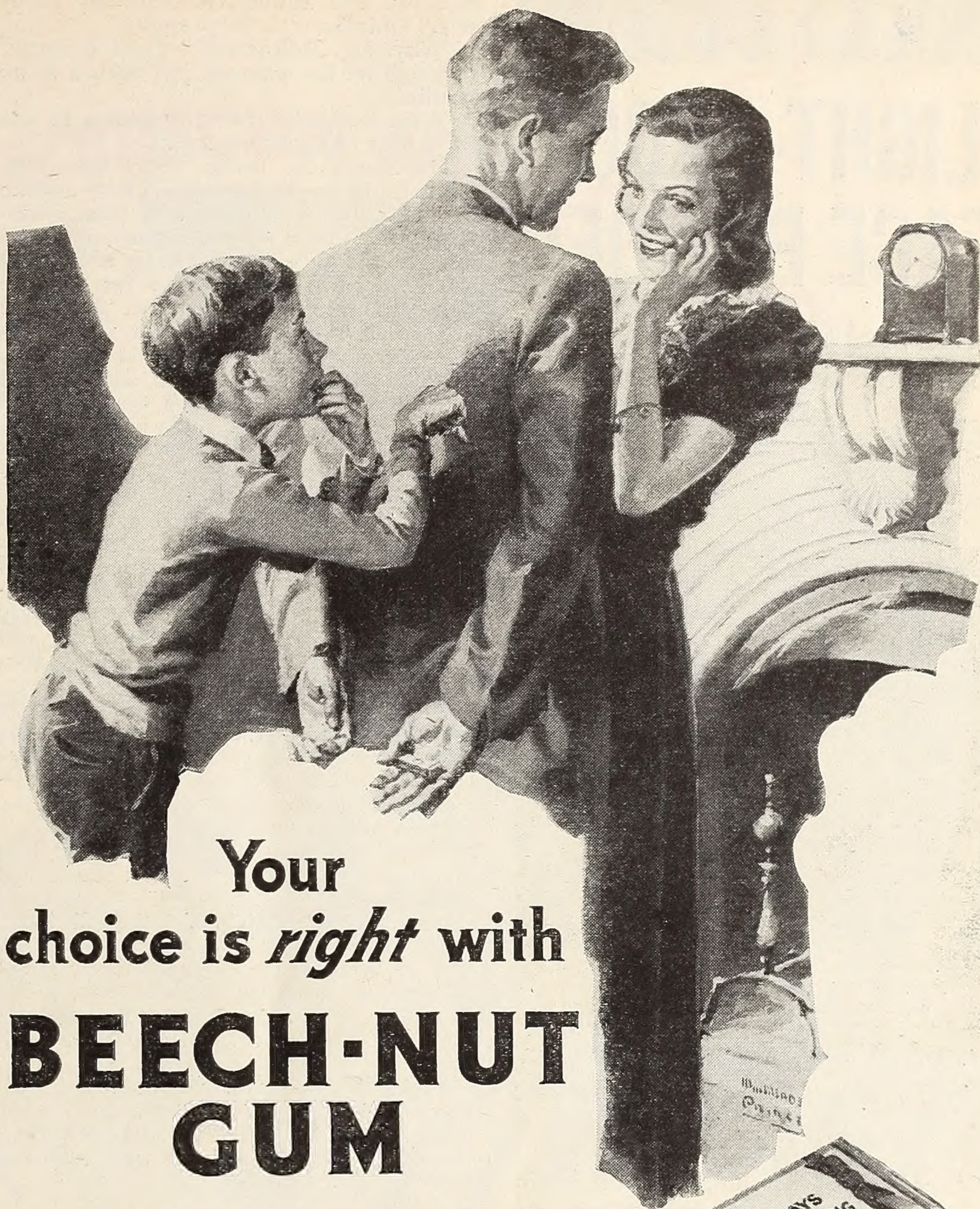
After all, Mr. Robinson is only human. He joins the gang—professionally. If it were me, I'd go whole hog. But then, Eddie has a wife and kid and a collection of paintings. Me? I'm a realist. I can't see why anyone would want a measly painting when he could have Claire—

Unfortunately, I can't stand moping here all day so I move on to the next set. It happens to be "When were you born?" This 'un features Anna May Wong, Lola Lane and Margaret Lindsey. There are men in it, too, but none of them are well known. It's a murder mystery and Anna May is an astrologist. She predicts James Stephenson's death and when he really is killed she is suspected. To clear herself she solves the mystery by astrology.

This scene is the bar in the ship and Lola has just spied Anna May off in the distance. She leaves her drink and her gempmun friend and hurries over to Anna May. The thing that gets me about this scene is that Stuart Holmes is the bartender. In the early days of pictures Mr. H was the suavest villain the screen knew. He was the Roy O'Arcy (whatever became of him, anyhow?), the Adolphe Menjou, the George Raft and William Powell of his day. Now he is portly, almost bald and has a fringe of white hair around his pate—but he's still a good actor.

The last picture on this lot is "Four's A Crowd" with Errol Flynn, Walter Connolly, Olivia DeHavilland and Rosalind Russell. Honest to pete, the way Louella Parsons, Ed Sullivan and I go on writing month in and month out, trying to tell these people how to get a little system into movie making—and no one pays the slightest attention to any of us—is enough to try the patience of Job. I've reminded them time and again that Paramount lost almost a million dollars on "Hotel Imperial" because Dietrich wouldn't finish it after Lubitsch was taken off, and she hadn't seen the completed script before she started it. I've told them they should never put a picture into production until the script is finished. But they go right ahead doing as they've always done—shooting from the cuff.

Here this picture is over half finished and no one knows what it's about. Or if they do, they're certainly making a mystery of it. All I know (and you're welcome to any information I have) is that Mr. Flynn, Miss DeHavilland and Miss Russell are in bathing suits (oh, well, it'll be summer when the picture is released) and Mr. Connolly is in street clothes and all steamed up.



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LIGHT-PROOF FACE POWDER

*The make-up improvement
that has proved a sensation*



Try Luxor Powder. It's light-proof. Your face won't shine. Try it! We will send you a box for a DIME.

● At parties, do you instinctively avoid certain lights that play havoc with your complexion? All that trouble with fickle make-up will be overcome when you finish with powder whose particles do not glisten in every strong light.

Seeing is believing

With light-proof powder, your complexion will not constantly be light-struck. In any light. Day or night. Nor will you have all that worry over *shine*.

We will send you a box of Luxor for ten cents. Or you can buy a large box anywhere without waiting, and have your money back if it doesn't please.

Test it in all lights, under all conditions. See how it improves your appearance. See the lovely softness and absence of shine. See how such powder subdues those high lights of cheekbones and chin, and nose.

A large box of Luxor light-proof powder is 55c at drug and department stores; 10c sizes at the five-and-ten stores . . . Or mail coupon below enclosing a silver dime.



LUXOR, Ltd. S. U. 5-38
Chicago

Send me a trial box of Luxor light-proof powder, postpaid. I enclose 10c (silver dime).

☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Rose Rachel
☐ Rachel No. 2 ☐ Brunette

Name

St. & No.

P. O. State

(This offer not good in Canada)

"Young man," he sputters to Errol, "I give you two minutes to leave my property!" Only he calls it "preppity."

"Why, Mr. Dillingwell?" Errol counters, although he has planned just such a scene as this.

Olivia is making frantic gestures to tell Errol that Connolly means it.

There may be better actors than Mr. Connolly in the business but I defy anyone to find a better sputterer. "I have entertained rats under my roof in my time," he wheezes and I begin to fear he is carrying this sputtering business too far for the sake of art. He looks apoplectic. "But none to compare to you!" he thunders.

"What do you mean, sir?" Errol counters, thinking this is all part of the scene he had planned. He passes between Connolly and Olivia, prods the latter and whispers in the former's ear, "Nice going."

"Don't whisper at me," Connolly sputters. "Get out of here!"

Errol passes back between them and prods Olivia again. "Join in."

Olivia automatically repeats a well rehearsed line—but in a very weak voice: "And to think you made love to me only to trick my protector. Grandfather, are you going to stand by and see me used as a tool?"

"Don't talk nonsense," Connolly sputters to Olivia and wheels on Errol, sputtering some more: "So you're the one who wants to make me into a saint, are you—you—after conducting a whole campaign to make me the most hated man in America."

Well, of course, if Errol has gone that far there's an excuse for Mr. Connolly's sputtering.

"It's all my fault," Miss Russell interposes quietly.

It all reminds me of *Jello's* (how about a couple of tickets to the broadcast, Jello?) recipe for chocolate pudding: "Boil and stir until it begins to thicken and then let it cool."

I always say—yeah, you've heard that before, I know, but it's still a good line—quantity is what counts. So, As R-K-O is the next most active studio we'll turn our footsteps thirtherward.

R-K-O

"VIVACIOUS LADY" starring Ginger Rogers and James Stewart is still shooting. But you've heard about that. In

addition, there are "Go Chase Yourself" (and the same to you, Mr. R-K-O) with Joe Penner, Lucille Ball and Vicki Lester. The Lester dame is an eyeful and the Ball dame sorta gets me. Also, there is "The Saint in New York" with Louis Hayward and Kay Sutton. I've heard of Miss Sutton (isn't she another socialite entering pictures?) but she has never had the pleasure (?) of meeting me so the score is still o-o.

To get on with "Chase Yourself." Mr. P. is a bank teller, more interested in crooning than telling and more interested in raffles and lotteries than crooning. He wins a trailer, which, although he has no car, doesn't discourage him. But it irks his wife (Lucille Ball). She tells him to go sleep in it. That same afternoon he has unwittingly given three crooks a tip (he would!) and they rob the bank. Pursued by police, they notice Joe's trailer and swiftly attach it to their car, assuming (and rightly) it will disarm suspicion (*that* English is RKO's—not mine).

Oh, phooey. The plot is just too complicated. But Lucille, in trying to follow Joe gets herself locked in jail, along with Fritz Feld (who is engaged to the Lester). And that's where I come in.

Eddie Cline is directing and wherever Eddie is, there's fun.

"Are you one of the Mauch Twins?" he demands seriously.

"Yes!" I answer, determined not to be made a fool of—again.

"Which one?" he insists.

"The older one," I retort cleverly and everybody laughs—even I.

"Huh!" says Eddie and then he really grows clever. "This is the Jail-O program," he announces and starts singing, "J-A-I-L-L-O."

"Play, Phil," comes in a voice suspiciously like Mary Livingston's but it's really Lucille's. And then she says, "Jack—where were you last night?"

"Why do you ask me a question like that, Mary?" Cline takes it up.

"You know, you big lug," she squelches him.

"Did you hear from your mother, Mary?" he asks, ignoring the inference.

"Yes," says Lucille.

"Is it a long letter?" Cline inquires apprehensively.

"Yes," says Lucille. "I'll read it to you." Then suddenly she breaks off this foolish-

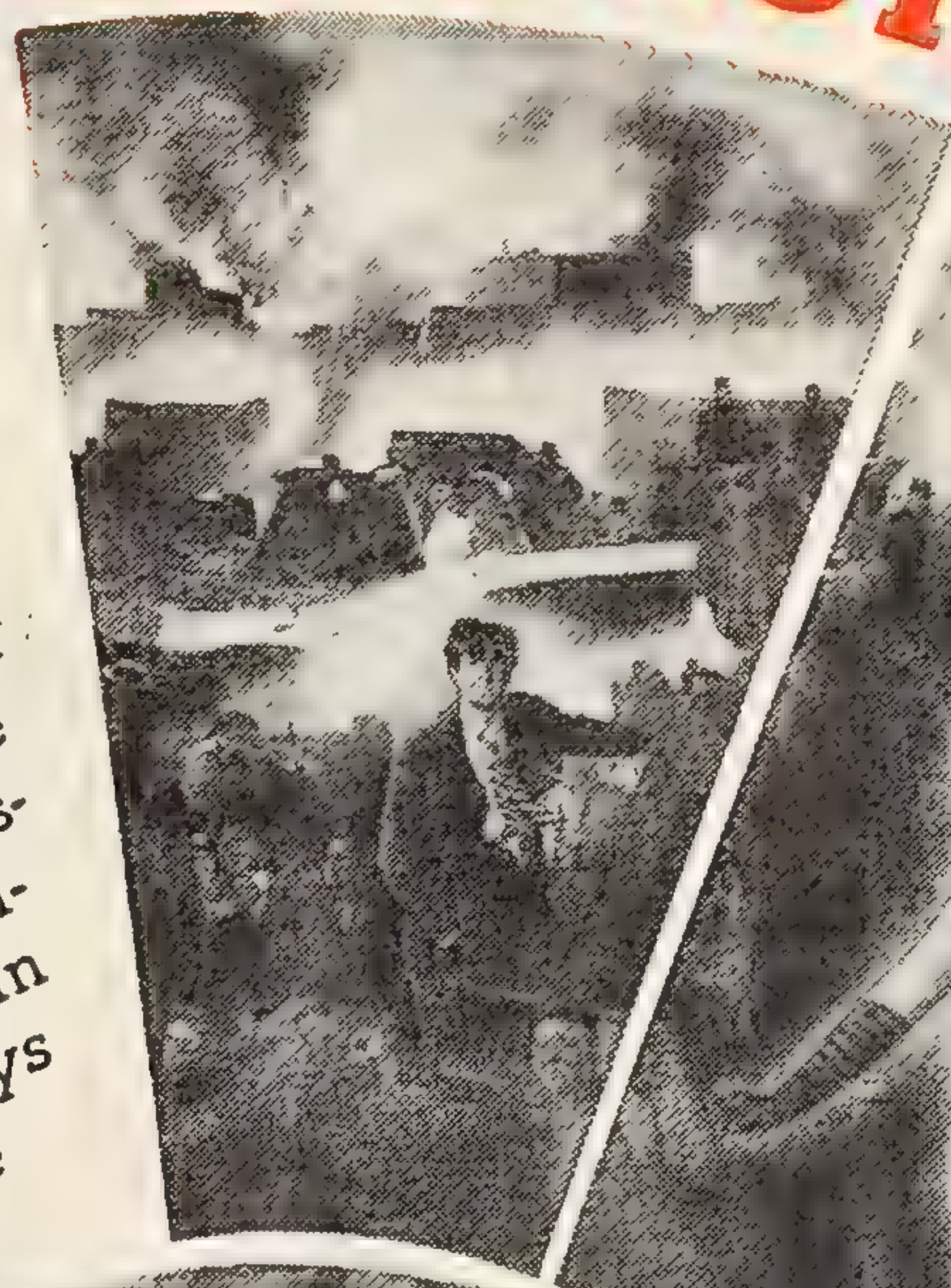


Rosalind Russell, Walter Connolly, Olivia de Havilland and Errol Flynn working out the theory that "Four's a Crowd."

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TRIUMPHS!

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The year's spectacular hit now comes to you! Old Chicago reborn in all its turbulent glory! The heart-warming, human drama of the magnificent O'Learys...loving tempestuously, hating fiercely...fighting valiantly! A family turned against itself by one kiss stolen from the lips of alluring Belle Fawcett! But when disaster overtakes the flaming city...once again it is "the O'Learys against the world!"



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DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
supreme achievement as
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entertainment.

IN OLD CHICAGO

TYRONE ALICE DON
POWER • FAYE • AMECHE

ALICE ANDY BRIAN
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Phyllis BROOKS • Tom BROWN • Sidney BLACKMER
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Directed by **HENRY KING**

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Busch • Music & Lyrics by Gordon & Revel, Pollack & Mitchell

Watch for it soon at
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picture theatre.



For large, soft, natural looking curls



JOAN PERRY
Columbia Pictures

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We asked women everywhere...in homes, in beauty shops, in stores and offices...and they said "Give us a curler that will make large, soft, natural-looking curls." So we designed the HOLLYWOOD GIANT, pictured here in actual size. Curls made on this big cylinder look softer, more natural. They comb without becoming frizzy. And they give the large, full curls so favored in the new hair styles. The HOLLYWOOD GIANT is easy to use...rolls smoothly, dries quickly, withdraws without spoiling curl. They're 2 for 10¢ at dime stores and notion counters.



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Why suffer from this obstinate, repulsive, scaly skin disease, **Psoriasis**, which you may believe to be **ECZEMA**? Use **PSORA-DERMA**, the new guaranteed treatment. Regardless of how discouraged you may be after trying other preparations without success, its results will astonish you. **PSORA-DERMA** is a scientific development, perfected by a pharmacist after many years of research work. Guaranteed to give you relief in two weeks or money refunded. You risk nothing. Send for **FREE \$1.00 trial treatment of PSORA-DERMA** at once. Try it and you'll bless the day you read this advertisement. **UNION LABORATORIES, Dept. 55, Box 115, Linwood Station, Detroit, Michigan**

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on any subject and send poem to us at once for exceptional offer.

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The Best GRAY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME



YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired

shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded, or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

ness and says, "Let's go—my ashes are ready."

So they go into a take. She and Feld are behind the bars and Arthur Stone (as the warden) is in front of them listening to the radio, enjoying the "Visit Your Neighbor" program. Lucille and Fritz are obviously annoyed by the radio. Throughout the scene Penner's song is coming clearly over the air, revealing he is being held captive in the Sunshine Trailer Camp.

"That radio," Fritz snorts (first Connolly sputtering and now Feld snorting. *What a life*), "he is an infernal machine."

"You're in jail," Ball remarks laconically (good word, that). "It's a new form of punishment."

Mr. Stone ignores them.

"That voice!" Fritz storms. "Turn it off. Even for calling pigs it is not good."

Suddenly Lucille recognizes Penner's voice (who wouldn't, I'd like to know—and no cracks about mine, either!) "Warden! Warden!" she yells.

With complete disgust, Stone turns the radio off.

"Don't turn it off," Ball screams. "I've got to listen."

"Turn it off! Turn it on!" Stone mocks. "It's off and it stays off!"



Charles Judels, Nan Grey, Harlan Briggs, May Boley and Tom Jenks in a scene of domestic bliss in "Reckless Living."

"Warden," Lucille cajoles desperately, "how would you like to make that \$5,000 reward?" pointing to a poster of Penner's kidnapers (in justice to the RKO scenario writers I must point out that the reward is for the bank robbers and not for Penner).

"Huh!" Stone grunts, looking up.

"You can be the man to capture my husband and his mob of kidnapers," she coaxes. (Did I tell you that because his trailer is attached to the bank robbers' car, Joey Boy is supposed to be the head of the mob?)

"How do you know where he is?" Stone counters.

Lucille takes her cue and becomes pretty breezy. "Did you ever know a gunman's moll who couldn't locate the hide-out?" she demands, flicking the ashes from her cigarette in his face. And that's what she meant when she said her ashes were ready.

"That's good," Cline says, "print it."

"More," I yell.

"Shut up," says Cline, "you're only in on a raincheck."

And that's that!

Forlornly I pick my way to the other stage—the one where "The Saint" is shooting, the Saint being Mr. Louis Hayward. I've thought many things about Mr. Hayward but never that he was a saint. Movie Magic, I guess. It would seem (yeah, you've heard that one before, too, and you'll hear it again) that the Saint, whose picture name is Simon Templar, is a sort of modern Robin Hood who goes around bumping off criminals whom the law either doesn't convict at all or else pardons after they have been convicted. In a crime ridden city (why, bless me, it's New York!) a committee of law abiding citizens suggests they contact the Saint and get him to bump off a few gangsters in his own quiet and inimitable way. He disposes of No. 1 and then the gangsters (among them Jack Carson and Paul Guilfoyle) discover him, kidnap him and drive him out into the country to dispose of him.

"Last stop," Carson announces, halting the car.

"This is the place?" Hayward inquires, getting out.

"This is the place," Carson nods, prodding him to move on a few steps until they reach a large tree.

"I'm disappointed," Hayward quips.

"When they executed Mary, Queen of Scots, they built a fine, beautiful scaffold with great noblemen watching."

"Times 've changed," Carson vouchsafes. "There ain't much to it these days. I guess this'll do. Just stand up by that tree." He turns to Guilfoyle: "Come on, Hymie, it's your turn." And with that he calmly seats himself on a fallen log about five yards away. Hayward stands with his back to the tree as Guilfoyle Hymie approaches. Hymie unbuttons Louis' jacket and then his shirt.

"The heart is on this side," Louis offers, indicating his left breast.

"I know," Guilfoyle mutters, "but some fellows started wearing bullet proof vests."

"Ah, would I were invulnerable, too!" Hayward sighs.

"Invulnerable? What's that?" Hymie asks quickly.

"Look it up sometime, Hymie," Hayward suggests.

Well, as another saint once said to a sinner, after trying a sample, there's not much to it after all. In fact, that's about all there is today.

So I breeze over to—

Paramount

"COCOANUT GROVE" with Fred MacMurray and Harriet Hilliard, and "Tropic Holiday" with Ray Milland and Dorothy Lamour, I've already told you about. That leaves "You and Me" and there's not much to that, either. Just Mr. George Raft and Mr. Warren Hymer walking down a street muttering to each other and I can't hear what they're talking about. So I proceed to—

Universal

ONE lone, lorn picture shooting here. 'Tis called "Reckless Living" and I think 'tis a racetrack picture, but here again, alas, we have a picture with an unfinished story. Howsomever, it's near the start of the picture. The scene is a boarding house run by May Boley (there's an actress for you!) and three of her boarders are sitting at the breakfast table. They are Charles Judels, Harlan Briggs and Tom Jenks (and there's a comedian for you!)

The boys (well, it's a mixed crowd—Jenks is still practically a boy) haven't money to pay their bill and they are trying to soft-soap May by spilling a little blarney. But May puts them in their places by telling them she was married to an Irishman for thirty-five years—a gent who could REALLY lay it on. And with that she goes over and puts her arm affectionately around a gold bust of her late soft-soaper. If I had a gold bust of anything I'd handle it affectionately, too.

"And they still talk about him, Mother Ryan," Judels coos.

"What a horseman he was!" Briggs takes it up.

"Horseman!" exclaims Jenks indignantly. "Why, when Rosy Ryan passed on, purses were made up from Caliente to Hialiah to build that statue!"

May is touched—even as you and I. Proudly she gives Frank some more pancakes.

"That memento cost \$3,000 if it cost a nickel!" Frank opines.

"And not nearly enough for a testimonial to Rosy," Briggs sighs. "Rosy! Remember how they used to say:

'The field is large and the start is bad,
And the green colt runs as he can—'

May takes up the chant.

"But see the weight he packs, my lad,
'Ere you brand him an also-ran!"

"What's all this talk about also-rans?" Nan Grey smiles as she comes in the door. "You look like a bunch of winners to me."

Of course, one can never be sure but there are those who hint darkly that Nan is still the love of Wayne Morris' life despite his professed engagement to Priscilla

[Continued on page 81]

FINAL TITLES of NEW PICTURES

"Wooden Wedding" (Robert Montgomery) has been changed to

"The First Hundred Years"

"Certified" (Joan Fontaine)

has been changed to

"Maid's Night Out"

"Life on the Waterfront" (Wallace

Beery) has been changed to

"Port of Seven Seas"

"All Rights Reserved" (Errol Flynn)

has been changed to

"Four's a Crowd"

"Lovely Lady" (Kay Francis)

has been changed to

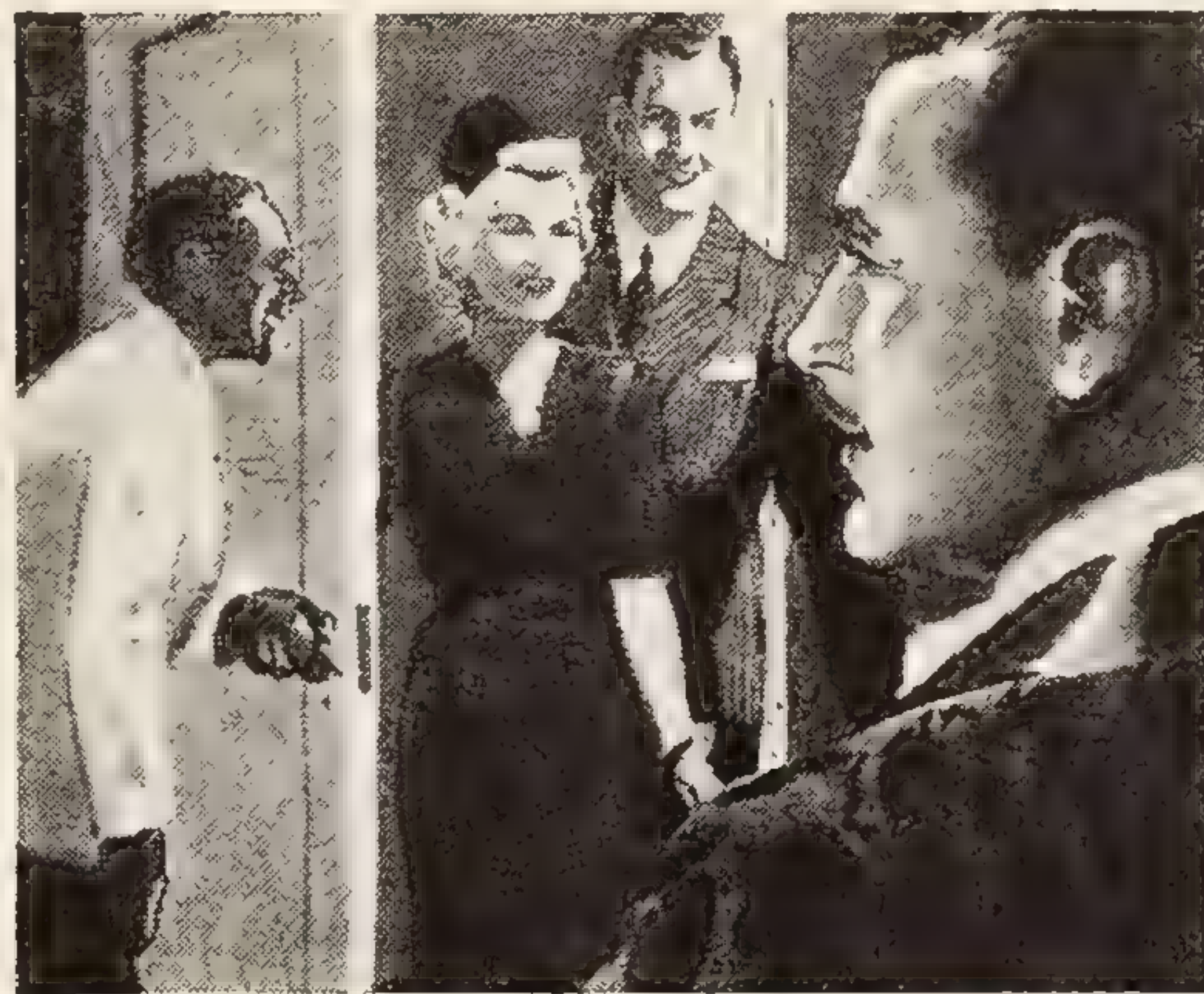
"Secrets of an Actress"

Paul Lukas

lends a helping hand



PAUL LUKAS
Favorite actor of
stage and screen.



"AFTER A MATINÉE of my latest Broadway show, a friend brought his sister to my dressing room to see me ...



"SHE WANTED TO BE an actress—was understudying the star in another play. She had talent, but ..."



"GIRLS MUST LOOK their best to win success. Although pretty, her lips were rough and dry. When she asked my advice about her career ...



"I TOLD HER that I thought she would benefit by using a special lipstick praised by many stage and screen beauties. Later she phoned me ..."



HELLO, MR. LUKAS! LAST NIGHT I MADE A BIG HIT IN THE STAR'S ROLE! AND I GIVE CREDIT FOR MY PERFORMANCE TO THE **KISSPROOF LIPSTICK** YOU TOLD ME ABOUT. ITS **BEAUTY-CREAM** BASE KEEPS MY LIPS SOFT AND SMOOTH. GAVE ME CONFIDENCE BY MAKING ME **LOOK MY BEST!**

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Match it with Kissproof rouge, 2 styles—Lip and Cheek (creme) or Compact (dry).
Kissproof Powder in 5 flattering shades, Generous trial sizes at all 10¢ stores.

Kissproof

Indelible LIPSTICK and ROUGE

SCENARIO BY PAUL LUKAS



Even your best friend won't tell you

EDNA was simply crushed by Charlie's curt note barren of explanation. True, she and Charlie frequently had "lovers' spats," but these were not enough to warrant breaking their engagement. Disheartened and puzzled, she sought Louise, her best friend. Perhaps she'd offer some explanation. Louise could, too; could have related in a flash what the trouble was... but she *didn't*; the subject is so delicate that even your best friend won't tell you.

HOW'S YOUR BREATH TODAY?

You may be guilty of halitosis (bad breath) this very moment and yet be unaware of it. That's the insidious thing about this offensive condition; you yourself never know when you have it, but others do and snub you unmercifully.

Don't run the risk of offending others needlessly. You can sweeten your breath by merely using Listerine Antiseptic, the remarkable deodorant

with the delightful taste. Rinse the mouth with it every morning and every night, and between times before business and social engagements.

As it cleanses the entire oral cavity, Listerine Antiseptic kills outright millions of odor-producing bacteria. At the same time it halts the fermentation of tiny food particles skipped by the tooth brush (a major cause of odors) then overcomes the odors themselves. Remember, when treating breath conditions you need a real deodorant that is also safe; ask for Listerine—and see that you get it.

If all men and women would take the delightful precaution of using Listerine, there would be fewer broken "dates" and waning friendships in the social world—fewer curt rebuffs in this world of business.

Lambert Pharmacal Company
St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE

Checks Halitosis
(Bad Breath)



WHAT PUT PATTY IN THE MOVIES?



POWDER IN THE FORM OF DENTAL CREAM

WATCH your dentist next time he cleans your teeth. Note how he makes his powder into a paste.

Similarly, for your convenience we "cream" the safest dental powders into a paste, which is easy to put on the brush.

You get the cleansing power of powder... in modern form... when you get Listerine Tooth Paste. It keeps your teeth sparkling and lustrous. Cleans and polishes them to gleaming whiteness.

No wonder it is the favorite of glamour girls who live by their smiles.

SILVER SCREEN

Richard Arlen, Alice Brady, Dick Foran and Harriet Hilliard.



Topics For Gossips

THE Margaret Lindsay-Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt romance is one of the hottest in town. Cesar Romero and Ethel Merman are romancing at present because the studio says it's good publicity—but those publicity matches sometimes turn out seriously.

THE birds are singing and the sun is shining and life is indeed a beautiful thing for Nana Earles, personal maid to Alice Brady. As a birthday present and a little token of appreciation for many years of faithful and devoted service, Alice gave Nana a \$1500 plush-mounted, hand-carved antique bed. The bed stands in regal splendor upon a magnificent Axminster carpet, also a gift from Alice, and when Nana crawls from the silken sheets each morning she says that "it's just like climbing out of the bosom of a cloud." You can be sure that Nana's new finery has Central Avenue Society (Los Angeles' Harlem) green with envy.

IT MUST be the Dietrich influence! Could hardly believe my eyes when I saw Harriet Hilliard dancing at the Troc in a large black cartwheel of milan with a shallow crown and a vivid trimming which was the exact replica of a big, red apple! Marlene now signs her letters, "With love from a Sad Apple."

THE *pièce de resistance* at the Warner Club annual party this year was the showing of a choice collection of the year's "Blow-ups." "Blow-ups" consist of the things actors say when they can't remember their lines. The cameras and sound tracks go on recording until the director says, "Cut," and that extra dialogue is often priceless.

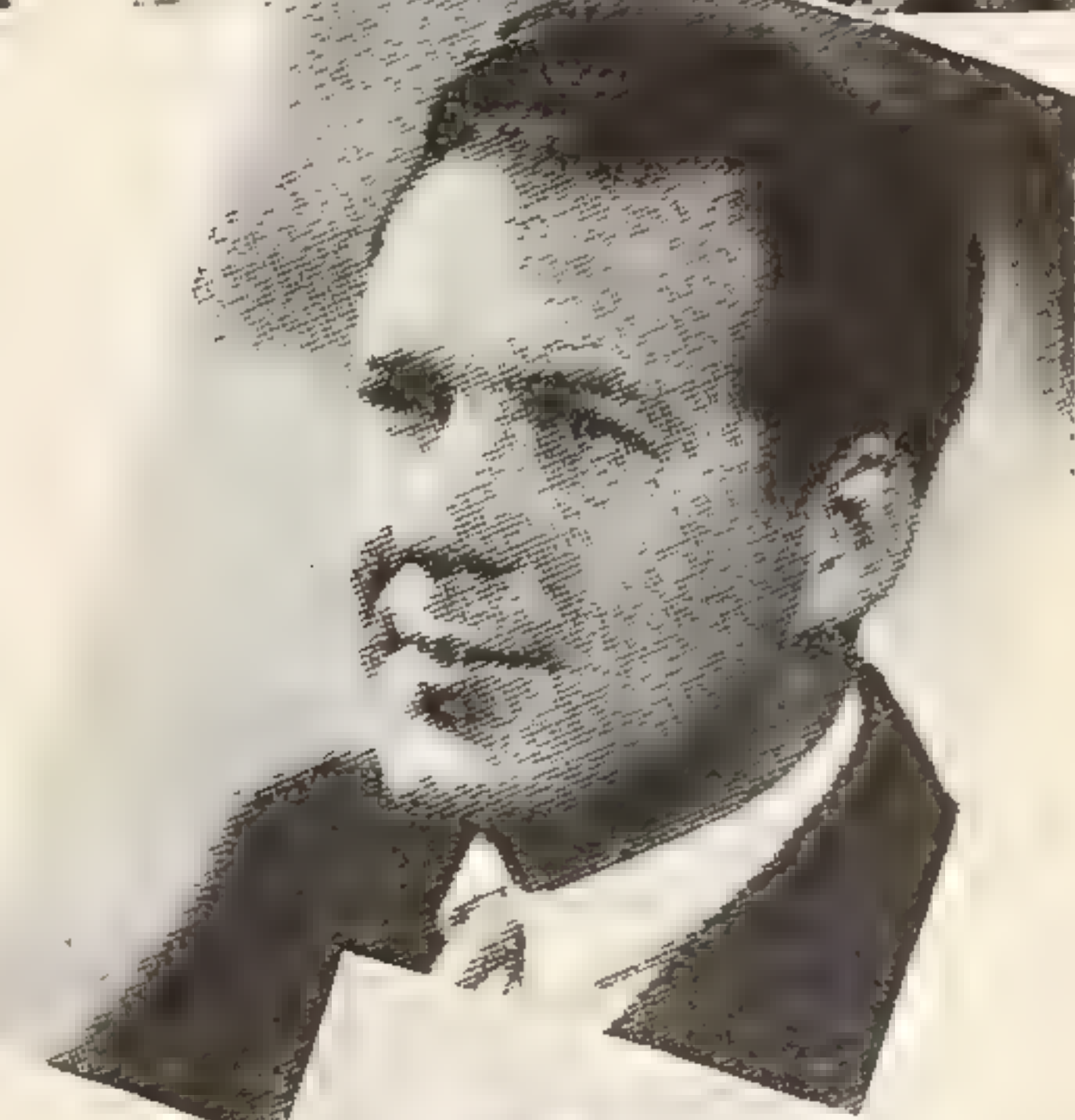
Claudette Colbert, Kay Francis, Bette Davis, Carole Lombard, Paul Muni and Humphrey Bogart were among those caught unawares. And was it fun! It was Dick Foran's "blow-up," however, that had everyone in hysterics. Dick was shown having a little difficulty with a horse. "I can't get on the damned horse," said Dick with feeling.

WENDY BARRIE'S cigarettes have red tips to match lipstick and nail enamel. It makes a nifty smoking ensemble and much neater than a smeared red cigarette butt.

TAILORS all over the land recently picked Jack Benny as one of the best dressed men in America, which has subjected Jack to a heap of heckling from his Hollywood pals. They want to know if he is going to play one of the models in his new picture "Artist and Models."

AFTER doing thirty performances every week on a personal appearance tour, Mischa Auer says he will never again kick about it being hard work to appear in pictures. And Mischa's face is still red on account of that joke he pulled off recently on Hollywood Boulevard—a joke that didn't come off.

He saw Hugh Herbert walking down the street in front of him with a very pretty blonde. So Mischa galloped up behind him, touched him on the shoulder



(From left to right) Jack Benny, Margaret Lindsay, Bette Davis, Wendy Barrie, Mischa Auer and Joan Bennett.



FOR some time a persistent insurance agent has been trying to sell Dick Arlen additional insurance, and won't take no for an answer. So-o, Dick resorted to the good old run-around. Now the agent has rented a house across the street from Dick and lies in wait for him with a lot of high pressure salesmanship.

Saying "no" is the hardest thing Dick does. He prefers to climb over the back fence and be picked up by his chauffeur, who ostentatiously leaves by the front gate, driving an empty car.

and said "Woo Woo." The only trouble about the whole thing was that the man wasn't Hugh Herbert.

JOAN BENNETT, whose hobby is collecting salt and pepper shakers, recently received from a woman in the East a set that once belonged to Sarah Bernhardt.

KAY FRANCIS who has been married to William Gaston, John Meehan, F. Dwight Francis and Kenneth MacKenna has recently announced her engagement and approaching nuptials to Baron Raven Erik Barnekow. He is a German and has a responsible position in the airplane business. She met him last summer at one of Countess di Frasso's parties. Delmar Daves, the young writer who has been Kay's constant escort for a couple of years now, is back in circulation, as we so crudely put it in the cinema city.

STARS, STALLIONS

The Players Are Eager
For The Thrills That
The Sporting Bloods
Of High Society Enjoy.
All You Have To Do
Is Buy A Horse.

THEY'RE off! A beautiful flash of roan, black, tan, white, and grey! The race is on! And there go the fond hopes of Hollywood down the track! There is real rhythm in the pounding of the hoofs on the turf. Clumpety - clump! Clumpety - clump! The beat of the hoofs and the beat in the hearts of the hopefuls on the sidelines, and in the heart of each star—each hoping his horse will "hurry back."

Yes, there is really something to that cry of "hurry back." Walter Connolly told me his trainer always yells that to the jockey aboard a Connolly horse just before the race begins. It is the cry of every star who owns a racer, but, in most cases, either the jockey doesn't hear or else the horse is in no particular hurry. The names of Hollywood are race enthusiasts, but the net result is not very encouraging, for red ink seems to run like blood on the balance sheets. Yet, not to be discouraged, the fever is in the stars' blood. They keep buying more horses. And they continue to hope that, some bright sunny day, their colors will cross the line—a winner! And most of them would be plenty pleased if their steed placed or even ran third.

Hollywood has definitely gone horse minded! The names of the stars who own horses, either for racing or for other purposes, read like the Blue Book of the film industry. Besides the fond hope for wins, however, there are sympathetic gestures, expressions of lifelong love for the animals, all reasons for the rapid entrance of Cinemaville's greats into the "sport of kings."

Of the many stars who own or are buying race horses, perhaps the most avid of all is Bing Crosby, who is, by the way, a Kentucky Colonel—no less! (Of course, Bing admits there are an awful lot of Kentucky Colonels, but it's fun having a title anyway). He has perhaps the largest stable among the Hollywood "biggies," for under his colors are thirty perspiring and hopeful horses. And, too, he has a race track at Del Mar, a part of which is shared by Pat O'Brien and others. Then there are 130 acres in the same

community for breeding purposes that fly the Crosby banners, for Bing hopes to breed a horse that will

win the Kentucky Derby some day. Although his luck on local tracks has been rather spasmodic, who knows—he may have a Derby winner before any of us realize.

Bing is probably the most "ribbed" actor at the tracks, but this story told to me proves he can take it. It was after a race, and as Bing was walking away from the cashier booth, he met Jack Oakie. "How did you do today, Bing?" Oakie asked. "Swell," replied the crooner. "I broke even, and did I need it!"

Bing may be a loser at times. Anyone will grant you that. But he has had winners. There was a



Spencer Tracy trying to get acquainted with "Two Socks," a born aristocrat.



Carole Lombard and "Pico," a favorite on her ranch.



Bob Baker and his horse, "Apache." (Left) Fred MacMurray and his pal, "Star," a funny name for a horse in Hollywood.

SAND STABLES

By
Jack Holland



time, not so long ago, when he had gone through almost an entire season without a win. Then, the day before the last race of the meeting, he ran a new member of his stable, "Aunt Kitty." She was a real long shot, and Bing was mainly interested in trying her out. Well, to make a long story short, "Aunt Kitty" proved a bombshell. She won and paid \$71.40 for a \$2 ticket. Crosby started to dance. Then he started to faint. He ended by looking white as a sheet and merely standing with his mouth open. His mother, who was with him, watched her son's antics, then looked at the sweater she had knitted for him for Christmas.

"I know why you won," she said suddenly. "You've got that sweater on wrong-side out."

Then there is the other story, though not such a pleasant one for Bing. He owned a horse called "Uncle Gus," which had been in the Crosby stables for two years. It had a great record—of crushing defeats. Bing was prevailed upon to sell the animal, but he refused, and continued to enter him again and again. Finally, however, Bing listened to advice and entered "Uncle Gus" in a claims race at Bay Meadows a couple of months ago. The horse lost and Bing sold it. Later, "Uncle Gus" ran at Santa Anita. And the result? He romped home, a rank outsider, to win, paying 17 to 1.

Bing really loves horses. He is one of the few stars who get up at six a. m. to work out his stallions. He can be seen sitting on a fence in a ludicrous position, clocking off the seconds as his horse goes by. But Bing is also in this business for at least the price of the feed bill. As he says, "I don't mind buying hay for the horses, but I do hate to lose a bet on them after I've bought the hay. Even a \$2 bet. It's the principle of the thing. The horses have no loyalty. You'd think they'd get out and run their heads off after the fine treatment they get, but no; they're too brave—they chase all the other horses."

Another terrific racing enthusiast and owner is Walter Connolly, and also one who admires the work Bing is trying to do. Walter has always loved horses, from the time when he was a mere lad

(Above, left) At her San Fernando Valley ranch, Frances Dee makes pets of Bonanza and Little Bunky. (Above, right) Andy Devine and his son discussing the new Shetland pony.



on his father's farm in Ireland. He has always wanted a stable of his own, so now his dream has come true at last. He and Frank Lloyd, producer-director, have a stable together.

Walter and I were talking together in the Turf Club a few days ago at Santa Anita. I happened to ask him how his bets were coming.

"All right," he replied. "I just bet on a horse that hasn't been doing well at all, and he came in to pay off. You see, the jockey who was riding the animal [Continued on page 73]

(Above, left) Bing Crosby and one of his thoroughbreds. (Left) Joe E. Brown is an enthusiastic racing man. He gets full return for his investments just seeing his colors flashing past.

Believe It Or Not
— Clothes Enhance A Lady's
Charms.

DRESS UP AND LIVE

By
Helen
Louise
Walker

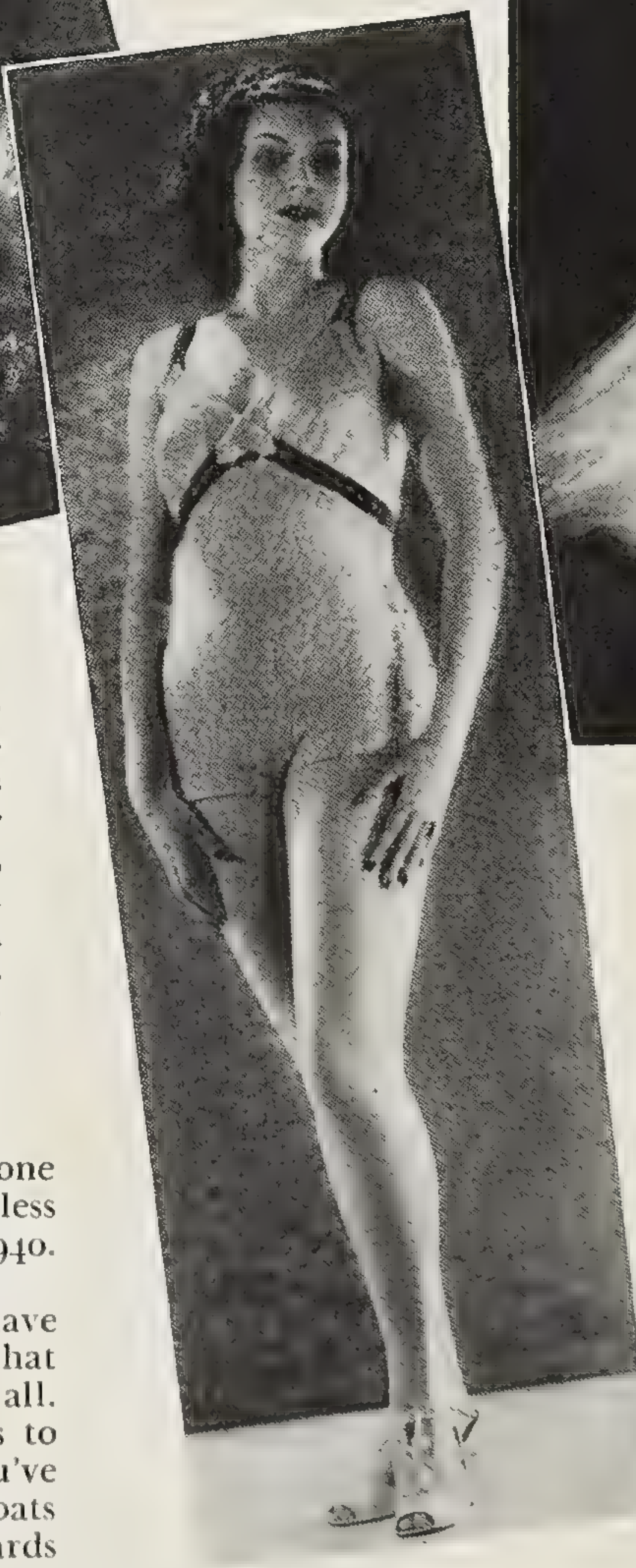


IT'S all too confusing, this problem of women's clothes on the Pacific Coast! Bathing suits and play suits have grown scantier and scantier to the breath-taking point. The strapless evening frock knocked us for a loop and intrigued our curiosity only a short time ago, as the crow flies. How in the world, we wondered, did the girls keep the things up? Gleeful columnists who have visited Palm Springs this season have been vying with one another in prophecies about whether the completely topless feminine play suit would make its appearance in 1939 or in 1940. The stuffed-shirt conservatives are holding out for 1940.

Meanwhile, evening dresses—at least the skirts of them—have become more and more voluminous. So voluminous, in fact, that it is difficult to understand how a lady can dance in them at all. It's a mere nothing, my dears, to learn (on one of those trips to the ladies' powdering room) that the famous glamour girl you've glimpsed at the Trocadero is wearing four stiff satin petticoats (shades of my grandmother—*petticoats!*) under the twenty yards of swirling pleated chiffon which comprise her skirt.

What's more, the chits are wearing old fashioned whalebone some place where you can't see it. Those almost invisible waistlines aren't mere accidents of nature or the results of serious malnutrition. If your slim dancing partner seems to be out of breath after a few short turns about the floor, don't act surprised and don't make any funny cracks. She is probably laced, underneath those dainty gewgaws, to the rib-breaking point. Lead her quietly to a chair, get her some water and some smelling salts (just as they did in the old-fashioned novels) and all will probably

(Above) Ann Miller reclines gracefully in her luscious cloth of gold dinner frock, and, at right, Ann again in a snugly fitting swim suit. In which outfit do you think she is most alluring?



be well after a little while.

Adrian, who designs a lot of these startling costumes, seems to feel a trifle sorry for the darlings who wear them. "After a girl has spent hours basking on the sand (desert or beach), getting publicly sunburned on parts of her anatomy which her mother wouldn't even have mentioned, it must be a comfort to her to wrap herself in as elaborate a package as possible when she goes out for the evening. It is," he adds, thoughtfully, "much more becoming to her, too! A woman has more glamour when she is partially covered. . ."

Into the hands of these gentlemen—the dress designers—the glamorous ladies are delivered and theirs (the gentlemen's) is the task of swathing the glamorous ladies in gowns which will enhance, create or emphasize the allure which is so important at the box-office. These mostly unsung heroes of the sketch boards, scissors and needles are probably quite as responsible for the success of Glamour as is any talent scout, dramatic coach, director or producer. And these experts are unanimous in the belief that putting clothes on a glamorous girl is more important than taking them off her—for box-office



Top, center—Layers of white net make Joan Fontaine look too, too divine. (Page Elsa Maxwell). Next, The draped shoulder cape adds a wistful note to Irene Dunne's sophisticated evening gown. Above, Merle Oberon's lovely chest and shoulders lend themselves perfectly to these daring, strapless models. Left, in "This Woman Is Dangerous" Kay Francis wears a filmy black chiffon frock that attracts one's eye immediately because of the unique scroll design on the slim-fitting basque.

purposes at any rate.

Consider for a moment. Joan Crawford has recently acquired a sports outfit—brown canvas shorts, a yellow shirt, galluses. She has great fun wearing these things while she frolics at home. But do you think Adrian will let her wear any such thing in a picture? You know he won't.

Edward Stevenson, head designer at RKO, has designed costumes for some of the loveliest women on the screen. He told me, "When the American women discovered that they could uncover almost their entire selves and say that it was in the interests of health—they did it! They were a trifle disappointed when no one was especially excited about the increasing expanses of visible bare flesh. The Europeans have always known that a shoulder, half concealed by black lace, was more exciting than a completely bare shoulder, that a leg, encased in a sheer stocking, looked lovelier than that same leg with nothing on it.

"When they give us a really exciting, glamorous scene, we put yards and yards of material on the actress. Women everywhere are beginning to catch on, I think. A year ago they thought that the briefest play suit was the thing to wear on the beach. Now they are covering up the play suit or the bathing suit with cotton 'beach coats' which reach their ankles and which are as cleverly cut, as carefully fitted, as the most expensive evening frock!"

A year and a half or so ago, Warner Brothers' Orry Kelly concocted a frock for Dolores del Rio, for the picture, "Meet the Duchess," which was all skirt and practically no top. The yards of silver-shot white taffeta which made up the lower part of the dress would have reached from here to where you are sitting. The top was almost non-existent and architects came from everywhere to peer at it and to ponder on what-in-the-world held it up. Orry says [Continued on page 75]

Dixie Davis Reveals The Ups And Downs She Encountered While Carving Out A Career For Herself In One Of The Most Fascinating Professions In The World.

WHAT girl of fifteen has not had a dream of becoming a glamorous motion picture star?

I too, like you—and you—and you—had the same dream, but it came to naught.

I find, in retrospect, that my "career years" were harder than I imagined because the heartaches were softened by hope then.

No longer am I one of the glamour girls of Hollywood. I stopped being colorful, put away the greasepaint and went back to work. In my present position as field secretary to Cecil B. DeMille, I have found the glamour I sought—but from *behind* the camera.

In years of bucking the Hollywood acting business, I've learned a great many things. I look at the players who work in front of the cameras today, see them facing the trial of hours and days ahead, and I smile understandingly. My own experience makes me do this. I feel safe in saying that the chances are one thousand to one against screen success for anyone coming to Hollywood, and that the chances of success after getting any kind of contract are about fifty to one.

There is nothing so uncertain as the career of a motion picture player. There are responsibilities, and there are hopes and heartaches, there are endless hours of waiting . . . waiting . . . only to have more heartaches.

I was born in Dallas, Texas. When I was seven, I was taken out of convent school, and with my parents travelled to San Diego, California. My father purchased an extensive piece of land here, as a speculation, and it proved to be just that. Soon after, the land was gone, and so was father.

After the divorce, faced with supporting both of us, Mother resumed dressmaking, and during the last few years at school, I cashiered in the school cafe to earn a few additional dollars.

On graduation from the Russ High School in San Diego, I entered the Sawyer School of Secretaries.

The story of my career in motion pictures actually begins when my mother, through some friends, met a relative of David Wark Griffith, the great director of silent days. This relative came to our modest bungalow, cast an appraising eye at me, and pronounced those words which have since been heard 'round the world:

"You ought to be in pictures!"

From then until my graduation from secretarial school, mother and I thought of nothing else, talked of nothing else, saved every penny we could, and finally with a few hundred dollars and high hopes, trained from San Diego to Long Beach, where we felt living expenses would be cheaper than in Hollywood.

Every day at 5:15 a. m. I rose and came to Hollywood, made the rounds of casting offices only to meet with disappointment. I saw that if I was going to get into pictures I'd have to work



(Left) Among the great of Hollywood is Director Dorothy Arzner, who once "held script."



(Left) Dixie Davis as she appeared before the cameras in silent pictures. (Above) Dixie today.

TRUE STORY OF

some other "angle." So—I took a job with an insurance company to supply enough money on which mother and I could move to Hollywood. All the time I could get away from the office, I spent haunting the studios,

which evidently didn't mind being haunted at all. This and another job lasted for two years.

Finally, through a friend I got a break! I received an offer of a job in *pictures*! Now, I felt my goal was just about reached! Demmy Lamson, an agent, who was going into business, had interviewed a score of girls, and had found them wanting.

Mr. Lamson interviewed me—I sold him Dixie Davis, potential actress, as a secretary.

"Picture aspirations?" he asked.

I was afraid I wouldn't get the job if I confessed, so I said: "No."

I asked for thirty-five dollars a week, and got it. More money than I'd ever made in my life. I found myself virtually running his office. What hours! Seven-thirty in the morning until seven o'clock or later at night. Nobody in motion pictures seems to worry about hours. I watched Mr. Lamson sell talent to producers and ached all over. I was sure I could be sold.

About this time, another agent offered me a job visiting casting offices at the studio, selling talent. I snapped it up. Fate seemed

to be on my side. At last I was actually getting inside studios!

"I'll sell myself," I said—silently.

I did. One day Jack Votion, then casting director at Paramount, said to me:

"Dixie, if you ever get out of a job, I'll put you in pictures."

That was on Wednesday. On Thursday morning I reported: "I'm out of work."

My first "role" was worth \$10 a day. The picture was "Wet Paint" starring Raymond Griffith. I was told to appear in an evening gown and wrap. I did. I wore a white one my mother had made. Also robin's egg blue kid pumps. Running over rocks and newly plowed ground proved a little too much for my evening dress and blue kid pumps. At the end of the day, they were ruined; I think this was my first major disillusionment. But I had a lot of rebound in those days. Next, I went to Coronado Beach, a resort near San Diego. Ten days this time. At ten dollars, per. The studio supplied my wardrobe, and I had a grand time!

Then one of those things happened. A break at last!

A star I'd met approached me at the Montmartre Cafe, a then fashionable film eating place.

"I want to place you under personal contract," he said. "I think you have terrific possibilities. I'll give you fifty dollars a week, every week. Whenever I place you, I'll take the difference."

Frances Marion was once a script girl. Now she is a famous scenario writer.



What I didn't know was that he had wind of the fact that Sidney Olcott, the director, who was about to make a picture starring Richard Barthelmess, had seen me during a luncheon at this very cafe and believed I was just the girl he had been seeking for the feminine lead. My benefactor stood a chance of making a nice profit right now. Mr. Olcott made a test of me. It was satisfactory. My break had come at last. . . . But another girl got the part.

So, I received fifty dollars a week. Full of the idea of living up to my contract, I moved into a more expensive apartment. I had to have more clothes, I had to entertain, so I thought, and that cost money. Full page ads in all the trade papers stated that I was "new and different" and made the flat statement quoting the sponsoring star:

"I believe I have the find of the season."

Even today, more than ten years later, when I am working on a set and anyone comes up behind me and repeats that line, I still blush.

Jack Warner next ordered a test of me. The director who made the test told his crew:

"Okay, boys—start in."

Then he turned away. I was frightened to death. I found out later that this was his technique, and that he wasn't disgusted with me before I'd even started, which I thought was the case.

I was given to understand if the test wasn't any good, they'd make another, with a good possibility of a contract. However, when it was learned I was under personal contract, negotiations were dropped. Studios seem averse to exploiting a new player who is under contract to anyone other than the studio—they prefer having full supervision over the beginner's career.

The actor who held my contract later went to Europe and my contract was allowed to lapse.

By this time I'd spent so much money "putting on an act" that I was in worse financial condition than I had been at the start of what was then known as my career. I had no job at all. I tried extra work. One casting director told me:

"We would have given you a call for an extra job, but we thought that because you'd been under contract you wouldn't care to do that sort of work."



As Told To
Edward Churchill

Cecil Be DeMille and Fred March on "The Buccaneer" set, and Dixie, who is now DeMille's personal script girl.

At that moment, any kind of work looked good. I explained to everyone I'd be an extra, and gladly. But nothing happened. My mother scraped together enough to open a rooming house. Just before she succeeded in doing this, I was on a set watching Mal St. Clair, the director, make "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Mr. St. Clair needed someone to double Ruth Taylor's hands.

"Maybe you'd do it—just as a lark," he said, apologetically.

"Yes—for a lark," I said. But I didn't laugh when I said it. We talked and I told him the truth. He hired me as his secretary. That lasted for two months, until the picture was over. Then he didn't need a secretary.

After leaving Mr. St. Clair, I started doing extra work, but with more success than before. By this time, I knew a great many people. In Hollywood, the more people you know in the industry, the more work you are able to obtain.

Actually I averaged, as an extra, about \$150 a month for the next few years. However, the expense of maintaining my place as a top ranking "dress girl" added up to within a few dollars of what I made. A very extensive wardrobe is absolutely necessary. My hair had to be perfectly groomed at all times which meant having it "done" at least twice a week, and sometimes oftener. Cleaning bills looked like the war debt. In short, extra work doesn't pay. This year's reports indicate that of the 17,000 extras only one made \$60 a week, and the [Continued on page 66]

PROJECTION OF DON AMECHE

By
Elizabeth Wilson

BACK in 1936, soon after Don Ameche arrived in Hollywood, a prominent producer on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot said one night to a writer at the Clover Club: "We have a young Italian lad on the lot who has a marvelous radio voice, and he can act with it better than John Barrymore ever thought of doing. He's as handsome as Robert Montgomery, and, get this, he's as pious as a monk. He has the male lead in *Ramona* but when the director got stuck at the Mass part in the marriage ceremony because the altar boys couldn't recite Latin, he offered to stand off stage and recite the prayers! He has an almost spiritual quality to his voice. I predict that after he makes six pictures he'll be a big number at the box-office. Watch him."

The prominent producer hit a bull's eye with his prediction as is evidenced in a review printed in *Time Magazine*. Said the *Time* critic of Don's sixth picture, "Fifty Roads to Town:" "It is a pleasant little farce, designed to exhibit as fetchingly as possible the qualifications of Producer Darryl Zanuck's latest discovery, Indian-blooded Don Ameche, whose fan mail at Twentieth Century-Fox is second only to Shirley Temple's."

Though quite accurate as regards the fan mail the *Time* critic slipped up badly on Don's lineage. He hasn't even a corpuscle of Indian blood. When asked how the rumor got around Don said: "Some one must have heard me say that my two kids, Donnie and Ronnie, are wild little Indians."

Don's father is Dominic Felix Ameche (The name was originally Amici but became Americanized when the little Amicis started in public school) and he was born in the beautiful vineyard country near Rome, Italy. Don's mother, whose maiden name was Barbara Etta Hertol, comes from Springfield, Illinois, with a background of German and Scotch-Irish ancestry.

Don is the second oldest of eight children—four boys and four girls. Mr. Ameche was a saloonkeeper in Kenosha, Wisconsin, when the little Ameches were growing up, and Don is very pleased to tell you that his father was "the best saloonkeeper in Wisconsin. No man ever left his saloon drunk; and, because I think that gives father one leg on fame, I see no reason to keep it dark." Don's frankness is one of his most charming characteristics. "I have the finest folks in the world," he used to tell his pals when he was a boy, "and some day I'm going to do things for them."

Don has certainly made his promise good. His first movie pay check was spent on a ranch for his parents, who today live very near the fourteen acres that Don has bought for himself in the San Fernando Valley.

Besides his family Don has three great loves—the good earth, gambling, and radio. Don thinks that if people would only live in the country where they can smell and feel the earth, and see things grow and die and return to seed, they would understand God's plan for the universe much better, and that there would be fewer suicides and neurotic wretches. Don never wants

to live in Chicago or New York again, he wants to live the rest of his life on his California ranch, where he can step out of his front door and dig his hands and feet into the soil. Perhaps that is the reason he is such a sane and peaceful young man, he keeps both feet on the ground—and his own ground too, fourteen fertile acres of it.

Gambling, strangely enough, is his second great love. He adores gambling, always has, ever



Don Ameche's career is proof that Fate has a way of boosting the lads who have the goods. (Above, left) Tennis suits him. Don never walked, always ran. (Right) Tyrone Power and Don in "Alexander's Ragtime Band," now in front of the cameras.

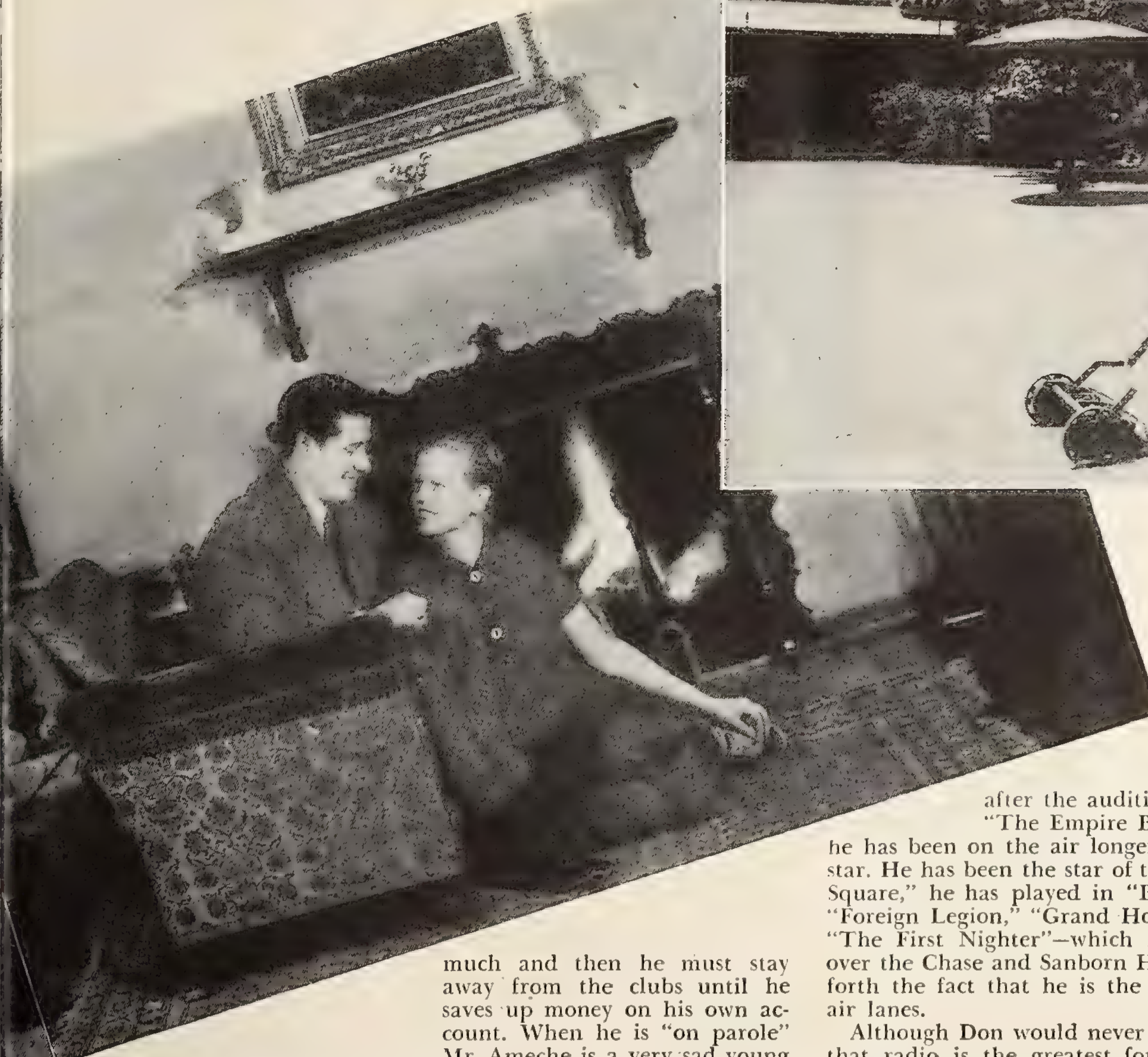
since he was a kid. There must have been a very sporting ancestor somewhere back there on the branches of the Ameche family tree, probably Julius Caesar himself, who said, "The die is cast." For Don, more than any other person I have ever met, has inherited not only the love, but the temperament for gambling. He is generally accepted as the best of the picture colony.

When he was a boy of twelve at St. Berchman's, a parochial seminary in Marion, Iowa, Don considerably upset the school discipline by teaching all the other little boys how to make bets on the outcome of the World Series. The bets were usually made with desserts and Don very often had more ice cream than he could eat. When poverty pinched, as it usually did the day after he received his allowance from home, Don's agile mind could always be counted on to conceive a new betting scheme, with odds in his favor, that would carry him along, and tidily too, until the next allowance day.

He admits he is not very lucky at the Santa Anita track, though he never misses a chance to go when he isn't working. "I'm a sucker for a tip," he says sadly, "anybody's tip." What with playing "tips" and "long shots" he fares rather badly. He's much more lucky with poker, which he considers the most interesting of card games. Several nights a week you can find Don bending over the roulette table or the "crap" table of one of the smart gambling clubs in Hollywood. Sometimes he wins—sometimes he loses. He and his wife have worked out a system. He is allowed to lose just so



(Top) With his son, Donnie. (Above) The lawn mower marathon. The Ameche home is in the background. (Left) Don and his wife, Honore. They fell in love thirteen years ago. Marriage had to wait. However, they were wed six years ago.



much and then he must stay away from the clubs until he saves up money on his own account. When he is "on parole" Mr. Ameche is a very sad young

man. Nothing seems to interest him then.

He is terribly enthusiastic about radio, which, after all was his "first love" in the entertainment field. It was radio that came to his aid after he had been knocked around pretty brutally by the New York stage and was sort of blue and discouraged about the whole thing.

Don was on the retreat to his hometown Kenosha, Wisconsin, ("I can always get a job there in the mattress factory, I have before") when he ran into some of his old friends from his stock company days who said, "Stick around, Don. There're plenty of opportunities in Chicago now. For instance, there's a big audition over at the broadcasting company's studios tomorrow. You've got a swell voice. Why not try out?"

"There'll be a million people there," objected Don. Then—"But I guess it won't hurt to be the million-and-first!"

The million-and-first made radio history. Two days

after the audition Don was called to play a part in "The Empire Builders." Next to "Amos and Andy" he has been on the air longer in one series than any other radio star. He has been the star of the cast of "Little Theatre Off Times Square," he has played in "Betty and Bob," in "Rin Tin Tin," "Foreign Legion," "Grand Hotel," and for five years he was with "The First Nighter"—which he resigned from last May to take over the Chase and Sanborn Hour. A recent radio canvass brought forth the fact that he is the Number One Dramatic Star of the air lanes.

Although Don would never be one to belittle pictures he thinks that radio is the greatest form of entertainment in the world. Pictures are limited in their scope, he says, they can only entertain people in towns and cities where there are movie houses—but radio penetrates into the backwoods and the very fringe of civilization. But, especially does he like it because of the comfort and cheer it brings to the sick and the bed-ridden, and the lonely folk doomed to spend dreary days in dismal rooms.

He thinks there has been too much muddling and meddling with radio by the wrong people, that it has succeeded "in spite of itself," but he has great faith in its future, and he wishes to do his part towards making it the perfect form of entertainment that it can be.

With almost school-boy enthusiasm he worships Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, and admits that it still makes him sick at his stomach to see Edgar fold up Charlie, pull a bag over his head, and store him away in a valise at the end of the broadcast. Of all the stars who have appeared with him on his program he thinks that Barbara Stanwyck is the swellest person and the most talented actress.

[Continued on page 76]

24



(Far left) Elvira Rios, Tito Guizar and Dorothy Lamour. In Mexico even the songs have more paprika! (Left) Martha Raye practicing for the bull ring. (Below, left) Ray Milland and Dorothy Lamour. The gentle passion feels the heat.



know, if such a thing were in prospect for YOU. Those scenes are action I'm looking forward to, when the company returns to Hollywood. They'll be shot out on the ranch. Of course, Martha will be exposed to no actual danger, but just to be near those snorting creatures, who'd love to gore the hand that feeds 'em, is enough to give a tender maid like our Marthy chills.

Outside the hotel one morning, as the company was piling into cars preparatory to starting for location, stood several shaggy-haired burros. You know . . . the kind that always are dropping off to sleep, with one long ear hanging down over an eye.

Well, on this particular dawning, Dorothy Lamour was seized with sudden inspiration. "Come on, Martha," she called . . . "I dare you to ride one of those cunning little ponies with me to location. The hotel won't mind."

"Okey-deke," responded the sprightly Martha, always ready for anything . . . "lets."

While the company grinningly waited, the two girls, neither of whom had ever seen a burro before, climbed aboard their mounts. This was Life, as it should be led . . . novel and calm and peaceful.

"Whatsa matter with 'em?" Martha plaintively wanted to know, a moment later, when repeated heel-pounding in her burro's ribs failed to stir the little animal.

"Mine won't budge, either," wailed the Lamour.

Bob Burns helped the girls dismount. "Those little fellers never move more'n half a mile an hour," he explained . . . "if you can get 'em to start." Dorothy and Martha entered the car again, without a word, as the entire company guffawed.

Many of the townspeople were generally on hand to watch the shooting of scenes. These Mexicans were a distinct—and drab—contrast to their fellow-countrymen who appeared in the picture. Those acting before the camera wore white, with red sashes and wide sombreros whereas the spectators were dressed in conventional American clothing. A few of the women had black scarfs thrown over their heads.

"Tropic Holiday" will really educate Yankee film fans in a Mexico they didn't know existed. It's a Mexico which has no cactus, no red mountains, no castanets, no bandits. Rather, it is a land of lush tropical jungles that reach down to a blue ocean—a land of primitive, passionate

By Whitney Williams
Atmosphere.

Bob Burns cast as a politician—
they're always funny.

A motion picture company on location always is interesting in its individual personal tastes, and this one was no different from other troupes I've been with.

On those mornings when they weren't called for shooting, Dorothy Lamour devoted much of her time to exploring the numerous curio and pottery shops on the single main street of Ensenada; Ray Milland tried to converse in Spanish—and otherwise—with the fishermen repairing enormous nets hundreds of feet square, on the beach; Bob Burns divided his time between watching the gawky pelicans out on the end of the wharf and walking through the older section of the town, along the crooked streets that seemingly had been laid out with no particular plan; and Martha Raye scampered from hotel to town and back again with alarming rapidity. There's no restraining that gal.

"Oh, boy," she told me—she generally prefaces every remark with this exclamation—"am I nervous, though. I have to fight a bull . . . and what do I know about fighting bulls!" At the moment, she was thumbing through a thick volume devoted to the gentle art, and she looked none too happy. Well, would YOU

people, their costumes brilliant, their women among the most beautiful in Latin America.

It's the Mexico of magic names like Tehuantepec and Oaxaca—where the dark-eyed señoritas do not rhumba or do the tango. Their music is the dreamier waltz and the throbbing bolero. And that's the kind of music that Augustin Lara wrote for the picture.

The interesting head-dresses worn by extra-women playing in the picture captured my curiosity, and I found there was an explanatory legend that accounted for them. These head-dresses are made of starched lace which frames the face, while folds of muslin dangle down the back. The legend is this: Once long ago a ship was wrecked on this particular coast and a chest of baby clothes was washed ashore. The long, lace-trimmed dresses struck the native women as being too elegant for los ninittos, babies to you, and so they put them on as hats and the custom has prevailed ever since.

THREE girls in such luck!

I know how you feel. Three sisters on a glamour bust in Hollywood. Turning the town of towns upside down together, while they're so young and can respond to all the thrills that are wonderful . . . don't some folks get all the breaks?

At twenty, Rosemary Lane has already been teamed with Dick Powell, and now comes her chance in the same direction with Rudy Vallee. Priscilla Lane, aged nineteen, has already inherited that spot as Dick's leading lady. And more. She has whizzed through three films opposite Wayne Morris. More, still, she's captured Wayne's much sought-after heart; he's in a fog about her. This off-screen feat would put her ahead of Rosemary, that is, it would if you overlooked Rosemary's extra-curricular accomplishment. She's secured the featured niche with Dick Powell in Warners' big radio show, thus increasing her own particular vogue by singing to millions of people every week.

But no wonder these two newcomers are stars overnight! Their older sister Lola, who was set as an actress, had only to lift her finger. If you're pretty and have pull, it's a cinch. *Those lucky Lanes.* That's what you think, and you think wrong!

For the story behind the present prominence of these extraordinary sisters isn't as simple as that at all. It isn't the ancient Cinderella tale, tripled. They aren't beautiful but dumb, Rosemary and Pat, with a siren sister who *knew* a producer, who was ready, willing, and able to deal out soft contracts. They're so darn attractive, when you see them about Hollywood, that you can be forgiven if you suppose their looks alone turned the trick. Rosemary's eyes are violet like Lola's,



Rosemary is the sentimental one, but she is working toward success that is very real.



Priscilla is fragile, but mad about sports and that includes Wayne Morris.



Lola's career is back on the rails.



Soon their fame will reach all over the world like the milky way. That, too, is made up of stars!

THREE LANES

There Are Many Young And Lovely Girls Who Have Sought The Elusive Bubble Of Success, But The Lane Sisters Are Doing More Than Seek Their Fortunes—They Are Making A Good Story As They Go Along.

By
Ben Maddox

TO FAME

and she is also a rusty blonde and five-feet four. Pat's an inch-and-a-half smaller, with great blue eyes and golden hair. All three are stunning, but it wasn't this which made them famous.

Three smart girls then? Yes, Hollywood's three smarter girls, literally. They're brimming over with health. They go places with fascinating men, whenever they wish. They're all doing exactly what they want to do. And that's success. But they are living as they desire only because of ambition that capitalized on talent, because of an amazing willingness to earn their places in the sun. They defeated mediocrity with the old-fashioned, but sure-fire weapon. Determination!

I believe you should know their background. It's important to them, for they've always remembered it. They are small-town girls, the Lanes. Indianola, in Southern Iowa, boasts of thirty-five hundred inhabitants when it isn't bragging about being their original home. It's quite an everyday, good-natured village where children grow up in average circumstances. But even more than a thousand miles from New York or Hollywood, girls can dream.

There are, as a matter for the records, two other sisters besides this movie threesome. There were no luxuries, with a family of five, until Lola and Leota, the eldest, provided them. It was Lola and Leota, now in their latter twenties, who were the first



A girl must qualify in so many ways—poise, rhythm, grace and figure — and Rosemary is mistress of them all.



practically terrific, and beaux that were matrimonial. But she longed to become an actress. Her Methodist relatives said no. Anyhow, how can you become an actress in Iowa? Margaret Lindsay, from Dubuque,

had money enough to train in New York City, then go to England and acquire an impressive British reputation. Lola had no such advantage.

"But there is, in small towns, such a thing as the Chautauqua," she recollects with a smile. "I explained that I could play the piano and sing most—er, educationally. I was signed, consequently, at \$40 a week. I didn't dare announce this news immediately. I had to wind up my college-going first, before bringing up this alternative. I broke a rule or two; that seemed the quickest out! I informed the family that the Chautauqua wasn't like being an actress, and found that was the truth, to my sorrow. I heard that Gus Edwards discovered young people for his revues. So I borrowed \$200, commandeered Leota, wrote Mr. Edwards that we were coming to New York to sing and dance for him, and off we went!" (Leota, the eldest Lane, is now preparing for grand opera and her loyal sisters prefer her recordings to all others.) Two years in big-time vaudeville, a fine rôle in a Broadway musical, and Hollywood picked Lola for pictures. She was nineteen when she arrived in California, the same age Pat is now.

Whenever Lola went home for a visit Rosemary, especially, arrayed herself in the expensive stellar wardrobe; clothes are Lola's one extravagance and her taste is so excellent that, in Hollywood, she ranks with Carole Lombard in personal style. Pat, being the tomboy, swooped in and out, but made up her mind just as definitely as Rosemary did about becoming a movie star, too. Rosemary and Pat, strictly speaking, made their debuts singing in a Des Moines theatre as a personal appearance stunt when one of Lola's films opened there.

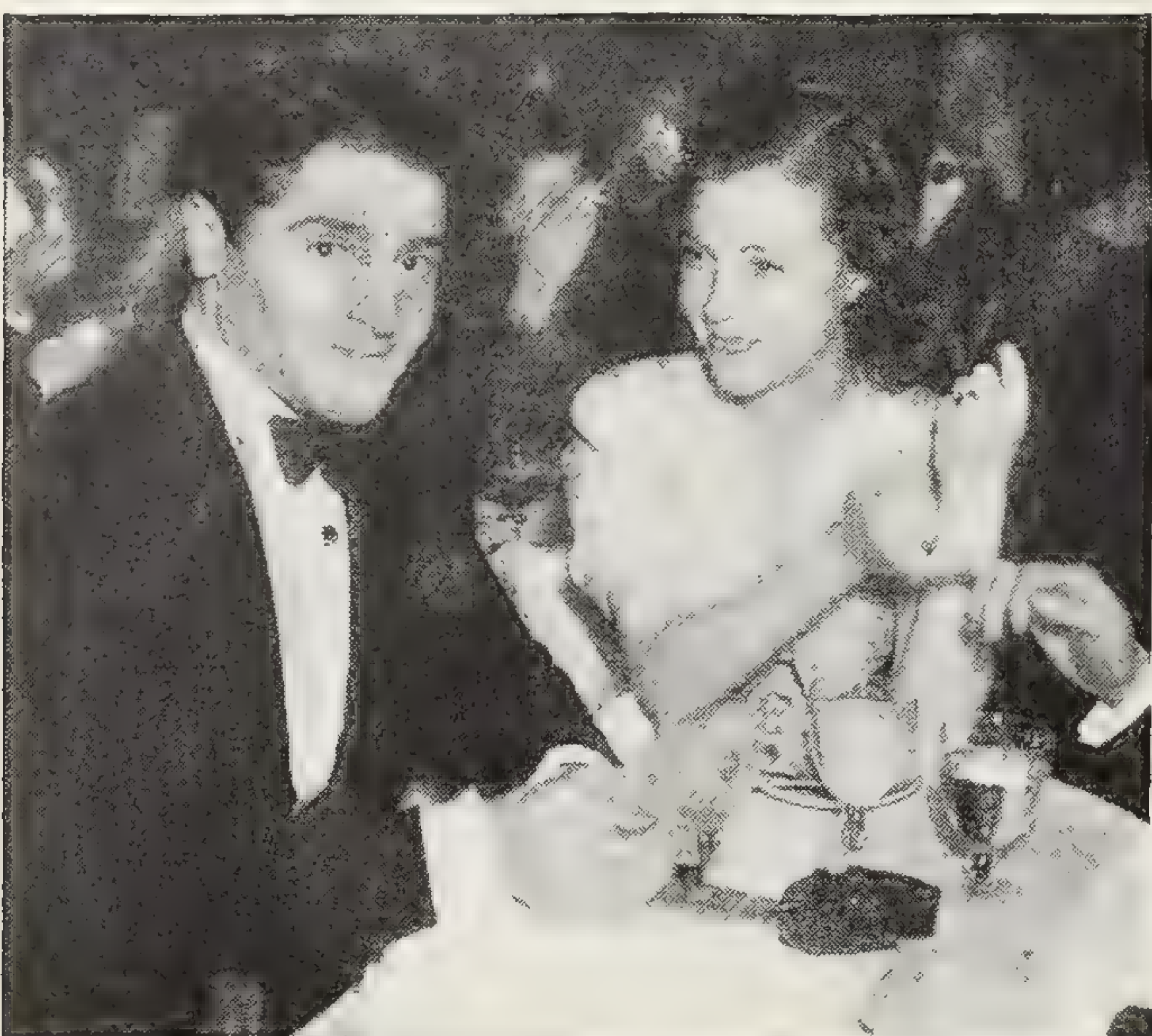
It was more pleasant at the Lane house after Lola clicked. A devoted family, they shared her triumphs thanks to a flow of letters and little gifts. There was no working-after-school for the Lanes now. Rosemary could attend Simpson without scheming for tuition. Lola saw to that. When she entered college, remarkably young, Rosemary joined one of the best national sororities. She was in the plays and operettas, as Lola had been. She is far more athletic, however. Besides tennis, therefore, she went out for the hockey, track, and soccer teams. She even studied, on the side, both singing and piano. Furthermore, her grades were so keen she was voted into the honor society.

Meanwhile Pat chose a dramatic school [Continued on page 78]

of the girls to bank on themselves. They wanted to get somewhere in the world, to have really nice things, meet exciting people. They had hunches they could contribute something themselves. Lola decided college would be the initial step for herself. There was no money to send her, but that didn't faze her. During high school she'd already been earning money by playing the organ at the local theatre. She arranged to earn her college expenses. The girls' mother, whom they affectionately call Cora, has been their guide and source of inspiration. Cora's constant faith in them, her daily watch word, "You must never say I can't, but

I'll try!" guided Lola, and later the rest of them. They couldn't fail with Cora back of them.

So Lola enrolled at Simpson College and shone in the class plays, sang in the operettas. She had a tennis serve that was



Flashshots

By
Jerome Zerbe

He Prowls The Night Clubs Until Dawn's Early Light. Then The Flashes Are Seen No More—New York Quiets Down And Zerbe Counts Over The Big Ones He Shot That Night.

(Above) Wallace Ford caught as he was heartily welcomed at El Morocco. (Top, right) Adrienne Ames breakfasts in bed. (Right) Gertrude Niesen has her hand read. Miss Cole, her secretary, takes it all down.



(Top) Mary Boland leaves "21" after lunch. (Center) Francis Lederer and Margo. (Above) Tullio Carminatti dancing with Mrs. Harrison Williams, a lady known to fame.

JUST as every American wants to go to Hollywood, so every movie star when given a holiday makes a bee-line for New York. Brian Aherne flew in from ten days at Palm Beach (where he was a great social lion) in his own plane, which is an open Waco Biplane. As he has no radio, he just trusts to luck and gets his weather reports at each airport he lands at. Brian is quite shy of snapshots, and I am finding that the photograph magazines are making all the players very wary indeed. Knowing what time he was coming to my apartment I sat at the window and waited. When he appeared at four-thirty I sneaked this shot without benefit of flash bulb. The next day he was off again in his plane for Hollywood.

Mary Boland is another star who came on for only a few days. She was full of enthusiasm over her new house, which was being built when I was on the coast last summer, and which she moved into before Christmas. When I saw Mary she had just been lunching at New York's famous "21" Club, where all celebrities lunch and dine and wave their hankies and yoo hoo across the room at one another.

That same morning I'd dropped in around noon at the Hotel Lombardy to see Adrienne Ames, and found her propped





Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett and socialite Herman Sartorius. (Below) Henry Armetta, far from the cameras, and John Perona, owner of El Morocco.



(Above) Gertrude Lawrence and Director William K. Howard. (Right) Jane Wyatt talks with her friend, Mrs. Stephen Et-nier, whose book "On Gilbert Head" is a best seller.

up in bed having breakfast. That is, if you call having a bowl of fresh fruit and a cup of tea, breakfast. Adrienne had been to Conde Nast's large and beautiful party for Ina Claire the night before. Mr. Nast is famous for getting all the celebrities to his parties, and others I saw that night were Margo and Francis Lederer, Frances Farmer and Lief Erickson. Margo and Francis Lederer came down to El Morocco later on. Margo had some bad luck when she first came East. They went down to Long Island for a week-end, and in a moment of madness she ate Caviar blintzes for breakfast and it didn't agree with her at all, with the result that she was laid up in bed for four days.

Gertude Niesen had her hands read one night by Julianne, who is well-known in New York as a palmist. Julianne told her that she is an extreme example of imagination and temperament and often distrusts her own decisions and desires when a crucial moment arrives. She also told her that when a great attachment, which she had in her early twenties, came to an end, it had a good influence on her life.

That great character actor, Henry Armetta, was another enthusiastic New York vacationer. He came in many times to El Morocco to have dinner with his old friend, John Perona, who runs that fabulous glitter spot. On Sunday nights, the celebrities who are there are presented and asked to take a bow, and Armetta's drew greater applause than almost anyone else's, although the group who made their bows included Grace Moore, Eleanor Powell, Gloria Swanson, Ralph Bellamy and dozens of others. [Cont. on p. 66]



Brian Aherne. He flew into New York in his own plane, and came to call on the author.



(Left) Rudy Vallee gives some straight from the shoulder advice. (Above) Emery Deutsch says: "Above all things, be considerate." (Right) Guy Lombardo thinks pseudo-sophistication is the cause of many a rift.

IF YOU know your movies, you know the good old formula for romance is boy meets girl, boy loses girl, boy wins girl. But what, I ask you, has anyone done about providing a lush third act for boy meets girl, *girl loses boy*?

Nothing at all, for scenario writers simply refuse to believe it could happen although you and I know it does and much too often, too.

All alone by the telephone that doesn't ring . . . with only the radio for company . . . and the tantalizing dance rhythms that come out of the loudspeaker serving only as a poignant reminder of how you've been overlooked . . . nobody to take you out dancing or to come in and dance with you . . . perfectly swell music just being wasted while you wonder why *he* hasn't called you again. . . .

Frankly, I hadn't thought that such a "forgotten girl" could exist in this day and age when presumably every modern miss knows all the answers. But she does, and Benny Goodman, the swing magician, got me to thinking about her.

Sometime ago I dropped in to see him at the Pennsylvania Hotel's Manhattan Room where the younger crowd was making merry to his mad music. "Seems like everyone in town is here," said I, "and I suppose those that aren't here are listening in. Say, it's quite a thought to know that all over the country boys and girls are dancing to this same music and having just as much fun out of getting it by radio as this crowd has in getting it in person."

"If I could only be sure everyone listening in was dancing, I'd be happy," Benny replied, "but I'm wondering how many are hearing this music with heavy hearts, wondering why they are listening alone. They are girls, of course, unwanted for the night and ignorant of why. Stick around until intermission and I'll tell you what I mean."

Naturally I was bursting with curiosity when Benny finally came over to my table. He noticed it and grinned. And like a good scout, he didn't keep me long in suspense.

"You know, we orchestra leaders see a lot of what's going on," he began, "and I'm sure if you question the other boys with the baton, they could give you some unexpected lowdown on the ways of a girl with her 'date.' When a fellow dances past with his girl, we've a ringside view on how he reacts to her charms, and more than once I've spotted a budding romance. From the same spot I can also see when the going is not so good and I've come to the conclusion that in a majority of cases the girl herself is her own romance-wrecker. The pity of it is that she so seldom realizes it.

"Take the case of the couple that brought all of this on. He and she were a grand looking pair. I saw them when they first entered the room and I could tell that they hadn't known each other long but that they would like to. He was most attentive at dinner and she was a little darling. Sort of hung on every word he said. Then they got up to dance. They were good dancers; their steps matched perfectly. But, and this is a big but, she was a head-on-the-shoulder dancer. And she hadn't paid particular attention to her cosmetics. All through the dance he kept trying to rub the stuff off his coat lapel and the grins of the people around, who saw what he was doing, actually made him miserable. Of course he shouldn't have been so sensitive but the fact remains

that he was. So much so that he cut short the evening and probably cut out that girl forever. I just saw him with someone else. In the meantime, the first girl is probably at home listening alone to the radio, brokenhearted, wondering what happened. I wish I could tell her. Say, maybe you could write an article about it!"

What Benny Goodman had to say was certainly food for thought. Since then I talked to many other boys with the baton, orchestra leaders you've come to know and like as friends who come into your home via radio, and set your toes to tapping with their tingling tunes. What they had to say more than bore out Benny's contention. These radio friends of yours have observed and now pass on to you many unexpected reasons why girl loses boy. And they have found these reasons to be true no matter where they played—the supper clubs of Hollywood, the night spots of New York, or college dances—human nature appears to be the same everywhere.

Now then, if you've been out for one-date-only with a boy you particularly liked and he hasn't asked for another, if you'll be honest with yourself you may find out why right here. Of course it may be too late to do anything about the flame that just went out of your life, but, you don't have to let history repeat itself, when the next likely lad comes along.

For, according to Rudy Vallee, "There's a girl a fellow takes out once—just once—and never again. She may be as pretty as a picture and wear clothes like a model, but if she embarrasses him in public, she's through. Why an otherwise smart and sensible girl thinks it necessary to coo and simper, is beyond me. A fellow may like baby talk in a secluded nook, but when a girl baby-talks to him on the dance floor so that other couples stop and giggle, he wants to do a fade-out. In fact, I'd say don't talk while dancing; it spoils your glamour. And for heaven's sake, don't, *don't* tell him about the last time you were at this place and with whom. He'll resent playing stooge to your memories. More girls talk themselves out of a date than by any other single thing they do."

Well, that certainly is getting it straight from the shoulder, from Rudy to you. The moral would be to save up the chatter for when you are alone and concentrate on dancing when you get up to dance.

On the other hand, don't go to extremes. That's just as bad. "Don't be such a swing enthusiast," warns Tommy Dorsey, "that you insist upon your partner joining you in fancy steps. He may not know any and won't enjoy being shown. Even a poor dancer thinks he is good. It's best to leave him in his blissful ignorance. I once saw a man leave the floor in a rage because his girl insisted upon showing him a trick step and emphasized it by telling him how beautifully another fellow did it. If you don't like his dancing, you needn't go again. In that case you will have the satisfaction of saying no to him instead of finding that he has dropped you. An evening isn't a lifetime. Why not be a good sport for a couple of hours?"

And this business of being a good sport extends in several other directions, as Ben Bernie points out: "I think flirting with other men in the room burns the boy friend up faster than anything else. Don't let your eyes wander from him to everyone else in the room so that he gets the impression you're bored. That may be all right in a movie plot, but it doesn't draw dividends in real life. And don't make a play for the musicians. I've seen many a girl deliberately stall in front of the band and flirt with one of the boys who just has to keep on smiling even though her partner looks murderous. The boys call that being used as 'jealousy bait'

BAND LEADERS KNOW THE ANSWERS

They Tell Why Some
Romances Are Wrecked.

By Ruth Arell



Tommy Dorsey asks: "Why not be a good sport for a couple of hours?"

but there's nothing they can do about it. Certainly the girl ought to be courteous enough to the fellow who is trying to give her a good time, by paying some attention to him."

Lack of consideration for her escort's physical comfort was stressed by three leaders of dance orchestras—Raymond Paige, Russ Morgan, and Emery Deutsch—as a good reason why a girl doesn't get asked out a second time. And from the way they put it, it sounds reasonable. See if you don't agree.

Says Raymond Paige, "One of the best ways to alienate your boy friend is to carry a miniature wardrobe trunk onto the dance floor and then ask him to 'hold my bag, if you don't mind.' He may say he doesn't mind but he certainly does and forever after he'll tab you as the girl who loaded him down like a porter when dancing. Surely no sane girl wants a boy to have such a 'heavy thought' about her."

"Don't use perfume to the point where it works against you," cautions Russ who makes music-in-the-Morgan manner. "I've seen many a young man go through a dance in a death-like struggle for some fresh air. And if he's been nice enough to send you flowers, why keep him at arm's length to preserve a corsage that must inevitably be crushed? You can be sure he'll regret having sent them if he's compelled to preserve them at the expense of hogging a crowded dance floor."

In the opinion of Emery Deutsch, one of the unwritten laws of romance is an attitude of appreciation. "Don't be afraid to let your boy friend know you are having a good time," he advises. "Tell him so. But above all, be considerate of his tomorrow. Don't insist upon staying for just a few more dances when he is dying on his feet and thinking of how early he has to be up the next morning. A fellow is apt to think a girl is greedy if she can't leave before getting the very last dance, and from that he may get the idea that she is grasping in other things as well, and fight shy of her."

Well, my dear, have you seen your reflection in any of these pictures? There are others, too, that may hint to you of how you got off the right track.

Take moods, for instance. Men are very much in earnest about their moods. Have you spoiled one of his tender ones? That's



(Above) Benny Goodman never misses a trick even when he's wowing them with a hot number. (Right) Glen Gray warns girls against too much "kid stuff." (Below) Raymond Paige and Russ Morgan tell frankly who's at fault when a dancing couple loses the swing of romance.

serious, according to Guy Lombardo, who states: "When her bear is feeling dreamy and sentimental, why does a girl break the spell? Instead of remaining the sweet, natural girl he knows in the sunlight, she becomes a changling under electric lights and floors him with a sophisticated swagger and a line of chatter fit for a Noel Coward heroine. Chances are he'll get to thinking she is a hard-boiled baby and will write her off as a mistake he'll not make again."

Maybe it's drinking—or not taking a drink—that caused the rift. Both have to be handled gracefully and can be, if you pay attention to Glen Gray who cautions: "Don't

[Continued on page 66]





William Stevenson, Ginger Rogers, James Ellison and Martha Walsh in the strange attitudes of "Shag," with the kick and all. Ginger thinks the squat is funny.



The dancing of Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire sent the world dance crazy.

IF YOU would become an actress, first learn how to dance. Is that the lesson to be learned from the startling success of Ginger Rogers? There is much to buttress the argument that dancing gives poise and fluidity to a performer, teaches him or her how to walk and what to do with awkward hands, teaches timing, suggests gracefulness and builds up a pantomimic repertoire that is of vast value in acting. Certainly Ginger Rogers owes much to dancing, for if it had not been for winning a Texas Charleston contest she would not have reached vaudeville, and if she had not reached vaudeville she never would have graduated to a distinguished partnership with Fred Astaire.

Ginger in "Vivacious Lady." She now rates as an actress, too. It was dancing that gave her assurance, without which all stagecraft is hopelessly lost.

The Public
Is "Big
Appl'g,"
The Screen Goes
In For The Ballet,
Everybody Is Dancing,
And Ginger Rogers Is To
Blame.

Ginger is not the only dancer who has graduated to loftier things as the result of a dancing background. Jeanette MacDonald started as a chorus girl under Ned Wayburn, on the stage of the Capitol Theatre, New York. Joan Crawford started out as a dancer in the Club Richman, at New York. So did Barbara Stanwyck, at Club Anatole. Jim Cagney was a hoofer, so was Joan Blondell, so were George Raft, Ricardo Cortez, Cesar Romero and George Stone. Alice Faye started as a Chester Hale dancing girl at the Capitol Theatre, the same stage which spurred Jeanette MacDonald into the big-time.

There's plenty of evidence to support the idea that dancing gives a vital something to a performer. Myrna Loy started as a Fanchon and Marco chorine, on the stage of Grauman's Chinese Theatre, here in Hollywood. John Barrymore was a dancing juvenile in such shows as "Stubborn Cinderella" before he became an emotional performer. Judy Garland was noted for her dancing, long before she grew famous as a singer. Irene Dunne, Loretta Young, Carole Lombard and Marlene Dietrich are four of the smoothest dancers in the picture colony.

What, exactly, does dancing give to a person? I'd say the most important asset any dancer receives is assurance, and all acting is predicated on the assurance of a performer. If you have sat in a theatre and suffered as a tyro struggles to do something on a stage, you will understand what I'm driving at. A performer

who can't convey assurance and authority is the most frightful misfit in the theatre. So dancing gives the keystone of stagecraft.

It gives a performer another vital thing—tempo. The stage is predicated on tempo. Lines must be read in tempo, or they might better not be read at all. Shakespeare, who was a wise one on the stage, said it all, when he had Hamlet tell the strolling players: "Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of you players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness."

"Trippingly," said Shakespeare, and there he told a later stage generation about the necessity for tempo in acting. Dancing gives a performer a natural tempo, and teaches him also not to "saw the air," but to act smoothly. So it can be said that dancing teaches a person what to do, and also the things NOT to do.

What it did for Ginger Rogers, I think, was to discipline her body when she was young. It gave her a fine pair of legs, a body that is pleasant to look upon, a graceful carriage. All of these are fundamental things if you wish to go on the stage, and fundamentals are important. The profession acknowledges its debt to Terpsichore in full.

Having admitted so much however, let us not go overboard and say that dancing goes beyond that, in its contribution to acting, for I seriously doubt it. I'd say, for instance, that of the men, Charles Laughton, Paul Muni and Spencer Tracy are the most accomplished and versatile actors in Hollywood. Not one of them can dance a lick and it is to be doubted that even Lloyds, of London, would insure Laughton's life or limbs if he ever took a whirl at "The Big Apple." Greta Garbo is one of the fine actresses of Hollywood. She does not dance. Eleanor Powell, a GREAT dancer, is a very poor actress, if you wish further to defeat the idea.

No, I'll admit that dancing can aid a performer in getting started, but the evidence is overpowering that it is not indispensable. Katharine Cornell, Helen Hayes, Ina Claire, Lynn Fontanne, Elizabeth Bergner—these are better than average actresses but I doubt that the five of them, dancing in relays, could ever manage to win a dancing prize.

What you can believe is



Tap dancing has given Ginger a beautiful body and shapely legs.

AGILITY~
JOY~AND
By GINGER!
Ed Sullivan



Jeanette MacDonald was a dancer, but she sang her way to the heights.



Joan Crawford, once a dancer also. (Center) James Cagney's famous, pugnacious screen character owed no debt to Jimmie, the hooper. (Below) Alice Faye, another lady of many talents.

that when a person turns to dancing, he or she is expressing an oblique desire for the stage, and so it is not surprising that, later, you see them gratifying that desire by becoming actors or actresses.

The most important factor in the success of Ginger Rogers, I would say, is in her head and heart, for there is intelligence in the one and courage in the other. Intelligence to guide ambition, and courage to keep ambition alive. In the possession of those two assets, intelligence and heart, she resembles most closely that other Charleston dancer, Joan Crawford. You could take the careers of these two girls and draw a parallel that would be fairly astonishing, even to the accident of birth that started them both out from Missouri and Texas. The same high courage is present in both of them and you can believe that they would have been comparably successful in anything they attempted.

I've started out a lot of young performers on the road to stardom. I say that in all modesty because calling attention to talent is one of the obligations of a columnist. The point I'm making is that if a performer is NOT intelligent, it is better to ignore him, or her, because all the attention-calling in the world will not aid a stupid person. Stupid people are never successful, in any line, and the stage and the screen is no exception.

It was the mental alertness of Ginger Rogers that made possible her fine performance in "Stage Door." For it was mental alertness that made her note certain things while working with Fred Astaire, and store them away in her mind for reference. She learned something about comedy from him, she learned certain camera tricks that are invaluable. When she went into that picture, she carried before the camera an air of authority that she needed opposite Katharine Hepburn. If you will think back to the picture, you'll recall that Miss Rogers, in scenes with Miss Hepburn, didn't yield to her, and there are few young actresses out here who can hold attention on the screen while K. Hepburn is occupying it with them.

So it is the same quality that made Ginger Rogers successful as a dancer that has made her successful as an actress, and determination is not the least of the assembly.

Ginger has travelled a long way from the stage of the Majestic Theatre, in Fort Worth, Texas, where she won the Charleston contest that qualified her to compete in the finals at Dallas. The prize for winning was several weeks' booking on the Inter-State Circuit through Texas, but by that time, the stage bug had bitten her deeply and she was booked in Detroit, Chicago, Pittsburgh and other vaudeville towns. The act was called "Ginger Rogers and the Redheads" and while audiences did not tear down ceilings, it was a good small-time act. Not too good, at that, because her companion redheads got tired of the stage and went back to Texas. Had her courage faltered then, Ginger would have quit with them, but she didn't.



As a single act, Ginger continued on to Memphis and St. Louis and then got a wire from Paul Ash to join him at the Paramount Theatre, in New York City. A less courageous kid would have turned down that important offer, because Ash wanted her to replace Helen Kane, whose "Boop-boop-a-Doop" style of singing had Broadway on its ear. Significant again that Ginger decided to "follow" Helen Kane.

Compared to riotous Helen Kane, Ginger was just mildly successful in the New York and Brooklyn houses of Paramount, but Broadway is

a great showcase for any performer, and Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby signed her for a bit part in "Top Speed," a musical comedy. This led to "Girl Crazy" and she was on the way to a picture contract with Pathe. This led to a contract with Warner's, but after using her for one big close-up in "Gold Diggers of 1933," they let her go.

Then Fred Astaire came to the movies. The girl who was to be selected as his partner was headed for stardom in a big way. Luck played a big part in her selec-

[Continued on page 64]



Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable in the very successful "It Happened One Night."



(Top) In "Mutiny on the Bounty." (Center) With Jeanette MacDonald in "San Francisco." (Above) His latest picture, "Test Pilot," in which he co-stars with Myrna Loy and Spencer Tracy. (Right) Clark at heart loves solitude and frequently takes a rest from Hollywood. He switches to glamorous fish.



WE POINT WITH PRIDE TO CLARK GABLE



ALL the misguided promotion ideas that usually leave the actor booked for Oblivion were tried on Clark Gable, but he out-last-ed them all. He was Great-Lovered and Parnelled, but he is still one of the best bets at the box-office. Whether he is cast in a part like Christian on the Bounty or a lead in "It Happened One Night," he does his darndest and leaves it up to you. And there is his secret—he gives you all he's got, and who can give more!

In The Lists Of The "Ten Best," Clark Gable Is Always Among Those Present.



(Above) Is it in the deep mystery of her eyes that Olympe Bradna's glamour lies? (Right) Doris Weston. Her charm is in her infectious smile. (Above, right) The clear gray eyes of June Lang are her chief attraction.

THE MAGNETISM OF BEAUTY

A Lovely Woman
Radiates Charm!

AMONG the thousands of audiences that nightly attend the picture shows are scattered the prettiest girls in the world. How they have dreamed of a future in the movies—a lifetime of fame, of comfort, of luxury!

The picture ends and the dreams slip away, but still the one nagging question haunts them, "What have they got that I haven't got?"

There are dozens of answers, all correct. The screen girls have beautiful faces, but with their comeliness there is also the mysterious quality of allure, glamour or charm, or whatever you choose to call it.

Loretta Young
has a wistful
appeal.





(Top, left) There is tenderness in the face of Claudette Colbert. (Top, right) In the beauty of Mamo Clarke is expressed all the mystery of the South Seas. (Above, left) Penny Singleton is the effervescent type. (Above) Joan Perry has heavy-lidded eyes that give her an exotic look. (Left) Ann Sheridan. The oval of her face has a tempting quality.



Sentimental customs are dear to the men of the army. Dorothy Lamour is surprised to learn that she has been selected as the "Sweetheart of the Regiment," whatever that is. Lieutenant M. A. Haguewood of the Expendables, famous Los Angeles regiment of the Army Reserve Corps, brings the documents. Now what?



Humphrey Bogart, who is so very tough on the screen, is a man of gentle habits and thoroughly enjoys himself as he sows, weeds and transplants the flowers in his garden.



Arthur Hornblow, Sr., visits his daughter-in-law, Myrna Loy, on the "Test Pilot" set. Myrna, as a wife, is on record, but perhaps father-in-law doesn't know how to play his part.

CLIPS FROM HOLLYWOOD'S CANDID CAMERA NEWS REEL

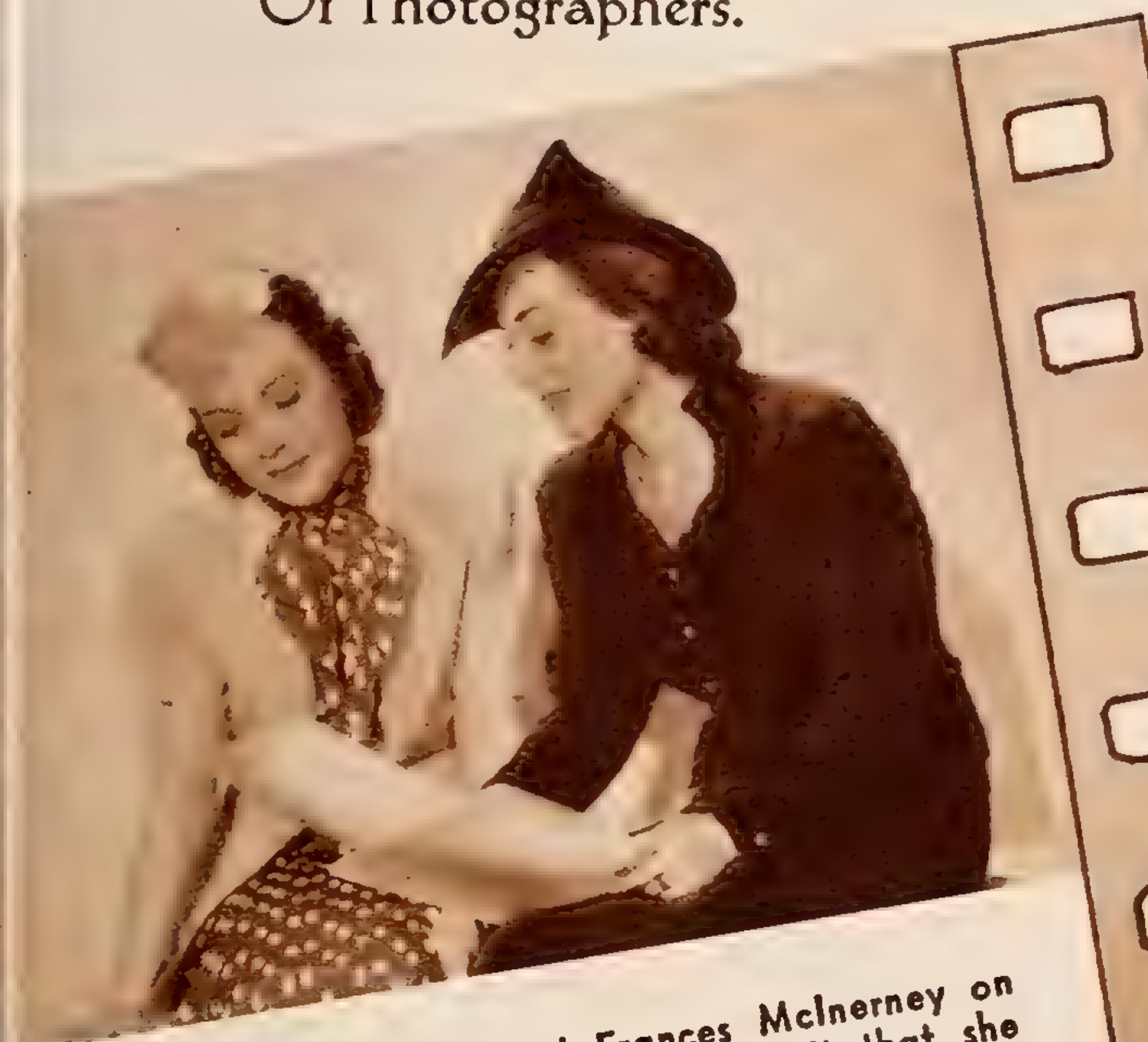
THE imagination of millions of people is intrigued when something happens to one of the well-known stars. Wherever he goes, or whatever he does, the great gallery, the public, is always right there eager for a word or a look-see. So cameras are everywhere and the players move about upon their appointed ways to the accompaniment of flashing lights, happy in the thought that the public is still interested.

Because of the lurking cameras a player must not drink too much nor can he row with his wife in public. There are disadvantages to being good copy for the news reels.



Olympe Bradna holding a crown valued at \$200,000. It is a replica made by a New York jeweler of a crown included among the Russian Crown jewels. Jack Roth, studio police officer, is assigned to guard it, along with four other policemen. The thief who steals it will get crowned!

Cameras Made This City Famous And
The Reputations Of Its Colorful Citizens
Are Developed In The Dark Rooms
Of Photographers.



Joan Crawford discovered Frances McInerney on the set of "Mannequin" and saw to it that she got her a close-up. Through Joan's intercession, Frances has been selected for one of the leads in Pete Smith's "Modeling for Money." Aside from sponsoring her, Joan is coaching her in her part.



Pat O'Brien's mother and father, with his aunt and uncle, pose for the camera in the beautiful Beverly Hills home of the Warner Brothers star. An improvement on the spiritual quality of an Irish clan has never been discovered and in the blood of all of Pat's people pulses the pride of family as well as a drop or two of the River Shannon.



Norma Shearer with Hunt Stromberg, who is bringing Marie Antoinette to the screen, and Director W. S. Van Dyke. Norma's gown, which was designed by Adrian, is an authentic replica of one worn by the French queen. It is called the rocket gown because its design was inspired by fireworks so popular with the French people during the 18th Century.



The candid camera caught a bit of the action as Deanna Durbin played her first "romantic" scene before the cameras in her recent picture, "Mad About Music." But think of the publicity heart throbs that will fall to her share as she grows up! Every picture has its passionate moment and almost every song tells of love.



Irvin Cobb, the author of some of American literature's greatest stories—"The Belled Buzzard," for example—reads his latest effort to Director Eddie Cline. Musical Director Raymond Paige seems fascinated by Irv's plot.



Dorothea Kent and Tom Brown becoming emotional in "Goodbye Broadway."

(Top, left) Bert Lahr and Joan Davis in "Josette." Even comedians respond to spring. (Top, right) Larry Crabbe and Evelyn Brent in "Highway Racketeers." (Above, left) Carole Lombard and Fernand Gravet in "Fools for Scandal." Nice work and they've got it! (Circle) Robert Montgomery and Virginia Bruce in "The First Hundred Years." In the same picture, Binnie Barnes and Warren Williams (right) get in the mood.



Joan Fontaine and Allan Lane—the lovers in "Certified." (Top, left) Celia Parker and Robert Whitney in "Judge Hardy's Children." (Left, center) Love has a depressing effect on Roscoe Karns and Gertrude Short in "Highway Racketeers." (Below, left) Vivacious Irene Dunne and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., put sparkle into "The Joy of Living."



"THE FIRE OF SPRING"

"Your Winter Garment Of Repentance Fling."

"COME, fill the cup," sang the Persian Tentmaker, and so, as Spring comes round the lads and lassies of the picture-making world put their heads together to register the tender passion. It is the crucial test, and sad is the lot of the actor who cannot express the worshipful gentleness of a man in love.



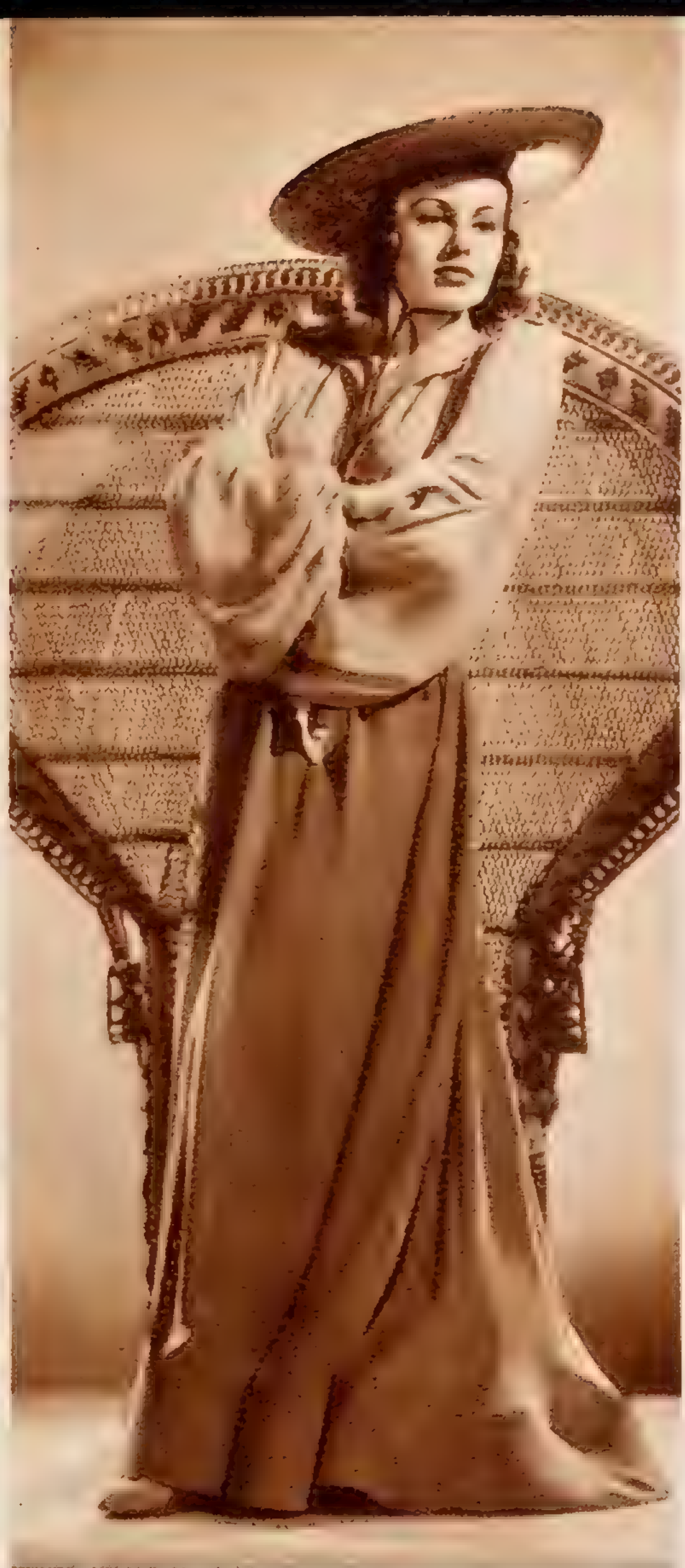
(Far left) The beautiful French star, Danielle Darrieux, in her first American designed evening frock, a daring combination of black taffeta and white silk marquisette with cutout inserts of black embroidery on the bouffant skirt. (Left) Larkspur blue satin embroidered with a tiny pattern of gold leaves, and draped artfully to the right side, is distinctive and eye-compelling when worn by Barbara Read. Her matching short cape is lavishly trimmed with white fox. (Right) The Chinese influence predominates in this silk paisley print which Betty Furness designed and made for herself. A zipper fastens the gown up the side, from hem to underarm. (Next) Mexico is responsible for Mary Brodel's intriguing dinner ensemble which makes her the cynosure of all eyes. The loosely draped skirt is of bachelor button blue chiffon topped off with a full-sleeved blouse of flamingo red. A chiquita hat of matching blue straw is worn over a red bandana. (Good for summer resorts.)

MAID IN AMERICA

All The World Over She Is Praised For
Her Good Taste And Smart Appearance.



(Above) Crisp taffeta striped in hyacinth tones accented with black fashions this dirndl model favored by Anita Louise. Charming for informal cruise wear. (Left) Although Franciska Gaal is one of our recent Continental "finds," she looks like a typical American girl in her crisp white organdy frock, made shirtwaist fashion, with fine tucks and self-covered buttons adding the only decorative note. Her underslip is of lustrous shell pink satin and is a very important feature of this dainty and extraordinarily sheer costume.



(Above, right) For warm afternoons Barbara Read keeps cool in white silk jersey with a colorful flower and bird design worn with a heavy crepe sash of deep green and blue. Frances Robinson chooses crepe with a delicate yellow background and a leaf design in rich brown, red and green. (Below) Cynthia Westlake in a wrap-around Tahitian print in hand-blocked cotton. Muted rose and off-grey tones are combined with great success.

EVEN Paris, that proud fashion-center of the world, snatches a glance across the ocean these days to see what the American girl is wearing. For it recently has come to realize that Hollywood is a competitor to be reckoned with.

Seasoned travellers are always the first to admit that no matter how chic the Continental woman may be the American girl has nothing to fear by contrast. And no matter how little she has to spend she seems to have a knack of looking tremendously smart and as fresh as the morning breeze.

The Hollywood designers, realizing that America combines so many races in one, subtly borrow ideas from other lands with splendid results. As you can see from these illustrations, there is an infinite variety of styles and no suggestion of monotony. No wonder Paris views us with admiration, or, should we say, with alarm?



Three of the late Spring chapeaux. Priscilla Lane (above) in a white felt kettle brim sailor accented with navy blue grosgrain. (Below) Terracotta felt combined with a natural straw cone-shaped crown, with alphabet ribbon band, is the designer's choice for Joan Blondell. (Left) Burnt yellow straw with matching spider web veil tied in a perky bow on the infinitesimal crown makes Mary Brodel look quaint and ultra-feminine.



COMING HOURS



Dick Powell, Ann Sheridan and Pat O'Brien in "The Cowboy from Brooklyn."



Warner Baxter and Arleen Whalen in "Kidnapped."



Lewis Stone and Olympe Bradna in "Stolen Holiday."



Claude Rains, Fay Bainter and Bonita Granville in "White Banners."



Robert Montgomery and Binnie Barnes in "The First Hundred Years."



Franchot Tone, Robert Young and Robert Taylor in "Three Comrades."

OF ENTERTAINMENT



Charles Winninger and Alice Brady in
"Goodbye Broadway."



John Litel and Frank McHugh in "Little
Lady Luck."



Rudy Vallee and Allen Jenkins in "Gold-
diggers in Paris."



George Irving and Sally Eilers in "Con-
demned Women."

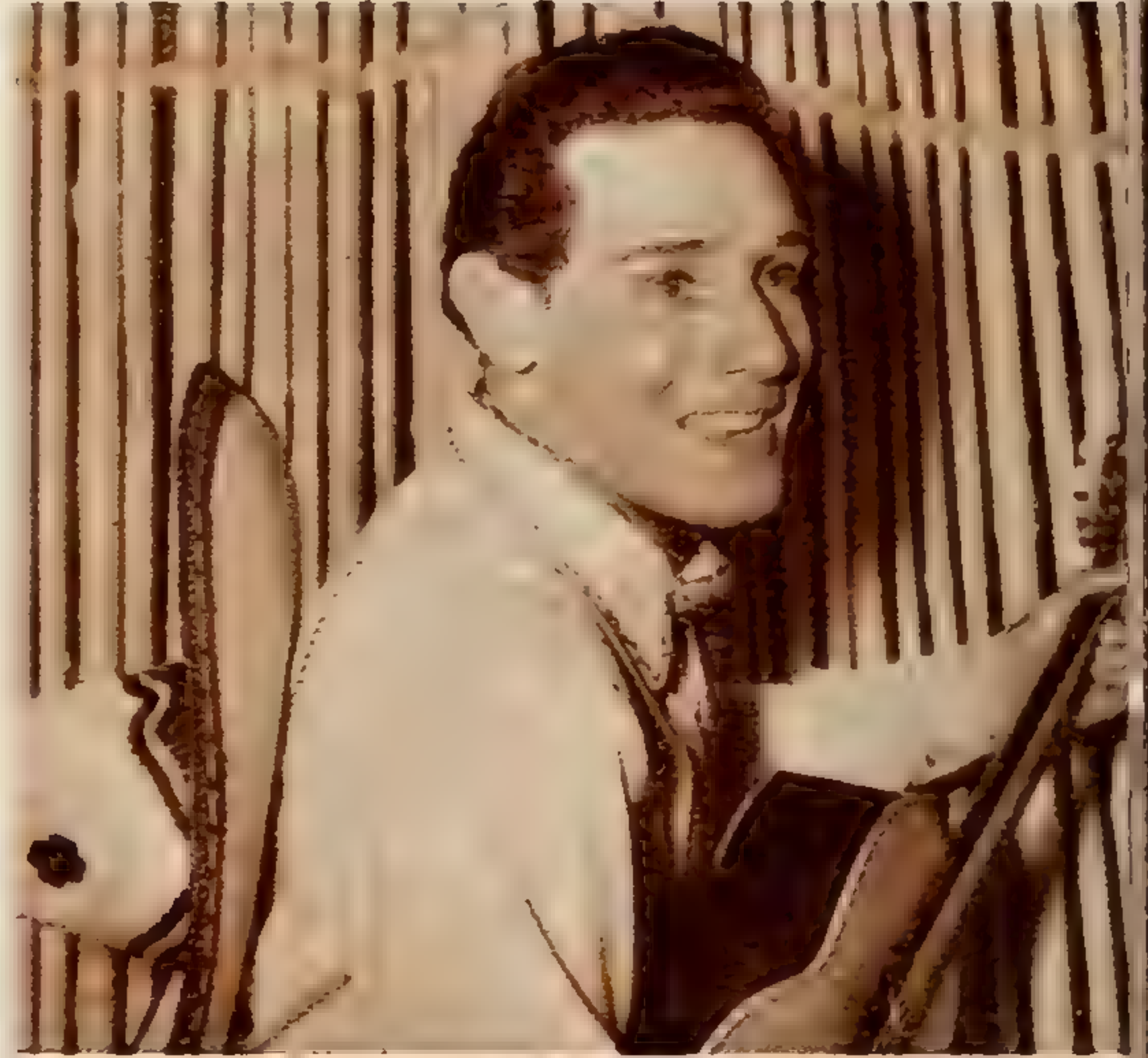


Loretta Young and Richard Greene in
"Four Men And A Prayer."



Paul Kelly and Lola Lane in "Torchy
Blane in Panama."

SEQUENCES IN MOTION



Joan Blondell arouses the sleeping lion in Melvyn Douglas. The fair charmer appeals to his kind heart or something. But drawing herself up to her full height she sends the lion back to the zoo.

Phyllis Brooks makes every photographer seem smarter. The emotions that distort her lovely face are just as sincere as love in the heart of a mother-in-law.

"Ask the lamp on the corner if I haven't told him I love you," sings Tito Guizar as "Tropic Holiday" starts on its joyous way. "The Lamp on the Corner." Swell name for a bar. What'll you have?



Fred MacMurray in his off moments (just slightly off, of course) enjoys a snappy swim in his pool.

The life raft is only a mattress . . . in case he feels a nap coming on.

What a moment to lose S.A.

*[STOCKING APPEAL]

They couldn't help noticing Betty's great big RUN . . .

POOOR BETTY! Just as she had captured the two most attractive men in the room, that awful run had to pop. It made her look so dowdy . . . killed S. A.*

Why not cut down runs . . . guard S. A. . . with Lux? Lux saves the elasticity of stockings so the silk can *stretch* without snapping so easily — then spring back into shape. You cut down runs, avoid wrinkles, wobbly seams.

Cake-soap rubbing and soaps with harmful alkali weaken elasticity, rob you of S. A. Lux has no harmful alkali. Buy the *big* box for extra economy.



guards S.A.*

A Sense Of Humor In Hollywood Means Money In The Bank.

(Right) Irene Dunne as she throws herself into "The Joy of Living." She outranks most of the comediennes. (Below) When Bob Hope introduces Ben Blue to the air, he raises his hat. Such dignity!



Hugh Herbert and Allen Jenkins in "Goldiggers in Paris." Hugh's comedy is styled, unique—he's a personality clown. Our old friend Jenkins is good, too.

THE SCREEN IS NOW A CLOWN CIRCUS

Cary Grant and Katharine Hepburn with the leopard who is "baby" to them. Anything for a laugh. (Right) Victor McLaglen and Esther Muir in "Battle of Broadway." The fun seems one-sided. (Left) Alan

Mowbray has clicked in comedy. He's terrific!

HIGH-POWERED drama is gasping on the ropes, for comedy has made good in the picture ring. No matter how screwy the stories the movie theatres resound with laughter, and even reviewers have difficulty in not bursting right out laughing. People seem to find grins and giggles more entertaining than tears. Only temporarily, however. Soon we will be biting our nails again in dramatic suspense.



Sh-Sh-h-h! DON'T TELL A SOUL! . . .

CAROLE

FERNAND

LOMBARD *and* GRAVET



ARE SIMPLY

**"FOOLS
FOR
SCANDAL"**

AND SO ARE

RALPH BELLAMY

ALLEN JENKINS • ISABEL JEANS

MARIE WILSON • MARCIA RALSTON

A Mervyn LeRoy Production

Screen Play by Herbert Fields and Joseph Fields

Additional Dialogue by Irv Brecher

From the Play "Reluctant Engagement" by Nancy Hamilton, James Shute and Rosemary Casey

Music and Lyrics by Richard Rodgers
and Lorenz Hart

Their romance is
scandalicious,
scandalously,
scandalirious!

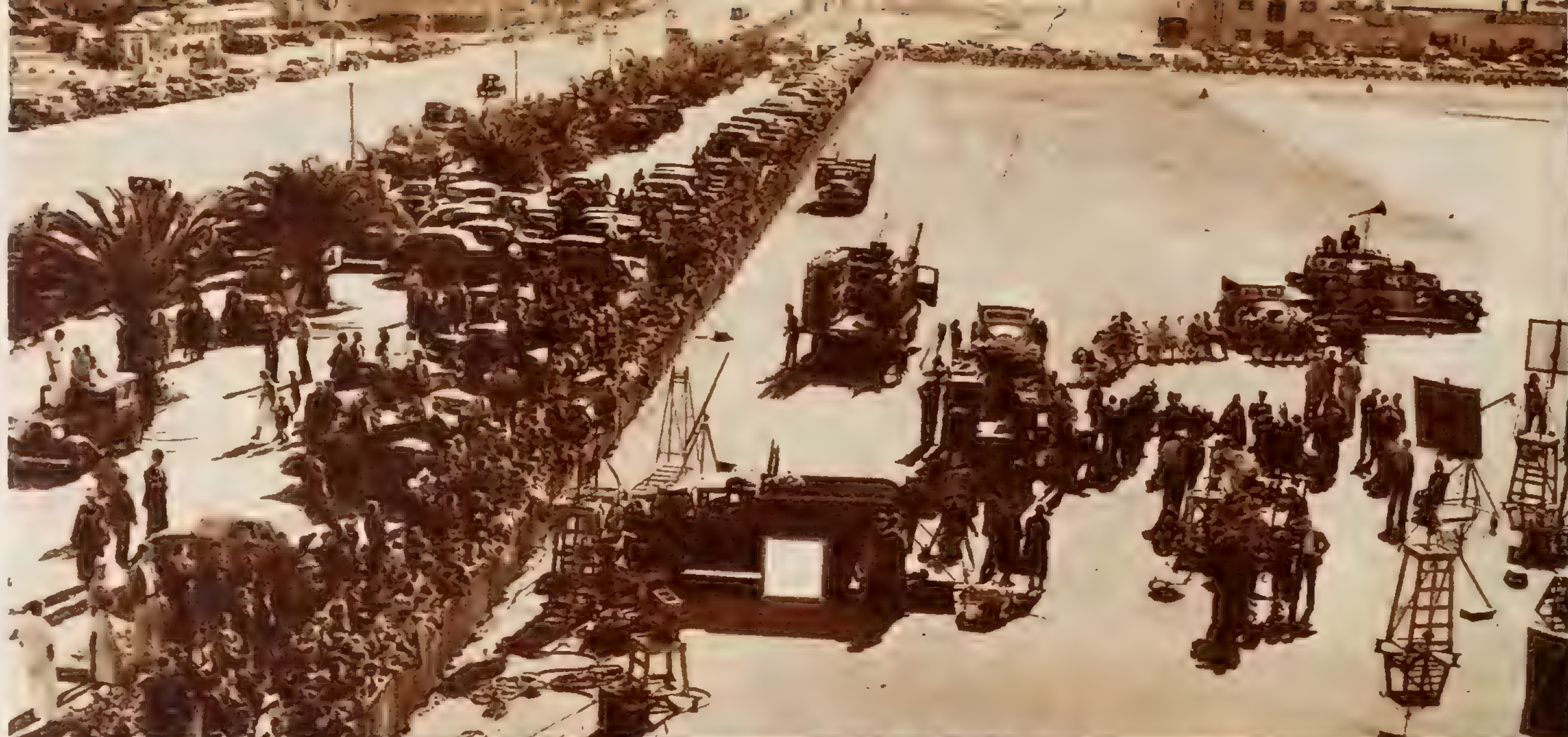
A FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE

presented by

Warner Bros.

Every Hour In
Hollywood Leads
Up To The Time
When The Cam=
eras Start Turning.

Better than a movie is a
movie in the making. The
crowd thinks so, anyway,
as they watch Myrna Loy,
Clark Gable and Spencer
Tracy do a scene for "Test
Pilot" at Lindbergh Field
in San Diego.



Director Fritz Lang crouches down
to smooth Sylvia Sidney's make-up.
Ceaseless care makes good pictures.



Harold Lloyd and
Lionel Stander at
work in "Professor
Beware." Raymond
Walburn watches
from the automo=
bile while Director
Nugent looks on.

ACTION—LIGHTS— CAMERA



(Above, right) Bor=
rah Minnevitc's life
hangs by a thread
and Jane Withers
has designs on that.
Fortunately her knife
is only rubber.
(Right) Freddie
Bartholomew, War=
ner Baxter, Arleen
Whalen and Reginald
Owen between shots
of "Kidnapped."
(Left) Gangway!
The Mauch Twins
hear the call to
lunch.



They Called Her Beautiful
But Dumb—Yet She
Wowed Them Just The
Same!



"What you don't know about
New York debutantes will fill a
couple of libraries! Now listen."

*Illustrated by
Lloyd Wright*

VACANT LOTTIE!

By Frederic and Fanny Hatton

JOE ROSS, wreathed in his own importance and the smoke of his specially-made cigar, watched through this dual haze the effect his words were having on Nicholas Martin, a playwright newly arrived in the West from that lane of incandescent horrors known as Broadway.

They were seated in the restaurant of the Hollywood studio of Excelsior Pictures, Inc., an organization known as widely for this young executive's personal fame as for its success in the independent field. Though Joe Ross was no longer a stripling he still liked to hear himself referred to as the Boy Wonder of the Cinema.

The author from Manhattan seemed to be suffering an acute form of mental indigestion. As a matter of fact he was trying to rid his brain of the producer's suggestion that Carlotta Lee be starred in the talking picture version of his recent stage success, "The Dizzy Age." He was tempted at the moment to take this illiterate prodigy over his knee and spank him. He smiled bitterly instead.

Carlotta Lee indeed! The typical beautiful-but-dumb girl of the screen. The butt of a thousand-and-one Hollywood jokes. Vacant Lottie! Symbol of the empty mind from coast to coast!

Ross glanced up and saw a pretty, red-haired girl walk into the dining room. "Why here's my sweetheart right now." He waved his hand and called out, "Honey, come over here."

Carlotta Lee sauntered across. "Lo, Joe, what's on your mind?" "I want you to meet Mr. Martin, the famous author from Broadway."

The girl's languid lack of interest stiffened to obvious artificiality. Taking the chair the producer drew out for her she nodded haughtily to Martin and then talked across his chest to her employer.

"Who'd you say your friend was?" "Nicholas Martin, THE Martin. You know, the guy that wrote 'The Dizzy Age,' which is to be your next picture."

"Oh yeah? Well, what am I supposed to do? Burst out singin' or somethin'?"

The playwright cringed. The girl's high, wiry drawl, her self-conscious pose, her garish garments, set his whole being on edge. He didn't believe anything lived so crude and impossible. She

was soon on her feet again, tossing a "See you sometime" to Ross. Evidently she had forgotten that the author existed.

She posed as if before a very large audience, gathering her exceptional fox scarf about her white throat, and then moved off in a mannequin-like progress to another table. To Martin she seemed like a statue carved out of flagrantly colored ice cream and sprinkled with salt, cold and inedible.

The producer turned a shrewd eye on his scowling guest.

"I know what you're thinkin', but you're wrong. You figure your heroine is a swell Park Avenue Gwendolyn and that Lottie is just a day-bloomin' Hollywood cactus. But don't worry, Miss Manning will take care of all that."

"And who is Miss Manning?"

"Elsie Manning, the old Broadway star of the long-ago before you and me. I found her out here a few years ago tryin' to get extra work. I hired her, figurin' it wouldn't do Lottie no harm to have a set of brains handy. Manning rehearses my little star for every piece and kinda hypnotizes her into the role."

Martin shrugged his shoulders. "It will take more than hypnotism to make a New York Junior Leaguer out of Miss Lee!"

"All right," Ross agreed, "if you don't want Lottie you don't have to have her. Hollywood is lousy with gals. We'll find somebody else. Tell you what you do, ride up with me to Santa Barbara this evening. I've got a company up there that's gone sour on location. We'll talk cast on the way."

The producer signed the check and left Martin at the table. As he passed Carlotta Lee he leaned down and whispered in her ear. "I want to see you in about ten minutes."

Back in his office Ross sat down at a continent of Circassian walnut desk and punched a contact. He was answered at once by his chief secretary on the communicator.

"Cancel all my appointments for this afternoon and have Miss Manning in here pronto. Shoo off all the directors and writers and any other tripe that's on my trail. I'm goin' to Santa Barbara."

A moment later he was talking through the same instrument to Milton Browne, his most dependable staff writer.

"Say, Milt, stop workin' on whatever you're doin' and be ready to take charge of young Martin, the bird that wrote 'The Dizzy

Age? Pack him off to Catalina or Arrowhead for about ten days and see if you can knock out a script and dialogue continuity."

"Okay, Boss," Browne's voice came back.

"I'm takin' the lad up to Santa Barbara with me today. He's fussy and I want to feel my way around him. And Milt, don't mention Lottie Lee's name in his presence. She gives him cramps!"

Elsie Manning walked into his office as Ross turned away from the communicator.

"Sit down, Sister, I've got a little job for you."

The gray-haired actress took the chair he indicated.

"Do you think you can make what a snooty New Yorker would call a lady outa Lottie Lee in ten days?"

A quizzical smile broke over Miss Manning's lined face. "There never were any female apostles, Mr. Ross, and the age of miracles has passed."

He grinned at her confidently. "Listen, you haven't flopped on me yet and I wanta make this 'Dizzy Age' flicker a smash in the eye—and the ear! And think this over—the Almighty was a male and only used up one day fashionin' the first woman. A smart girl like you ought to be able to make a lady in ten!"

"Flatterer! Well, after that bouquet, I'll have to try. But it will take all of my time—and all of Carlotta's."

"Sure, Mike. Now this is what I want you to do."

He leaned over close to her and murmured his instructions. When Miss Manning rose to go she had agreed to everything he asked, as she always did. Glancing around as she went to the ante-room she saw Carlotta Lee slipping into the office through the private entrance from the back stairway.

"Say, Brainless," the producer began without ceremony, "you sure got off on the wrong foot with young Martin! What was the idea of that tank-town Ritz you pulled on him just now down in the cafe?"

She dropped into a chair and started to explain. "I was just acting like a New York debutante so he could get an idea of the swell way I'm going to act his opera for him."

"Yeah? Well, what you don't know about New York debutantes would fill a couple of libraries! Now listen with both your brain cells and get what I'm goin' to tell you. I've ordered Miss Manning to curry and comb you and pull the burrs outa your back hair."

Carlotta's red hair bristled away from the edges of her trick hat, but Ross continued. "And you do what the old gal tells you or I'll knock your dumb dome into the original mortar and saw-dust!"

"Say, that's a hell of a way to talk to a lady!"

"That's just the trouble—you ain't no lady! But you gotta be—in ten days! Get me?"

"Joe, you are probably the rudest and crudest man in the motion picture business, which makes you the international champion in both respects!"

"All right, Sweetheart, I may be a little rough with you now and then, but my one idea from the first day I saw you has been to make you the biggest star in the business. And if you're honest you'll admit I never kicked you without kickin' you up."

He paused and looked her over carefully. "You're goin' to be a brunette for this number. No class to blondes. I want to see you dark and slinky, quiet, slow, three seconds between every move, voice low and easy on the r's. Manning will tell you all about it."

"But what will I say when I meet Mr. Martin again?"

"Just pretend you never saw him. He won't know you with a black mane anyway. We'll introduce you to him under another name and it will be up to you to vamp him before he gets the bad news."

Late in the afternoon the producer's long English car was rolling as evenly as a Pullman over the concrete of the Roosevelt Highway beside the blue Pacific, well on the way to Santa Barbara.

Joe Ross glanced at Nicholas Martin and knew just what was going through the author's mind. "People come out from the East and hate California until they get a flash of this."

Martin drew in a long breath of the haunted breeze. "I can understand that. I've never seen a more beautiful stretch of water. And that air is tanged with a spicy something. It all seems like a huge stage set, with real mountains and a living ocean. But no union electrician could catch that light effect."

The sun was already beginning to sink through lilac bands of mist towards the remote sea edge, taking on incredible shapes as it dropped down. Now it looked like a huge Japanese lantern of gold, top and base flattened; again it took the outline of a Grecian urn; then it collapsed to a coppery bar that tossed for a moment on the serrate horizon line before it abruptly disappeared.

Joe Ross lit one of his long cigars and began to recall the past. "Funny the way things break. Six years ago I was nothin' but a lousy assistant director gettin' seventy-five a week when I was



workin'—and mostly I wasn't. Now that is just about tobacco money."

He nursed his cigar a little and then went on. "I remember one noon sunnin' myself with other unemployed talent in front of a bank in Hollywood, where a lot of directors and producers had accounts, hopin' somebody would notice me and say, 'Joe, you're just the man I'm lookin' for.'"

"All of a sudden I got my twin spots on a lens natural. She had that jaunty, half-starved look that a castin' director would have caught half a block off. I braced her with, 'Don't get me wrong kid, but are you in the pictures?' She gave me a sharp, quick look outa a pair of big lamps that was just naturally framed to give the camera a mean jolt and snapped back at me, 'What's that to you?'"

"I knew I had it comin' to me, bein' on the set as you might say without no pass from the gateman, but I was intrigued enough to keep in the closeup. 'I ain't no 5000-a-week director,' I told

her,' but maybe I can help towards a career if you're interested. I got connections and I can make good.'

"All right, Mister Lasky-Metro-De Mille,' she cracked back, 'where do we go from here?'

"So I grabbed her by the elbow and piloted her into a beanery. In half an hour she had satisfied her hunger and I had her signature to a five-year option on her professional services written out on the o.p. side of the hash list.

"As luck would have I ran into Eddie Collins the same afternoon. He was producin' on his own down in that part of Hollywood they called Death Valley and needed somethin' like Clara Bow for seventy-five a week. Well, to take a few sequences out of a long story me and my find both went on the pay roll. She had picked a fancy moniker for herself and was expectin' to flirt with fame as Dolores Jocelyn Beaumont but when the flicker went to the small-fry exhibitors Collins billed her as Carlotta Lee and the name stuck. The five-reeler was made in twelve workin' days at a print cost of \$7,500 and grossed Eddie over \$25,000 when all the returns were in.

"Lottie was just camera fodder, photographin' like a million dollars. We strung along with Collins for a while and the gal was meek as Mary's little ba-ba. I was sittin' pretty, particularly as I went and got a smart lawyer to draw up a real contract with Lottie that she signed when our agreement down in Death Valley ran out. By that time Lottie was learnin' that there were reviews in newspapers as well as comic strips. I worked her up into the second-string studios on single picture arrangements and at the end of the year all the big boys were hearin' about her and talkin' options with me. But I took my time and waited for the right kind of offer. Sammy Fishbein, president of the Excelsior outfit,

finally came across with it and I signed Lottie up with him for \$2,500 a week, with increases every six months up to \$5,000.

"I went in as supervisor on all of Lottie's pictures at a salary I never dreamed of gettin' when I hit Hollywood. I guess the kid realized what I had gotten for her, because when we came out of the Excelsior office after signin' up she was awful nice to me. But that didn't last long. Funny what \$2,500 a week will do to a green kid. Pretty soon Lottie was so ornery I couldn't do a thing with her. First thing I knew she was regardin' me as nothin' but a leak in the pipe of prosperity and I sure took to watchin' my step. One day Sammy Fishbein appeared on the stage where we were workin' and somethin' told me the big sock was comin' my way.

"Sammy sailed right up to me. 'Mr. Ross,' he began, 'your contract with Miss Lee is no good. She signed with you when she was under legal age. We'll just tear your agreement up and in the future I will look after this little gal, personal!'

"Oh yes?' I asked. 'Well, laugh this off first!' With which I pulled out of my inside coat pocket a little paper my lawyer boy friend had dug up for me in Lottie's home town. You should have seen Sammy Fishbein's face when he read that stamped and sealed copy of the gal's birth certificate. She was past twenty-two when my first paper with her was signed.

"But this was one of those cases where you lose by winnin'. From then on I was poison ivy to Lottie and she broke out all over every time she saw me. I kept outa the studio for a while, but I collected her checks, accordin' to the contract and waited for her to come after her dough. When she did we patched up a truce for the sake of the old career, but did she hate one Joe Ross?"

The producer paused in his story and stirred a little nervously. He glanced about as if to assure himself that the trying days he had been telling about were safely in the past. The car was now between Ventura and Santa Barbara. The twilight had slipped off over the ocean before the dusky face of night. After a silence broken only by the singing of tires and the hollow mutter of the surf Ross began to speak again.

"And then came the big break when the Warner Brothers spilled the movie apple cart with sound pictures. Sammy Fishbein was ready to sell out for a song. I saw a chance and shot every dollar I had saved up into his Excelsior stock. But I thought Lottie was all washed up and everybody in Hollywood agreed with me. But breaks are like lightnin' and you never know where they're goin' to hit. One day Miss Manning got hold of me, a light in her eyes like she had seen a miracle. We argued for hours, but she finally sold me the idea of producin' a talkin' quickie.

"I jumped to it while the rest of the companies were tryin' to put bombs under the Warners' studio to keep 'em from goin' further with the poisonous novelty. I enticed some cutters and

mike men away with big salary bribes, shanghaied a loose sound truck and began shootin'. We made up the story as we went along, Manning feedin' the lines to Lottie with a spoon. When the picture was finished it sounded like a cross between the Battle of the Somme and an earthquake in a chop-suey joint, but we made enough profit off it to build our first sound stage. And maybe Sammy Fishbein wasn't wild about all the Excelsior stock he had sold to me. He went crazier when the company decided I knew what the talkies were all about and made me producer manager.

"As for Lee bein' the Vacant Lottie of the universe, any Jane that can start with a hundred-word vocabulary and run it up into \$5,000 a week is thick like an owl. Anyhow, I think the dumbness of a lot of these gals is what them science fellers call a protective color job."

Joe Ross paused and turned a little apologetically to the author.

"I haven't talked so much about myself since I hit this land-of-no-rain. But you're sure a great audience."

"Your part of the story fascinated me," Martin confessed, "but what Carlotta Lee was, is, or will be, doesn't interest me."

"From your angle you're dead right," Ross agreed, frankly. "But this Lee kid has kinda been my life work. Maybe it's just a bum dream, but I've been thinkin' that some day I might get her smoothed off and shaped around to where she would be human. And, if that ever happened, that she might take a tumble to herself and realize all I've done for her. I don't believe any woman could fight a man as steady as she has me unless she was afraid [Continued on page 69]



tin settled down on sand beside her and mured: "A penny for your thoughts."

You'll Be Surprised At The Things Feg Murray Has Found Out About The Stars.

"NOW, in this scene," declared the director, "we'll have Rosalind Russell chewing gum and William Powell inhaling a cigarette."

"Yes," said the assistant director.

"Yes," said the assistant to the assistant director.

"Yes," said the script girl.

"Yes," said the cameraman.

"Never, never," mumbled a man at the rear of the set.

"Mutiny," stormed the director. "Well, then, why not? And who said 'never, never' anyway?"

"You can't do that," explained the rebel, "because William Powell has never inhaled cigarette smoke and Rosalind Russell has never chewed gum."

As for seeing whom his opposition was, the director shouldn't have had too much difficulty. The man stood a foot taller than anyone else on the set and looked to be 200 pounds of good muscle.

His name was Feg Murray, and in the town of Hollywood, famous for its "yes" men, he is unique. One of his stocks in trade is collecting things the movie and radio

bows for himself and delve with a real pride and enthusiasm into some of his store of "unbelievables" about the stars.

"Getting back to that pair who started all this," he grins, "Miss Russell not only never chewed gum, but she's never slept in a dark room and never worn shoes in a scene where her feet did not show."

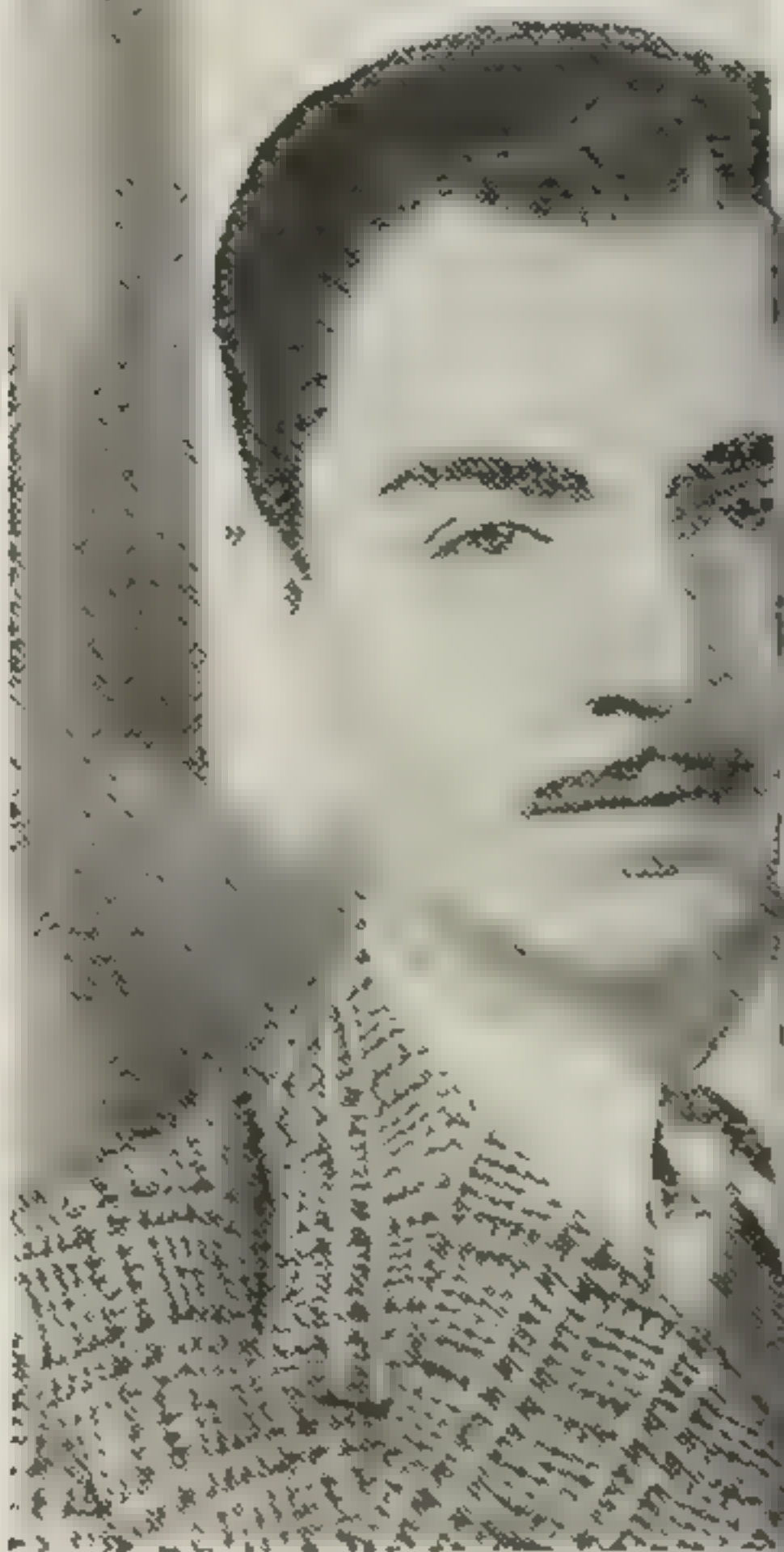
"William Powell has never ridden on a horse; never chewed tobacco, never inhaled a cigarette, never seen a baseball game, and never witnessed a traffic accident. And I guess, to prove he's the perfect sophisticate," said Murray, his blue eyes twinkling, "he's never seen a sunrise."

Murray continued his amazing recital.

"Shirley Temple has never ridden on a street car; never eaten a 'banana special,' never gone to a public school, never been to a legitimate theater, never drunk tea or coffee."

"Greta Garbo has never seen nor answered her fan letters, has never accepted presents, has never met her leading men until her first scene with them, and has never eaten ice cream."

"And Gable? Well, for one thing, he's



(Top) Feg Murray has several claims to fame himself, but he prefers to talk about movie players. (Above) Sonja Henie gave Feg the real reason why she doesn't fear an accident while skating. (Left) Robert Young has a strict rule which he never breaks. (Right) William Powell does about everything, but there is one thing he balks at.

THEY
DON'T DO
THAT

By

Schuyler Lane

stars "never" do.

"How do you know they 'never?'" queried the director.

"Because that's my business," explained Murray.

And indeed that is his business, as an impromptu interview conducted right then and there on the set, revealed.

Feg Murray is Hollywood's own Robert Ripley. The things film stars never do, along with other idiosyncrasies and interesting facts about them, are the basis for his daily cartoons about Hollywood personalities, and, more recently, a weekly radio broadcast over NBC.

One wonders how the tall, blond and handsome young man avoided becoming one of those Hollywood personalities him-

self. With the figure of an Adonis and a face which rivals Arthur William Brown's best "every-girl's dream heroes," Feg had been doing the studios for four years, collecting data on the glamorous—most of whom fail to stack up with his own amazing success story.

But, despite the fact that this fellow can boast of being a descendant of those Murrays of the famous Murray Hill section in New York, of holding for fourteen years the low hurdle record of the world, of being twice Olympic track star for the United States, Feg will defer any further

never eaten oysters. Funny, too, there's an 'R' in his first name," Murray chuckled.

"You'd probably be surprised to know" that Anita Louise has never had a drink of coffee and has never ridden on a street car.

"Jeanette MacDonald has never worn a tailored suit."

"Gregory Ratoff's career was twice-diverted. He's a dancer by profession, but he's never danced on the screen, and he's never practiced law although he studied the subject for five years."

"I feel kind of sorry for Myrna Loy and Joan Crawford. They've never seen a

circus. And for that matter, Spencer Tracy has missed a gastronomical treat—sauerkraut. Robert Young not only has never tasted watermelon, he doesn't want to.

"Lionel Barrymore has made a fortune on the stage and screen, but he's never used any trunk except the battered old stage trunk which accompanied him during his early trouping days.

"Jimmy Stewart is pretty much of a little boy, still. He continues to make toy airplanes and locomotives and he's never smoked a cigar since his first disastrous attempt.

"There's one good reason why Sonja Henie never worries about accidents while skating. She never lets anyone else sharpen her skates.

"Loretta Young never makes an expensive purchase without first consulting her mother.

"Mischa Auer doesn't live up to his acting reputation in private life. Despite his Thespian qualities, he's never told a lie and gotten away with it.

"For all of Irene Dunne's madcap characterizations on the screen recently, she's never ridden a roller coaster or drunk a bottle of soda pop.

"Stuart Erwin is the model husband. He's never failed to kiss his wife each morning.

"Johnny Weissmuller, for all his physical prowess, has never done setting up exercises, and Nelson Eddy has never gone

than 1500 cartoons, some involving as many as six personalities, without so much as angering a star.

In his studio, where he works with an assistant and secretary, he keeps a card file containing names and information about practically every person in the film industry, and, more recently, the field of radio. The cards are cross-indexed for hobbies and sports, but most of Murray's cataloguing is kept in his own mind.

Voluntarily, he keeps fairly regular hours at his drawing board. Under pressure, he can produce two or three sketches a day, although he prefers to follow a one-a-day schedule.

Murray takes his relaxing almost as seriously as he does his business. His enthusiasm for sporting events which brought him fame as an Olympic champion is concentrated at present on badminton and tennis. Murray plays both games well and it's a very crowded day that he doesn't manage a fast game on the courts.



Loretta Young has long received a star salary and still she is careful with her money!



How Chase and Sanborn must feel about Anita Louise! (Right) Jimmie Stewart, who doesn't think much of Corona-Coronas.



(Above) Shirley Temple has a number of taboos. (Right, above) The smiling face of Stu Erwin. He's a model husband. (Left) Rosalind Russell burns the midnight oil, but not for what you think.



Murray double-checks any item about which he's at all dubious. He was therefore very upset when complaints began to flood his mailbox after he printed a certain cartoon about Jean Negulesco being the youngest director in Hollywood. He said that Negulesco had had only eight birthdays, since his birthdate was Feb. 29, 1900.

"Only century years divisible by 200 are leap years," the letters insisted. "Therefore 1900 was not a leap year, and your statement is not correct."

Shades of Feg's academic ancestors, who had won prowess for their literary research and accuracy began to haunt him. (Feg's father, Professor A. T. Murray, was head of the Greek department at Stanford University, and one of the first American Murrys wrote the first English grammar published in New York in 1826.)

The young man was determined, however, to prove his point. He was vacationing in Yosemite at the time, with so few library facilities at his command, that he couldn't conduct a very comprehensive sur-

vey. He found a comfortable telephone booth and friends in San Francisco began poring through encyclopedias.

"What finally happened was this," Murray explained. "Rumania did not accept the Gregorian calendar (which makes the provision for leap years) until 1919. Negulesco was born in Rumania."

That was one time Murray almost broke one of his own "never, nevers," but he resisted the temptation, and he didn't "yah, yah, I told you so."



Lionel Barrymore has a souvenir that dates back to trouping days. Myrna Loy grew up without the aid of Barnum and Bailey. Amazing! Gregory Ratoff knows a couple of professions that he never practices.

fishing," Murray concluded sympathetically.

Murray could have spent the rest of the day relating his fund of stories about the Hollywood stars. But his own job and he himself provide too much color to be ignored.

"Where do I get my information?" Murray repeated the question.

"Generally it's a tip from a friend. Sometimes a soda jerker or a gasoline station attendant will give me the lead on an item.

"Once, another newshawk who interviews Hollywood stars, heard an incident which he thought would make better material for my cartoons than it would for his own story on the star. He telephoned the information which I used. That tip cost me a luncheon.

"Routine information can be supplied by press agents and publicity writers. Many times the subject of the cartoon gives me the facts, himself."

Murray has an enviable record for his Hollywood "star-gazing." He's drawn more

The Well Paid Stars Can Indulge Every Whim,
But There Is Nothing They Buy That Is Half So
Much Fun As The Annual Present For Mother.

MOTHER'S DAY, in Hollywood, is a gala day for many, a day of sadness for some, but a thoughtful day for all.

Our screen players may have many faults, but neglecting "mother" is decidedly not one of them. As a matter of fact, being extremely good to their mothers, not only Mother's Day, but every day in the year, is a sort of creed in this colorful spot the world knows as Hollywood.

That's as it should be too, for, in countless instances, these same mothers have been a very leading factor in the success of their now famous sons and daughters. They have coached them, urged them on and, in some cases, literally pushed them right up the ladder of success.

To be sure, in the early "silent" days of films, studio officials were sometimes wont to regard the star's mother as something between an ogre and a tyrant. But we must remember that in those days there was no grand array of go-getting agents and managers, as there are today, to represent the up-and-coming young player. And it is safe to say that if it hadn't been for the valiant efforts of many mothers there would be many stellar favorites of today bemoaning their fate in obscurity.

Today, however, "mother" generally stays at home. She has rare occasion for even visiting the studio, but her influence is just as essential as always and her advice as eagerly sought.

Tyrone Power's meteoric rise to screen fame seems less phenomenal when one considers the early coaching in dramatics and stage technique of his clever mother, Mrs. Patia Power. She was celebrated, in her own right, as a stage actress and, later, as a dramatic teacher in Cincinnati, until Tyrone urged her to come to Hollywood and live with him.

Incidentally, Tyrone's mother declares her son's almost over-night hit in "Lloyds of London" and other films must have made him so enthusiastic that he forgot, for the time being anyway, his own strength. Anyhow, last Mother's Day Tyrone cost her just

three broken ribs plus many sleepless nights! For, on that gala day, he rushed to hug his mother just as she rushed at him. The net result was three cracked ribs for her and yards of adhesive tape for weeks on end! But that didn't prevent her from sitting day



(Top) Eleanor Powell and her mother celebrate the day together. (Above) Warner Baxter and his young looking mother. (Left) Jane Withers honors her fond parent in her own particular way.



Joel McCrea's mother will never forget the day she received a rose of a new variety—named for her!

after day in various Hollywood theaters gazing up at her son's screen success.

"At that, I guess no other star's mother can boast of being hugged so hard last Mother's Day that she had three ribs cracked!" laughed Mrs. Power in recalling the odd accident.

From the time Eleanor Powell was eleven, her mother has been her bodyguard, manager, agent, pal, big sister and biggest booster all rolled into one. She follows Eleanor daily to the studio set, still finds time to run the Powell household, look after the fan mail and even to break in her dancing daughter's tap shoes! But there is no "stage mother" attitude. Mrs. Blanche Powell is a refined, cultured woman who keeps in the background when her daughter is working. But every Mother's Day, Eleanor refuses to let "MOM" stay in the background and shows her off to all and sundry! These two always end the day's celebration by having their picture taken together.

Robert Taylor treats his mother as though she were a goddess. From the fruits of his grand success he has given her a beautiful home just a few blocks from his own, a large

his mother get together and reminisce over Pat's boyhood days of long ago. Last Mother's Day, for instance, she recalled how he, at the age of nine, played an angel in a play put on by the parochial school of the Church of the Jesu. In it, he wore a pair of huge, weird-looking wings, which Pat had to flap by working his elbows up and down. Came the night of the big show and poor little Patrick O'Brien flapped so hard one of his wings fell off with a bang—and the audience roared.

"Even that wouldn't have been so bad," explained Mother O'Brien, "but when he stooped over to pick it up—and the ninny WOULD have to bend with his back to the audience!—well, his nightgown-like angel's robe split right up the back with the loudest 'rip' I ever heard, and Pat didn't have a whole lot on underneath! The audience this time was completely hysterical—and no wonder!"

Pat stopped his mother from further embarrassing him by suddenly presenting her with his presents of fruit, candy, flowers and a set of miniatures, one each of his wife; their little girl, Mavourneen; son, Pat Junior; and himself.

Ginger Rogers would rather give up her film career entirely than lose the presence of her mother in her Beverly Hills home.

Ginger and Mrs. Lela Rogers came to Hollywood together, and without a doubt will remain together until the latter is a great-great-grandmother! Every Mother's Day, Ginger takes her mother away on a gay, all-day trip to Catalina Island, Palm Springs, or some such interesting place, and denies herself to everyone but "mother."

Many players effulge with original celebrations to honor the day—and mother. Consider Joel McCrea. He commissioned a local horticulturist to evolve a brand new rose for his mother which was named for her—and the "plant artist" was paid to forget the recipe that there might never be any counterparts.

Claudette Colbert always presents her mother, Madame Chauchoin, with some rare bit of jewelry, plus a nice, fat check. Madame Chauchoin has often been described by her lovely daughter as the real inspiration behind her hard work on the screen.

Last Mother's Day, Robert Armstrong thought up a new idea and hastened to have it carried out. Says he will do it every year. He had a huge cake made and in the center was a perfect likeness of his mother—made of frosting! "My, I look good enough to eat!" beamed Mrs. Armstrong when he gave it to her. And eat herself she did!

This Mother's Day, Sonja Henie plans to give her mother a gorgeous painting of herself, besides other things.

The death, last year, of Wilhelm Henie, her father, has drawn Sonja and her [Continued on page 80]



(Above, left) Mrs. Patia Power was a celebrated actress and Tyrone has much to thank her for. (Above) Sally Eilers' three year old calls it Mummy's Day. (Right) Olivia de Havilland, whose mother must be quite happy over the whole thing.



car, no end of watches, diamonds, fur coats and the like.

Asked one day recently what she liked best about her famous son, Mrs. Brugh replied: "The fact that he treats me like his best girl friend—and as if EVERY day in the year was Mother's day!"

If you ever ask Olivia de Havilland and her sister, Joan Fontaine, if they live with their mother, just listen to the way they exclaim, in unison, "OF COURSE!" As a matter of fact, their mother once casually mentioned to them that, as they are now both famous screen actresses, they might want to leave the parental nest for a little apartment or bungalow of their own? Olivia and Joan nearly jumped out of their skins in indignation. You'd have thought Mrs. de Havilland had asked them if they didn't want to commit suicide! After the weepings were all over, they made "mother" promise never, NEVER to refer to the matter of separation again.

"We have only one complaint about Mother," smiled Olivia, "and that is she doesn't—er—'look up' to us girls! She doesn't think of us as movie stars at all!"

"That's right," chirped up Joan, "but Mother certainly gets excited over other stars, whether she sees them on the street, in a restaurant or at the studio. 'But, Mother,' we once declared, 'WE are in films, too. Stars aren't really much different from us!'"

"Pshaw," came back Mother, fondly and smilingly, "you're only my two darling baby brats, so hush up!" And then she nearly wrenched her neck off trying to catch a better glimpse of Hugh Herbert!"

When Mother's Day rolls around each May, Pat O'Brien and

Let The Camera Catch You At Your Best.

NOT far ahead, is a romantic month—June. That month marks a milestone for many. Thousands of girls will graduate from high school, college and special courses. Many more will march to the strains of Mendelssohn up the altar to their heart's desire. Graduate or bride, you definitely say good-bye to one phase of your life and begin another. Do record these big moments photographically. A portrait, by all means, if possible; if not, then have the best amateur photographer in your family do full justice to you. However you do it, these photographs are important. Your grandchildren may some day inherit them, and it will always give you real pleasure to relive important events through your pictures.

Today, even, there is probably no better indoor fun than getting out the old album, and especially are pictures that record definite changes in clothes fashions and hair-dos very entertaining. Though we may laugh and enjoy them in a spirit of fun, the poor photograph always hurts a little. Therefore, the next time you face a camera lens, show it your loveliest face. *You*, by all means, but *you* at your best.

A good photograph demands special make-up for the camera. This type is marked largely by a skin foundation of the grease paint type, but lighter and far easier to apply. The tones are especially created for the camera, and the preparation gives the skin that soft, smooth clarity of tone, so necessary for black and white recording. Few unadorned skins take well. Lines, roughness of texture, tiny blemishes and freckles stare at you in amazing reality, when you look at yourself. The purpose of such foundations is quickly understood if you try a "before" and "after" picture. Lip rouge is also of a shade to record your mouth in soft alluring tones, rather than harsh black, which you often get from an ordinary lipstick. A variety of liners or colors do wonderful things in shadowing the eyes and subduing or accenting any bad or good point of facial contour. Few faces are naturally camera-proportion perfect. Sylvia Sidney's facial proportions, however, are said to be perfect.

For the professional or amateur photographer or model, there is the Miner's Cameracraft Make-up Kit, very new, inexpensive and very complete. With it comes a booklet describing exactly how to use the preparations, how to subdue, to accent and generally dramatize your face for its very best effect. You will thoroughly enjoy your experiments and be surprised and delighted with its splendid effects.

Then there is Screen and Stage Make-up by Elizabeth Arden, which offers a series of preparations especially for portrait photography. You can get this in styles from the Student's Make-up Box, inexpensive and complete, to very de luxe versions.

If you were to wander into the Screen and Stage Make-up section of Miss Arden's salon, you would see pretty girl after pretty girl enter. These are photographic models. You would watch some deft work on their faces, and see these pretty girls much more than pretty now. Their faces are clear-cut, dramatic and the individual characteristics of each are truly defined. They will be even more so in their photographs. Many of the smart debutantes have caught onto the idea, and use



PHOTOGRAPHS DEMAND SPECIAL MAKE-UP



Although June Lang is a natural beauty, she devotes time and thought to her make-up before facing the tell-tale lens. After applying mascara she curls her long lashes upward with the useful little gadget shown just above.

this make-up lightly for social evenings. The effect is beautiful and lasting.

There are also a number of other ideas that contribute to the success of your picture. Nail lacquer, for example, if your hands show. Forget your smart deep shades for these may photograph entirely too dark. Instead, use something like the Cutex Thistle, Laurel or Old Rose, which will give a beautiful effect.

Hair is most important, and it should

By Mary Lee

be professionally dressed for a portrait, unless you do a perfect job. That perfectly-groomed, every-hair-in-place look is a point that makes the modern photograph art. Now and then when you look at old pictures of your favorite stars, you realize that hair a la naturel, as it was often worn in the old days, is one of the great contrasts with their fine pictures of today.

Clarity of line in brow and mouth is important. Keep that eyebrow crayon sharply pointed for a fine line, and use this crayon to accent brows, if you need it, and to smooth and possibly to extend the outer ends. Perc Westmore, ace make-up man of Hollywood, says the perfect brow is arched and the length of the eye, and this light outer extension with pencil is often just the touch that is needed. Be careful with mascara. Use a smooth, silky one like our old friend, Winx. Brunettes, of course, need black, but blondes get a better effect with brown, I think. The brown in Winx is a particularly good shade. It's tear-and-run-proof, easy to use when you keep your brush clean, for then it will not clog. For a perfectly natural effect, when the mascara is dry, brush or comb lashes with the little eyelash gadgets that come for this purpose. Winx also makes a little eyelash comb and mascara applicator that does a double quick job of applying and combing at the same time. Then, there's Kurlash, that curls lashes in sweeping curves. You'll find this on practically every star's dressing-table.

Downward lines in eye and mouth make-up should be avoided for ordinary as well as picture make-up. For these are the lines of age, weariness and care. The very competent person in charge of Miss Arden's special make-up called a model over one time and illustrated a graphic lesson. The model's brows extended, then drooped slightly at the outer corners. The expert shook her head, then placing one finger over the end of that brow said, "Look at the change." The model appeared younger, her eyes more sparkling. That was because that outer downward brow drop was eliminated. You can try this on yourself and see what happens. So if you extend brows, keep the line faintly curved or almost straight, as the brow goes. Perc Westmore used to call the drooping mouth a "depression mouth." Some mouths naturally droop. In that case, when you rouge your upper lip, give the lipstick or rouge brush the tiniest upward flick at the upper corners. This lifts the mouth, gives you a slightly smiling expression and changes your whole face.

Brushes are a help in applying your photographic and your ordinary make-up. Miss Arden makes them for removing surplus powder and for lip rouge.

Suppose, however, that either graduate or bride, you aren't being photographed now. Then save this page for when you are. And as to make-up touches for these events alone, the suggestions are simple. The bride in white keeps her make-up soft, and faint, but make-up she positively needs, because times like this drain color from the face, by their very emotion, and our bride must be lovely, poised and serene in appearance, no matter how her heart pit-a-pats. Nail lacquer, too, should be of the milder tones. Of course she wears perfume, preferably floral in keeping with her bouquet or corsage. Lenthéric's Muguet (lily-of-the-valley) is a perfect choice, as it is for general occasions, too.

HE'S a success on a number one radio show. He's under personal contract to Mervyn Le Roy, a number one producer who recently switched from Warners to MGM.

He's rated among the number one singers in show business.

But who knows Kenny Baker?

Oh, of course, you are familiar with his name, and his singing-stooge act with Jack Benny every Sunday. And you've seen him, rather unsuccessfully, try to transpose that singing stooge act to pictures. I say unsuccessfully, knowing that Kenny will agree with me. For he told me that Jack Benny is the only person who can put him over in that particular brand of humor. It has been tried in films and at benefits and other shows without hitting the magic Benny formula. In "The Goldwyn Follies," young Mr. Baker played himself. And it is as himself that he will appear in the two forthcoming Mervyn Le Roy pictures at MGM.

You undoubtedly have the same vague picture of Kenny Baker that I had when I was asked to interview him. I had talked with the so-called timid tenor, on studio sets, very briefly about fishing. I had seen him several times at radio rehearsals, with his wife sitting in the front row and staying on for the show (a weekly habit of hers.) I had been told that he was a retiring sort of guy and was more silent than verbose, the type of person who might be described as colorless among fan magazine writers.

I knew I'd have to paint Kenny in colors other than wishy-washy pastels, but I never, in my wildest flights of fancy, dreamed that he not only was as colorful a person as a number one guy should be, but was perfectly willing to paint the picture himself.

My first shock came when Kenny walked into the NBC interview room at the Melrose Studios, with his secretary-accompanist, Price Dunlavy. His shirt vied with the worst of the famed Bing Crosby ones. It was broadly and horizontally striped in yellow, tan and white. Over it he wore a powder blue sweater. Yellow socks were clearly visible beneath brown pants and his brown shoes were scuffed. "This is an awful outfit to wear for an interview," Kenny apologized, "but I feel more comfortable in these clothes. I like shoes my feet can crawl around in." I discovered that the expensive wardrobe he owns (Mervyn Le Roy made him go to the best tailor in town) is considered simply as an investment and retained for public appearances. Since Mr. Baker doesn't care for night-clubs (he worked in the Cocoanut Grove and had his fill of smoke and noise) and prefers quiet poker parties at home to social functions, he has little use for good clothes, other than for business.

I was most curious about Kenny's future so we started right in with that. I knew his contract option with Jack Benny was up in June and that Kenny would be up for Metro's "Good News of 1938" show since Mervyn Le Roy had taken him along to that studio. "So what now?" I asked. "First of all, what about the Benny show?"

"Well, naturally, I want my option taken up on Jack's show," said Kenny straightforwardly. "That's my primary interest, of course."

"Will you go on the Metro show permanently?"

"No. I expect I'll make guest appearances but so far there isn't any plan to put me on every week."

"Haven't you any air-plans other than what you are doing now?"

"Yes. I want to do my own show, singing semi-classical and classical numbers. I wouldn't try any of the comic stuff, but just be myself. I have some very definite plans, but I can't tell you any more about it. (What can you do with a guy like that?) I'm making a lot of recordings but I can't say for whom, and I'm planning a concert tour also of semi-classical songs, but I can't tell you any more about that either."

"Your ambitions are noticeably on the serious side," I remarked.

"Yes. I admire John Charles Thomas



At twenty-six, Kenny is "in the money." He picks it out of the air, but he puts something back in its place. Five years ago he didn't have a nickel.

ONE OF THE BEST

Kenny Baker Visits Your Loudspeaker Frequently And He Is Welcome In Millions Of Homes.

By

Phyllis-Marie Arthur

very much, and hope to sing on the concert stage and with the great symphony orchestras like he does."

"Presumably you practice along with your radio program, for the day when you may do this."

"Yes, I practice two hours every morning."

"Which reminds me, Kenny, of my second point. All this about your being retiring. What do you do for amusement?"

How do you spend your time? I never see you in restaurants, or at previews or parties."

"You bet you don't," he said. "I like to eat at home, in the kitchen. Restaurants always seem pretty expensive. And I hate parties."

"Suppose you tell me what you have been doing today. Maybe that will give us an idea about your passing hours."

"All right. I try out my voice every morning, the minute I wake up, to see if it works. After breakfast, during which I read the newspapers to my wife's disgust, I devote some time to reading the classics."

[Continued on page 64]



Gloria Stuart, Shirley Temple and Helen Westley in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." (Right) Carole Lombard and Fernan Gravet in "Fools for Scandal," a comedy of romance.



Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald in "Girl of the Golden West."

BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S PERIL

THE DASHING ENGLISH DETECTIVE "COMES THROUGH" AGAIN—Par.

THE EXCITING and enjoyable Bulldog Drummond series continues with this highly entertaining new episode. Drummond is on the verge of being married to the charming Miss Clavering in Geneva, Switzerland, when a detective hired to watch the wedding presents is murdered, and a synthetic diamond disappears.

The lure of action is too much for Drummond and, accompanied by the faithful Algy, and his very British butler, he flies to London in hot pursuit of the suspected murderer. There he becomes thrillingly involved with a gang of cut-throat crooks who are intent upon stealing and destroying the famous synthetic diamond formula.

John Howard again portrays Bulldog Drummond, and, as before, John Barrymore is Inspector Neilson, Reginald Denny is Algy and E. E. Clive is the butler. Louise Campbell is sweet as the love interest and Porter Hall is most effective as a villain.

THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST

THAT QUIANT OLD MELO-
DRAMA—SET TO BEAUTIFUL
MUSIC—MGM

JEANETTE MACDONALD and Nelson Eddy are teamed again, much to the ecstatic pleasure of their fans, in this story of early California which used to bring gooseflesh and tears to a past generation.

Jeanette plays "Gal," who very efficiently runs the Poker, a saloon and gambling joint, during the week and sings like an angel in the Monterey choir on Sundays. Nelson of course is the romantic bandit who becomes an honest man, and Walter Pidgeon is this year's Sheriff Jack Rance.

The scene where the drops of blood fall on the sheriff's hand is still there—and so is the scene where Gal plays a little stud poker with Sheriff Jack for her lover's life. Gosh, how our

parents went for that.

The picture is lavishly produced, photographed in sepia, and has perfectly thrilling outdoor scenery. But the high spots are the songs. Jeanette sings Gounod's "Ave Maria" and Liszt's "Liebestraume." Nelson sings "Soldiers of Fortune" and "Senorita." Alone and together they sing, "Shadows on the Moon," "Who Are We to Say?" and "The Wind and the Trees." There's a very exciting spectacular number called the "Mariachi."

In the supporting cast are Buddy Ebsen, Noah Beery, Priscilla Lawson and Brandon Tynan. H. B. Warner again makes an excellent Padre.

REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM

A 1938 VERSION OF THIS CHILDHOOD
FAVORITE—20th Century-Fox

WELL, you'd never know the old Farm now. And it's a cinch the author, Kate Douglas Wiggin, would never recognize it. For Hollywood's Number One Box Office star, little Miss Shirley Temple, the old

Farm has been equipped with a broadcasting station and a whole slue of new characters.

The story has to do with Randy Scott's endeavors to sign Shirley on a radio contract as "Little Miss America" of the Crackly Grain Flakes radio hour. Despite the efforts of Shirley's Aunt Miranda, played by Helen Westley, and her vulgar step-father, played by William Demerest, Randy succeeds in signing her, and naturally she is the sensation of the air waves.

Shirley is excellent in all her song and dance routines—especially noteworthy being her rendition of "An Old Straw Hat," "Crackly Grain Flakes," and a specialty where she sits at the piano and reminisces about all her old songs. She had the preview audience in stitches when she brought a few fast steps of the Susy Q and the Big Apple into the "Toy Trumpet" finale, which she danced with Bill Robinson.

REVIEWS

Phyllis Brooks and Gloria Stuart, both in love with Randy, are there for love complications. Greatly assisting in the comedy are Jack Haley, Slim Summerville and Franklin Pangborn.

MAD ABOUT MUSIC

YOU WILL WANT TO SIT THROUGH THIS
TWICE—U

DEANNA DURBIN'S newest picture is really something to tear your shirt about. It is the best of the Durbin pictures, which is certainly not faint praise inasmuch as they have all been smash hits. But this time Deanna proves that she is a very talented, emotional actress and that her success in pictures doesn't depend upon her ability to sing.

She does sing four songs in the picture, "I Love to Whistle," "Chapel Bells," "Ave Maria," and "Serenade to the Stars"—but this time the play is the thing.

Herbert Marshall is splendid as the composer. Gail Patrick is warmly sympathetic



Thurston Hall, Mary Astor and Melvyn Douglas in "There's Always A Woman." (Right, above) John Howard, John Barrymore and Porter Hall in "Bulldog Drummond's Peril."

as the movie star mother of Deanna. Excellent in the supporting cast are Marcia Mae Jones as Deanna's chum, Jackie Moran as her shy boy friend, Elizabeth Risdon and Nana Bryant as her teachers, William Frawley as a manager, and Arthur Treacher as a valet. This is one of those please-don't-miss pictures.

THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS

YOUNG MARRIAGE ON THE SKIDS—M-G-M

ROBERT MONTGOMERY and Virginia Bruce play a young married couple with conflicting careers. Virginia wants to continue her agency job in New York, and Bob wants to build ships in Connecticut. Virginia says they can see each other on weekends but Bob isn't content with a week-end wife.

So what? So they seek a legal separation. Bob tries to forget about Virginia with

clothes are owned by a pawnbroker. He manages to get himself a job as chef in Carole's London house, which involves her in a fine scandal, and then when he has won her from the phlegmatic Bellamy he announces quite casually that he is a marquis.

The story, unfortunately, is not all it should be and Carole and Monsignor Gravet have to work awfully hard to cover up the plot. Carole proves again that she is one of the screen's top comedienettes. For no reason whatsoever there are two songs introduced in the picture, "How Can You Forget" and "Food for Scandal." In the supporting cast are Isabel Jeans and Marcia Ralston as catty English ladies, Marie Wilson as Carole's maid, and Allen Jenkins as Gravet's stooge.

JEZEBEL

GOOD SOLID DRAMA OF THE OLD SOUTH—WB

BETTE DAVIS is one of the few actresses in Hollywood who doesn't care whether or not she plays saccharine and sympathetic ladies on the screen, with every wave in place. She is also one of the few actresses in Hollywood (Barbara Stanwyck is another) who can really act. The meaner the character, the better she can tear into it.

As the New Orleans Jezebel of 1850 Bette is magnificent. She plays a spoiled, self-willed young girl of that romantic period in Americana when convention demanded that unmarried ladies wear only white at parties. So, at the big Mardi Gras ball, Bette wears red.

When the man she loves marries a "Yankee" girl she sets out to win him back no matter what the cost. Spitefully she instigates a duel which goes awry and ends in death. After that the few friends she

has left turn against her quite definitely.

But the close of the picture finds her on her way to redemption, for it is she, not the wife, who accompanies the man she loves to the dreaded Lazarette Island where the victims of yellow fever await their doom.

Henry Fonda plays the young man Bette loves so passionately, and George Brent plays "Buck," a kindly young Southerner whose death in a duel is the result of Bette's spitefulness. Richard Cromwell is outstanding as Fonda's younger brother and the scene in which he tells off Bette brought applause from the preview audience. Margaret Lindsay is excellent as the bewildered young bride from the North. Fay Bainter is perfection itself as Bette's aunt, a gentle Southern woman who alone seems to understand her reckless, rebellious niece. The gruesome scenes depicting the fever hysteria in superstitious New Orleans are particularly effective.



Deanna Durbin and the charming English composer, Herbert Marshall, who poses as her father for the benefit of her doubting school-mates in "Mad About Music."

OF PICTURES

Binnie Barnes, and Virginia tries to forget about Bob with Lee Bowman—but they find out that they can't live without each other.

FOOLS FOR SCANDAL

THE ADVENTURES OF A FILM STAR IN LONDON—WB

CAROLE LOMBARD, in her newest picture, plays a Hollywood movie star who is making a picture abroad. All done up in a dark wig, incognito as we call it, she week-ends in Paris and there meets a most fascinating and enchanting young man—none other than France's gift to America, Fernand Gravet, who had women swooning in the aisles after his American debut in "The King and the Chorus Girl."

Carole is just about to become engaged to a dull and determined insurance agent, Ralph Bellamy, but when she discovers the fascinating Gravet she falls for him completely, despite the fact that he is such an impoverished young man that even his

CLUB LUNCHEONS

When Entertaining
Your Fellow-Members
It Is Interesting To
Experiment With New
And Novel Dishes.

By Ruth Corbin

(All recipes pre-tested)



Maureen O'Sullivan tries her luck with strawberry shortcake. She's expecting some guests for luncheon.

AT THIS time of the year we usually like to put our best foot forward with a gaiety and freshness to match this best beloved of all seasons, Spring. These club luncheon specials will do for either parties or every day meals. This first one is really quite substantial.

BROILED FILET MIGNON

Cut $\frac{3}{4}$ inch thick filets from beef tenderloin, 1 per person. Place filets on center of broiling rack about 3 inches from flame. Leave oven door partly open. Brown on one side, season with salt and pepper, turn and brown on other side. Season second side and serve immediately from kitchen on individual plates with broiled tomatoes, prepared by slicing the stem off the tomatoes and sprinkling with buttered bread crumbs mixed with a little tomato pulp. The whole is then sprinkled with Parmesan Cheese and paprika; and asparagus tips with either melted butter or cheese sauce. If you prefer you may use stuffed tomatoes instead of broiled. Ten minutes is required for broiling a rare steak, 15 for medium and about 18 minutes for well done.

CHEESE SAUCE

This is nothing but plain white sauce into which Kraft's American Cheese has been grated and allowed to melt.

STUFFED TOMATOES

Slice off stem end from as many tomatoes as needed. Scoop out centers. Put a little butter in skillet. Fry in this about 2 slices minced onion and a ring or two of chopped green pepper. Add tomato pulp, bread crumbs (about $\frac{3}{4}$ to 6 tomatoes), salt, pepper and celery seed. Simmer until the whole cooks down and thickens sufficiently to fill tomato cups. Sprinkle a few bread crumbs over top of each tomato and bake until top is lightly browned.

ROYAL PINEAPPLE

A dessert fit for a king—or a queen. Slice off cap from a pineapple and cut out pulp without damaging shell. Break up pineapple with 2 forks, add other fresh fruit such as dessert pears and grapes, sprinkle with sugar. Pour about $\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of kirsch over this and allow to macerate several hours. Fill pineapple shell with fruit, top with dome of whipped cream and decorate around edge with purple grapes and glacé cherries.

An unusual luncheon combination is spinach and salami with egg garnish and potato and cheese puff. Pineapple pie is served for dessert. Spinach is prepared and

cooked as usual. Never use water in cooking spinach. It destroys much of the natural flavor. When spinach is done season with salt, pepper and a little butter. Add salami in strips or diced and heat spinach thoroughly.

POTATO AND CHEESE PUFFS

- 2 cups hot riced potatoes
- 2 tablespoons butter
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup hot milk
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon pepper
- 2 eggs slightly beaten

Mix all ingredients. Put into greased muffin tins or, preferably, individual custard cups. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 minutes. Serve immediately.

PINEAPPLE PIE

- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk
- 2 tablespoons cornstarch
- 2 eggs
- 2 tablespoons Domino 4X Sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Domino granulated sugar
- $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup Del Monte crushed pineapple
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla

I once won a prize with this pie and you may too, if you make it. Heat milk. Mix sugar, salt and cornstarch and add hot milk slowly. Cook in double boiler until thick and cornstarch is thoroughly cooked, about 30 minutes. Pour this mixture over beaten egg yolks, return to double boiler and cook until egg thickens—about 3 minutes. Cool and add well-drained, crushed pineapple and vanilla. Pour into baked pie shell and cover with meringue made of stiffly beaten whites and powdered sugar. If granulated sugar is used 2 level tablespoons are required for each white. Brown quickly in hot oven.

Just now the markets are full of strawberries and pineapples and when and wherever possible use them in your menus for salads, desserts and even as a garnish or seasoning for main dishes.

Another well balanced combination consists of chicken and fresh pineapple salad, Chinese eggs and strawberry shortcake.

CHINESE EGGS

- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup rice
- 2 hard cooked eggs
- 1 tabs chopped green peppers
- 1 tbsp. canned tomatoes or Crosse

- and Blackwell Tomato juice
- Salt and pepper
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. chopped onion
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup milk

Cook rice in boiling, salted water until tender. Drain well. Season salt and pepper and spread on a Pyrex baking dish. Cut hard-cooked eggs lengthwise, remove yolks and mix with about $\frac{1}{8}$ cup cheese, green pepper, onion, tomato pulp or juice and seasonings to taste. Stuff whites and arrange on rice. Pour around eggs a sauce made with remaining cheese and milk, cooked in double boiler until cheese is melted. Place dish in moderate oven, 350° F., for 20 minutes or until well heated and eggs begin to brown.

CHICKEN AND FRESH PINEAPPLE SALAD

- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups cooked, diced chicken
- 1 cup diced celery
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fresh pineapple
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup Kraft's Mayonnaise

Toss all ingredients, except mayonnaise, together lightly and chill. Before serving add mayonnaise. Serve on crisp romaine and garnish with ripe olives and additional mayonnaise.

OLD-FASHIONED STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE

- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted Gold Medal Flour
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- Sugared strawberries
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Crisco
- 1 well beaten egg
- 6 tablespoons milk
- Soft butter
- Whipped cream

Mix and sift dry ingredients, cut in shortening, add egg and milk to make a soft dough. Pat or roll into 2 equal size rounds. Brush one round with soft butter, cover with other round and bake in a very hot oven (450° F.) 12 to 15 minutes. Split, spread with butter, put strawberries and whipped cream between layers and on top. Dot generously with more berries and pour over and around each serving a little of the juice. If you prefer sponge cake instead of the old-fashioned shortcake biscuit it will be simpler to buy it from your bakery and continue as above.

Nourishes as well as Cleanses

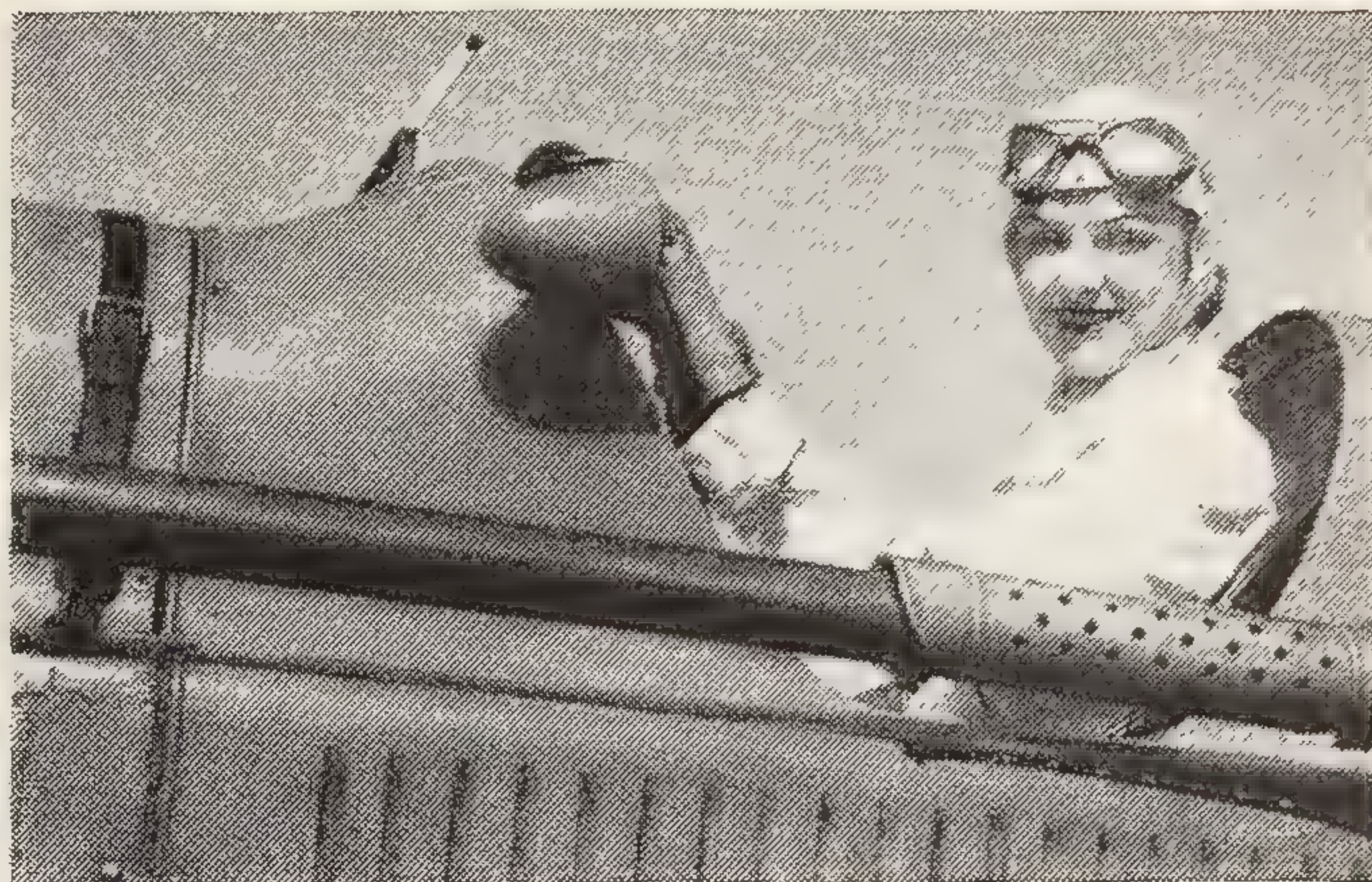


"IT'S WONDERFUL TO HAVE such a grand nourishing cream and cleansing cream in one. Pond's new Cold Cream does so much more for my skin."

MRS. A. J. DREXEL, III

"KEEPS MY SKIN FINER... Pond's new Cold Cream keeps my skin finer and softer in spite of all my sports."

JOAN BELMONT, Mrs. Ellsworth N. Bailey



"SMOOTHS OUT TIRED LINES... Pond's new 'skin-vitamin' Cold Cream gives my skin a livelier, more glowing look—smooths out tired lines."

THE COUNTESS DE LA FALAISE

Today—more and more women are using this new cream with "Skin-Vitamin"

THE first announcement of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream brought almost immediate response. Hundreds of women tried the new cream.

And steadily your demand has increased for this new cream that brings to women such important new aid to skin beauty.

For years, leading doctors have known how this "skin-vitamin" heals skin faster when applied to wounds or burns. And also how skin may grow rough and subject to infections when there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet!

Then we tested it in Pond's Creams! In animal tests, skin that had been rough, dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in diet became smooth and supple again—in only 3 weeks!

Use this new cream in your regular way for cleansing and before make-up. Pat it in. Soon you, too, will be agreeing that the use of the new "skin-vitamin" cream does bring to your skin something active and essential to its health—gives it a livelier, more glowing look!

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM!



"SKIN YOUNGER... The new Pond's Cold Cream with 'skin-vitamin' has made my skin smoother and younger, the colour fresher—within just a few weeks."

LADY MARGARET DOUGLAS-HOME

TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS

Pond's, Dept. 7SS-CS, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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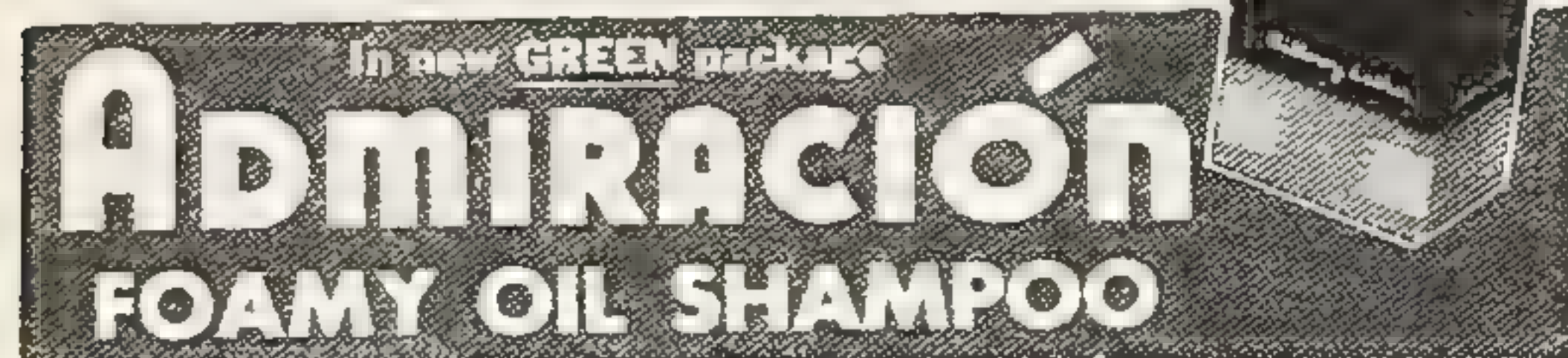
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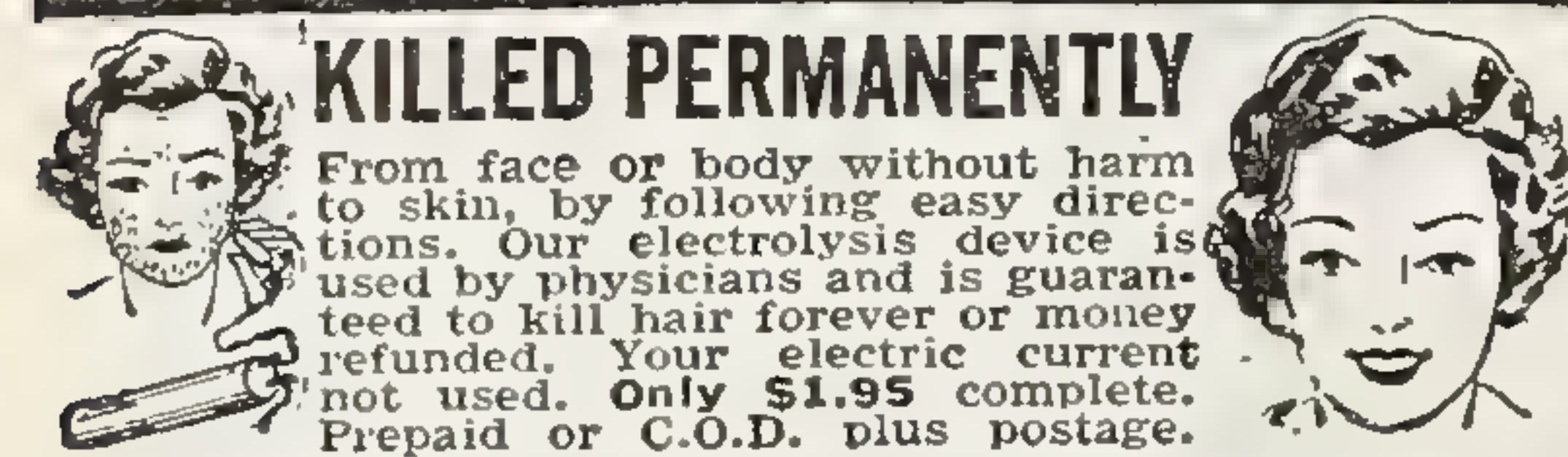
*because her soft, young
hair enchants him*

● In courtship or marriage—a girl is irresistible when she has alluring hair—lustrous, youthful hair, as only Admiracion gives you. New, and entirely different, Admiracion is the *only* Oil shampoo that lathers. Its rich, creamy foam floats away all dirt, dandruff and dulling film...rinses away in clear water—and leaves your hair delightfully clean, soft, more manageable and more radiantly beautiful than ever before! Get Admiracion today at drug, department and 10¢ stores.

Should you prefer an oil shampoo that makes no lather, ask for Admiracion Olive Oil Shampoo in the RED package.



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**WAKE UP YOUR
LIVER BILE...**

**Without Calomel—And You'll Jump
Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go**

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25¢ at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

One of the Best

[Continued from page 59]

I wanted to know what classics.

"Oh, trout culture, and about bees," was the startling reply. "I want a ranch someday and I want to be able to stock it intelligently." (The guy plans and works for everything. But more about that later.)

"I vocalize (the word is his) from ten until lunch time. Go over the songs for two Benny shows with my arranger. Today I dictated some letters answering those from fans. After lunch I practiced until two o'clock, then went over some plans with my gardener." Kenny likes to speak Spanish with this gardener, whose name is Gonzales, but whom he insists on calling Gorganzola. "At three I had an interview with you. At four (his very ingenious way of telling me how much time I might have) I'll be in another conference with my gardener about some trees I'm planting. At six there'll be dinner. At seven I'll listen to the radio, and later some friends will probably drop in for poker." (He doesn't consider that penny ante is gambling.) "And if I'm lucky my tortoise shell cat, Checkers, will have kittens. That cat is so prolific I call her the sweetheart of San Fernando Valley," he concluded.

Who said Baker was colorless. Hah!

"Aren't you building a new home?"

"Yes, a two-story American Colonial on Mulholland Drive. You'll be able to see a beautiful view from every possible direction. I'm working on the decorating now."

It may have occurred to you as it did to me, that a twenty-six year old young man who, five years ago, didn't have a nickel, was doing all right in his quiet way, to be building a new home, supporting a wife and child (another child is expected), owning three automobiles and countless other expensive possessions. So my third "How come" was how did he manage?

"I save money to spend," said Kenny.

"Budgets?"

"Not exactly. The bank takes care of everything. You see I came from practically no salary to a four figure one. There wasn't any in between stage, or any gradual working up to the proper control of finances. I was broke, then all of a sudden had plenty. Well, after an income reaches a certain size it's very complicated. If you try to keep your own books you get jumbled. So I put all my assets into a trust fund. The bank pays my bills and gives me \$50 a month allowance. I have a special account for my income tax. The bank hands me a statement at the end of the year and I send it in to the government with the money in the account. So I haven't any financial worries at all."

I couldn't refrain from commenting on his remarkable level-headedness. "Did Mervyn Le Roy help you attain this clear-sighted attitude toward Hollywood?"

"Oh sure. Mervyn has guided me in stories and through the intricate steps of making a career here. And they are plenty intricate."

I reflected that they were in his case. Kenny Baker, one of the few radio amateurs to make good, won a successful audition by rehearsing a month with a guarantee of one week. His professional work began on K Q E R in 1931, when he gave one performance on Madame Jennie's Hour, free of charge. In 1932, he appeared with the Novis singers on K N X as a soloist. This engagement got him an Easter service in Monrovia, two services for ten dollars. He cracked on high notes at both performances. That same year he talked Ted Bliss of K F O X into giving him a quarter of an hour twice a week for the experience. He did this for six months.

In 1933 Kenny joined the Cardinal Quar-

ter at California Christian College, singing on K H J, K F A C and K N X. He quit the quartet in February 1934, joined Hal Roberts and his orchestra at the Biltmore Bowl and stayed nine weeks. In November he became a member of the Uptowners Quartet, staff artists on K F W B and was on Hollywood Hotel. The Texaco contest program on K H J, work as soloist with Maylin Merrick and, finally, his winning the Eddie Duchin contest over 800 California entrants concludes a brief glance at his radio beginnings.

Today, with 500 appearances on the radio to his credit, Kenny Baker still prays every time he sings, still hates visible audiences, still gets so nervous that he must chew gum, and says that he's more scared every time he goes on the air than the time before. He's very temperamental. Never sings a song the same way twice. Won't listen to any of his own records. Doesn't think he's quite ready for that show of his own he's planning. Wants to do shows other than the Benny program. Attributes his success to sincerity of purpose and admits his philosophy is "keep at it, never give up."

Kenny sleeps in flannel pajamas in a Mexican hammock... he never, never gambles, but he has a slot machine in his own home and plays it with slugs... he ran away to get married... he once wanted to be a sailor... O'Neill is his favorite playwright but Baker spells it "O'Neal"... he remembers his wedding anniversary date, May 6... he rows a boat in his swimming pool in the winter and sometimes swims in the coldest weather... his Irish terrier's name is Yabut... he lists his violin and piano playing as "idiosyncrasies"... he never carries enough money and is always finding himself in embarrassing situations because he doesn't.

He answered "No" to the question "Are you an extrovert or an introvert."

He doesn't care what happens as long as he can sing somewhere. He wants to be remembered for his singing and acting (pictures, he feels, send up his radio stock.) When asked "What epitaph would you like to see on your tombstone," he said "I'd like to be able to see any."

Agility—Joy—And Ginger!

[Continued from page 34]

tion, but it wasn't luck that continued the partnership. The public liked the team, insisted that it be continued, and Ginger Rogers had completed the trip from the Majestic Theatre, in Fort Worth, to Hollywood stardom.

Apart from Irene and Vernon Castle, no team ever did so much to make the world dance-crazy as this partnership of Fred Astaire and Ginger. When they came to the screen, ballroom dancing came back to full flower. Dime-a-dance-places never did the business they experienced at that precise moment. Night clubs and hotels reported the same increase. Dance bands that hadn't worked regularly in years suddenly were in great demand.

At Madison Square Garden, as M. C. of The News' Harvest Moon Ball, I received convincing proof of Ginger Rogers' enormous popularity. I'd introduced Mayor La Guardia, Jack Dempsey and other celebs to the audience of 20,000 dance fans. Then I introduced Ginger Rogers and the ovation that broke loose was almost terrifying.

Perhaps she was thinking, as she acknowledged the applause of 20,000 New Yorkers, of her first timid appearance in New York, at the Paramount Theatre. I know that I was.

HELP WANTED ... WOMEN!

*Neglect of Intimate Cleanliness
may cost a Woman all her Happiness*

WOMEN . . . any woman . . . YOU . . . are foolish to risk offending by neglect of personal daintiness. Your happiness, and even the security of your home may rest on a dependable method of intimate feminine hygiene. Use the "Lysol" method.

Often the very nicest and loveliest women are at fault. How horrified they'd be if they knew! No one warns you. The offense is too personal. Yet *so many* women would benefit by giving this subject honest thought. Ask any experienced family doctor.

The fact often is—your fussiest bathing, your loveliest beauty aids, just cannot make you completely clean, *sweetly* nice. People may notice; your husband *surely* will. And may think you are carelessly neglectful. To be sure of not offending, use a more thorough method of feminine hygiene. Use the wholesome, efficient method that many doctors and nurses recommend—the use of "Lysol" disinfectant in proper dilution with water.

Thousands of happy women every day thank "Lysol" for its assurance of thorough intimate cleanliness. Many doctors and nurses, clinics and hospitals prescribe this effective antiseptic



*"LYSOL", by giving greater assurance of intimate cleanliness,
helps many a woman to save her personal happiness and home.*

douche as a method of feminine hygiene. You can buy "Lysol" disinfectant in any drug store—with detailed directions for use on every bottle.

You must surely read these six reasons why "Lysol" is recommended for your intimate hygiene—to give you assurance of intimate cleanliness.

1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading . . . "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs*.

4—Economy . . . "Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

Also, try Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands and complexion. It's cleansing, deodorant.

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND THIS COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET
LEHN & FINK Products Corp.,
Dept. 5-S. S., Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

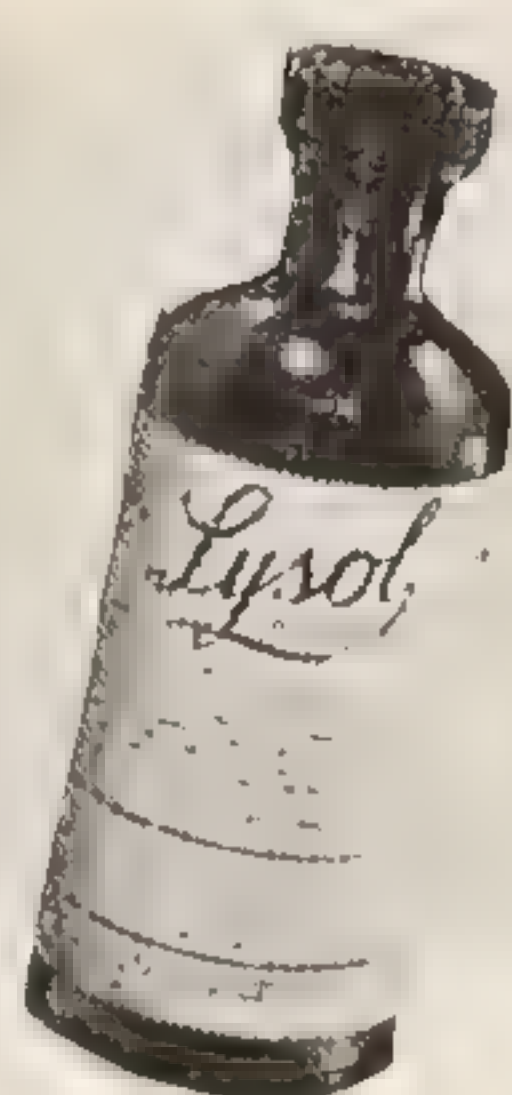
Send me free booklet "*Lysol vs. Germs*" which tells the many uses of "Lysol."

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Lysol
Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE



NONSPI IS SAFE

Thanks to Nonspi, women with sensitive skin can now enjoy *full-strength* underarm protection. Nonspi keeps underarms dry...immaculate...2 to 5 days...yet is *non-irritating* when properly applied. Nonspi goes on more easily...dries more quickly. Sold at all drug and department stores—35¢ and 60¢.



The SAFE Deodorant
—Stops Perspiration

The Nonspi Company
113 West 18th St., N. Y. C.
Please send special trial bottle of Nonspi. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin).

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

SU55



... BUT
ISN'T ALL
MASCARA
JUST ALIKE?

**NO!...
WINX IS
DIFFERENT!**

FINER TEXTURE
...LOOKS MORE
NATURAL..KEEPS
YOUR LASHES
SOFT AND SILKY!



For more beautiful eyes, be sure to get WINX — mascara, eye shadow and eyebrow pencil. Look for the GREEN PACKAGES.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.
At all drug, department and 10¢ stores.

WINX
the Finer Quality
MASCARA

Band Leaders Know the Answers

[Continued from page 31]

drink too much and don't pretend to get drunk at the smell of a cork. That's kid stuff and shows you haven't been around much. And if you are trying to restrain him from taking too much, or want to decline one yourself, don't freeze him with a foreclosing-on-the-old-homestead voice. That chill will get you no warmth in affection. There really isn't anything to take the place of a gracious 'I'm really not a good drinker,' when you want to bow out of the next round."

Here then, neatly packaged, are some of the big reasons for the lack of repeat dates. If you'll read them carefully, you'll find that perhaps in one of them lies the ruins of your own wrecked romance. As to what to do next, these men who would rather that you were dancing *to* than sitting *out* their music, sum it all up in two words—**BE YOURSELF**. After all, the original pattern must have been pretty interesting or *he* wouldn't have asked you out in the first place. Then, why change, and thereby run the risk of spoiling the original attractive design?

So here's a prayer for a speedy exit from the one-date only class, into the repeat date stage with someone who will ask you to be his steady date forever after. Here's hoping that when the time comes, he'll say it while dancing, to the music of one of these fine orchestras.

Flashshots

[Continued from page 29]

Jane Wyatt is a great friend of the Stephen Etniers and she and her husband were with them a great deal while they were here in New York. Stephen Etnier is a young painter who already has a picture in the Metropolitan, and his wife, Betsy, wrote the best seller "On Gilbert Head" which is about their island in Maine.

William K. Howard, the ace director, seemed to enjoy himself thoroughly in New York, and gave a large party at "21" to repay all the people who had been so nice to him and his wife. Gertrude Lawrence, who was with him when I took his photo, is in the very successful play "Susan and God."

Larry and Jane Tibbett are always great fun and I know of no couple who seem to get as much pleasure out of each other's company. Larry was thrown from his horse while riding recently and got badly cut on the forehead. For a while they were afraid of a bad scar, but in little less than a month it didn't show at all.

At El Morocco, Tullio Carminatti and Mrs. Harrison Williams, who is one of the best dressed women in America and one of the most charming persons in New York society, seemed to find pleasure in one another's company. Tullio just returned from Europe where he has made several pictures. As I "flashed" them, Mrs. Williams turned and said: "Why, you Peck's *Bad Boy*!"

One evening Wallace Ford dropped in at the club after his performance in "Of Mice and Men" on Broadway. I "flashed" him just as Albert Chaperau, a stranger to Ford, was trying to induce him to join his party.

P. S. Gloria Swanson just called up to say she's here in New York, where she is going to make her home, and is camping out in her apartment waiting for her furniture to arrive from California. Next month I hope to have some amusing shots to show you of her new place.

True Story of a Hollywood Girl

[Continued from page 21]

average was around \$200 a year.

By this time, I was pretty discouraged. I'd had chances handed me on a silver platter during the early days of my career, and these same chances snatched away. I wasn't unlucky, remember that. I was just getting the breaks the average Hollywood aspirant gets. I never felt sorry for myself, because I saw the same thing going on all around me.

And, another thing. During the years I was an extra, with the scores of pictures in which I worked, with my wide acquaintance and my "contract" background and publicity, no director ever singled me out in a crowd and said:

"Here's your big chance, girlie."

There was another thing that "did me no good." In the early days of my career, one of the major studios brought to the coast a rising young star from the stage. It seemed funny that two people from different parts of the world, who had never then met, and have not to this day, could look so much alike and have almost the same mannerisms. But that is just what happened.

I did not realize just how much we resembled each other until one evening, going into the Ambassador Coconut Grove, I was accosted by a timid little tap on my arm. Turning around I saw a pretty little girl of about 15 on crutches and obviously a hopeless cripple. Her parents had brought her to the warm sunshine of California, hoping against hope for a cure. The child called me by the name of the young stage star, whose picture was out on the boards, and a huge success—and asked for an autograph.

Somehow, I didn't believe the star would mind this masquerade just once. So, I signed the autograph book and she went away beaming.

However, this did not benefit my career—everywhere I heard: "You look so much like Miss So-and-So." To this day it is not generally known that it was Dixie Davis who posed for a national publicity campaign instead of the star, who was not available that day.

Here's a warning—don't come to Hollywood because you are told you look like some reigning favorite. You'll find a further handicap added to the long list which is so apparent in the story I'm telling:

About three years ago, I stopped waiting for calls, stopped rushing around aimlessly, stopped hoping and seeing success just around the corner. For awhile I worked as secretary for a publicity man. Then, I went back into the agency business as a secretary. Occasionally I earned extra money modeling in fashion shows. My dream of becoming a glamorous screen star was no more.

In December of 1936 a friend of mine talked to Cecil B. DeMille about me.

On Christmas Eve of that year he summoned me, offered me the position of field secretary and personal script girl. Two weeks later, I went to work.

Mr. DeMille, with a staff of writers, was working on "The Buccaneer" script. I sat in on all story conferences, taking dictation, noting who said what, endeavored to read as much as I could on the subject of "Jean Lafitte." When Mr. DeMille, accompanied by his staff, went into the marshes and bayous of Louisiana to conduct further research work and look for locations, I went along with my notebook, making note of everything he said.

For the first time I began to realize what went on back of a camera. I saw a picture grow from an idea in a man's mind—to script form—to actual filming—to preview—

to release. For the first time I realized how it felt to share in a small way in a great accomplishment, to become part of an organization headed by a man who knew his business thoroughly and completely. Mr. DeMille's fine devotion to detail, his painstaking search for accuracy makes it a joy to be associated with him.

He is a real task-master. What work! He talked and thought of nothing but "The Buccaneer." My day started very early in the morning and ended long after the average "Mr. Citizen's" dinner hour. Then there were private showings of films at Mr. DeMille's home for the purpose of studying and seeing players, and various other purposes.

And so, I wind up behind the cameras. My work today is vitally interesting, completely satisfying and lucrative—so, why should I envy anyone else?

If I hadn't had the acting side of it, I'd probably still be wild to get a break and might even be striking poses in front of Mr. DeMille until he banished me from the office.

Where do I go from here?

I'd like to be a writer.

My conversations with other script girls have shown me that most of them have this same ambition. It is a desire which is seldom gratified, yet enough of the girls have done it to prove it's possible. After all, why shouldn't we turn naturally to writing?

Consider Dorothy Karnes, once a script girl. Today I understand she is in New York City, a successful writer, credited with "Death Takes a Holiday." Then there is Virginia Van Upp, the titian-haired ex-child star with a background of work in agents' offices, casting offices—even as I—who today is working at Paramount as a writer, credited with work on such a screenplay as "Swing High, Swing Low," with

Bob Hope cad-
dies to pay a
wager that he
lost to Bing
Crosby.



Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray, and other productions. Then there's Isobel Stuart, who still holds script, but who has found her experiences so interesting she has written about them for national magazines.

Sarah Mason is also a successful writer, married to Victor Hermann, once a director, now also a writer. And Mary Gibson, who writes magazine articles and fiction, and Louise Long and Ethel Doherty, who have teamed to write novels and short stories. Close to writers and directors it is natural that we should absorb technique and turn to creative work.

While there is a school which says "once a script girl always a script girl," nothing could be farther from the truth. Dorothy Arzner, famous as the director of "Craig's

Wife," and other productions, was first a script girl. She came to the attention of James Cruze, who made her a film cutter and she finally took the next step, that of director. Eda Warren, now one of the best known film editors in Hollywood, was once a script girl. Margaret Booth, also a graduate of the script ranks, today is an associate producer at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Frances Marion, famous for "The Champ" and other pictures—she has been one of the highest paid writers in Hollywood for years—began as a script girl many years ago. Jane Loring, assistant to Pandro Berman, the man who runs R-K-O studios, once held script.

In the DeMille organization, girls have had exceptional opportunities. Anne Bau-



ALIKE AS TWO PEAS

BUT IT'S A CINCH TO TELL THEM APART!

YES, MARY AND MARGIE LOOK EXACTLY ALIKE—BUT IT'S EASY TO TELL THEM APART THESE DAYS!



NOW WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE BOB MEANT BY THAT, MARGIE?



FORGIVE ME, MARY, BUT I THINK I KNOW. LAST NIGHT I HEARD HIM SAY YOU OUGHT TO SEE A DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH

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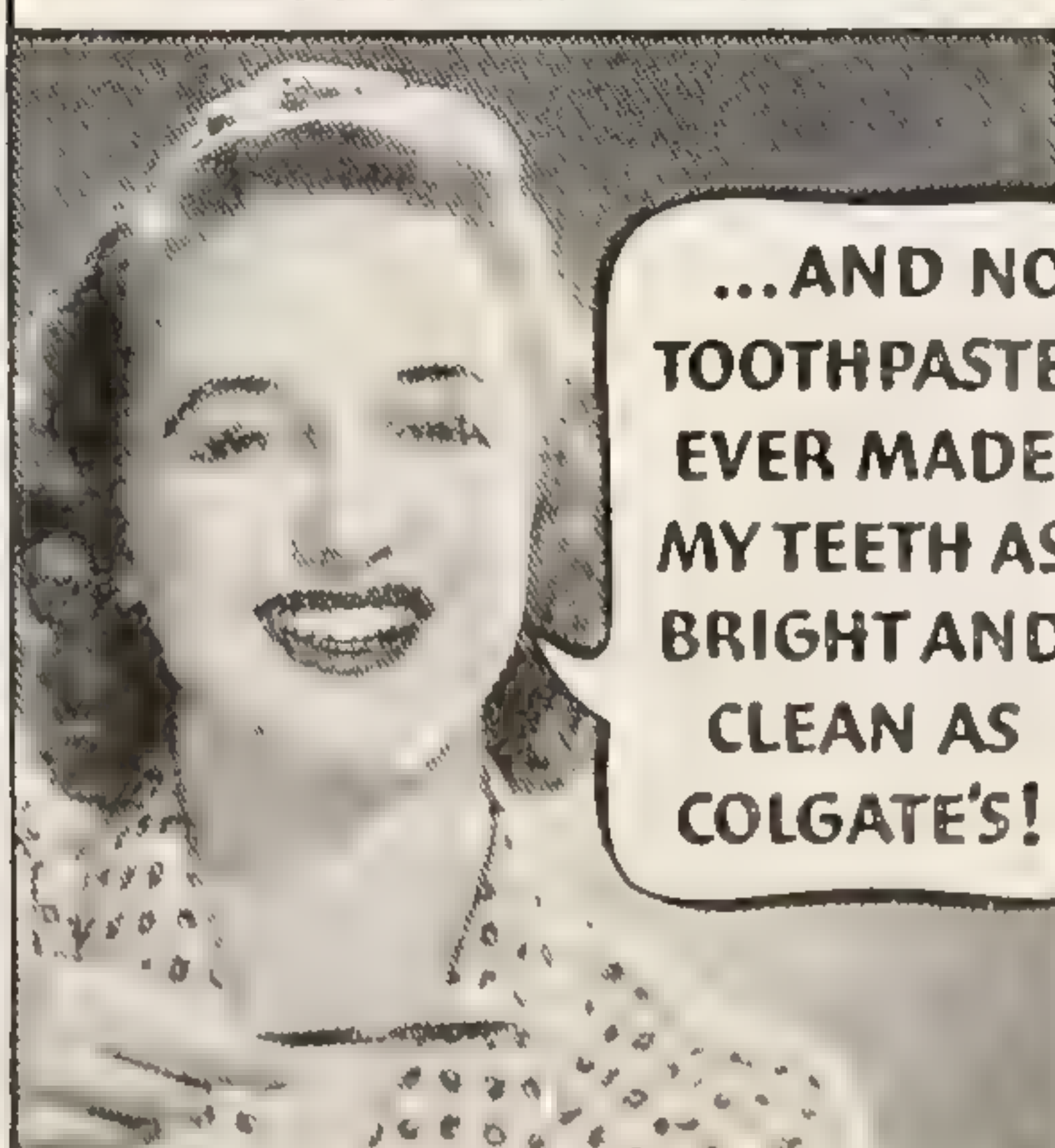
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S

NOBODY IN THE WORLD'S AS SWEET AS YOU ARE, MARGIE!

THANKS, BOB, BUT I'M NOT MARGIE—I'M MARY!

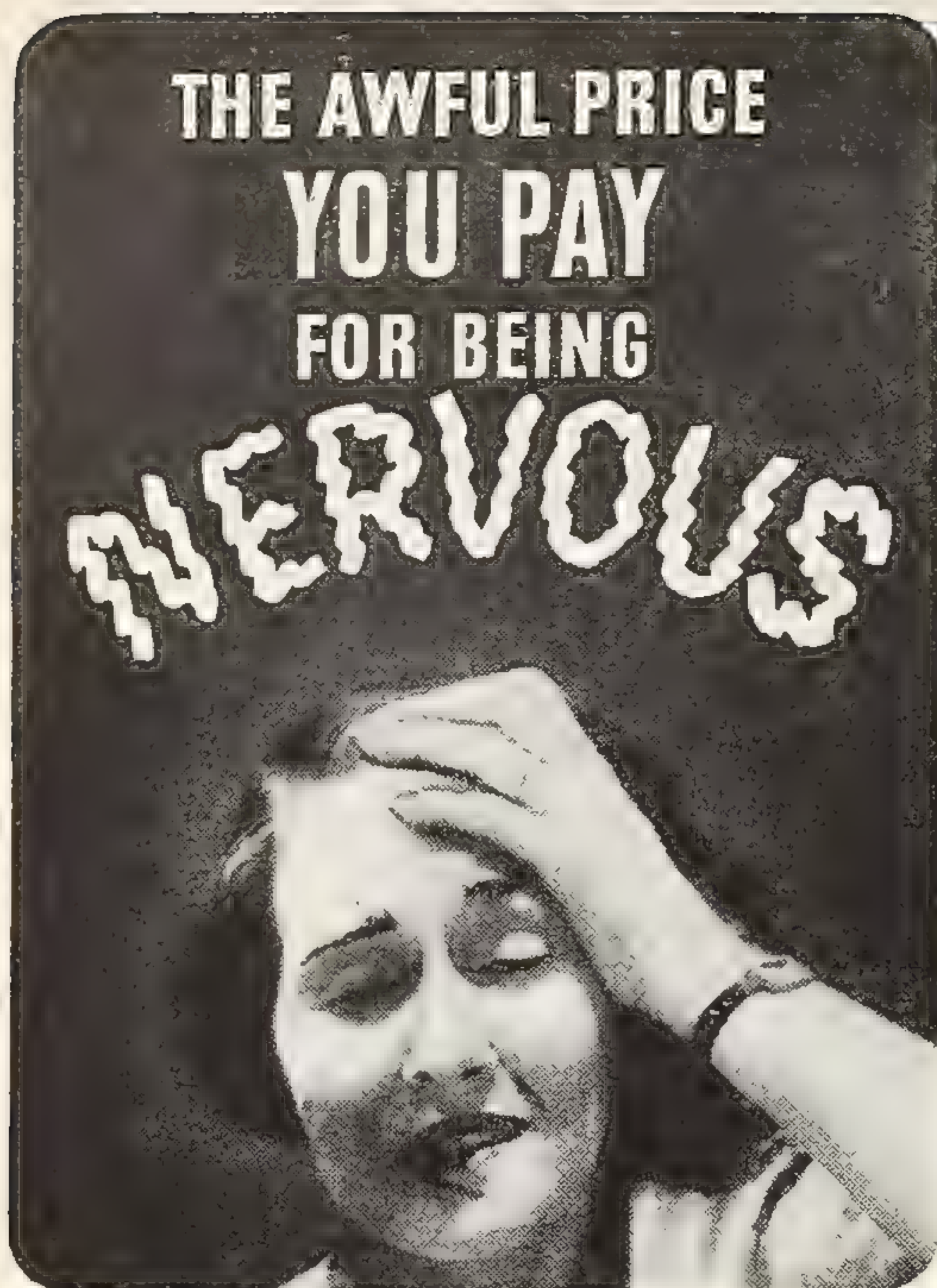


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Elmer Fryer, the photographer, pushes and pulls Kay Francis about to get one of those arty poses.

chens is now cutting film for Mr. DeMille. Emily Barrye acts as an assistant director in big mob scenes, such as were seen in "The King of Kings," watching the action of the women in these scenes. She also does writing and research with Harold Lamb. So I am simply surrounded with opportunity, as you can see.

Do script girls ever marry players? There is one case, and that is an exception to the rule. A couple have married directors—Miss Mason, mentioned above, is an example—as the result of being closely associated. A script girl often chats with the various players—I am told the players are much more human, tolerant and unimpressed with themselves these days than they were years ago—but the conversation never seems to take a romantic turn. The truth is that only a small percentage of script girls are married.

The reason for this is that their hours are uncertain, they work very hard, concentrate on their business, and don't have much time for romance.

This brings us to the hours which the girls work. Until they organized, forming the Script Clerk's Guild, unaffiliated with any labor organization, they had a working week of 57 hours and a base pay of \$40.50, some of the studios paying higher. The guild has secured a 54-hour week, with base pay of \$50 and straight overtime, except on Sundays, when it is time and a half.

The Guild, of which I am not a member, because I am doing special script work for Mr. DeMille at present, and have additional duties, has 110 members, of which approximately 90 are active today. There are more than a score of men employed as script clerks, most of them being at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where they function almost as assistant directors, with girls doing the actual clerical work.

The duties of a script girl on the job are very hard. One of the main attributes is diplomacy. In proof of this, I offer the fact that a masculine clerk is now in the diplomatic service in China. His name is Bronson Howard. Nerves are strained and moments are tense on the set. A tactless person hasn't a chance of making good. One must speak at just the right time.

Script girls closely watch background action. This means the movements of the extras. If, at the end of a scene, a group of extras are on the right side of the stage, they must be there when the next scene is made, not out playing cards or on the left side of the stage. They watch foreground action, making sure that the action and dialogue of the principals is the same in the long shots and the close-ups. In the course of the picture a script girl gets to know nearly every line of every part. One

girl, a born mimic, even rehearses the lines of such players as Mae West and Marlene Dietrich, and gets a lot of laughs.

It is not only necessary to watch dialog, background and foreground action, lighting and a few other odds and ends, but costumes, make-up and properties. If a man has been soaked in a scene he can't show up dry in the scene following unless there has been a time lapse, and a change of costume. If a player has a black eye or a mole on the left cheek, or a grease-smeared face, he must have this in the next scene. A davenport mustn't miraculously move from one side of the room to another. Furthermore, a director must be watched, so that he gets all of his needed scenes. Consider all the things he has on his mind and the fact also that he doesn't shoot in continuity, but darts around in his script because of production difficulties and arrangements, and you realize how easy it is to forget.

I have told you how I turned from acting to script work. I think I've also given you an idea of what a fascinating job holding script is, and the opportunities which it affords. I haven't mentioned the fact that not all script girls work regularly, and that many are called in only while pictures are actually in production, but all manage to work fairly steadily. The marriage rate proves that, for only about fifteen percent of the girls have had time to get married. They usually marry technicians—sound men, property men, and cameramen, rather than the players. The only explanation I can give for this phenomenon is that to the script girl the player has very little glamour.

Now, is it possible to go from script work to acting, as girls have gone into writing and executive positions? The answer is an emphatic "yes!" But I have been unable to find a case where a director, needing someone for a scene has pointed to a script girl and has said:

"You are the girl to play this part!"

Nor is there any record of sudden success, as the result of such a fantastic situation.

However, from time to time studios have decided to give the girls on the sets an opportunity. They've run tests of secretaries, script girls, stenographers, typists and receptionists at various times. Alice White was given such a test when she was at First National working as a script girl and she reached stardom. Another example is Dorothy Wilson, picked from the ranks of the script holders at R-K-O. She also made good in a big way.

Having had all that early experience as an actress I'm afraid I'll dodge tests of any kind. But I'll try writing any time.

Vacant Lottie!

[Continued from page 53]

she might like him if she stopped scrappin'."

Nicholas Martin did not hear Carlotta Lee's name mentioned again until two weeks later when he returned from Arrowhead with Milton Browne, the staff writer. The collaboration on the script had been a surprisingly pleasant experience.

An extensive array of acting talent was at once marshalled by the casting director and Elsie Manning for the playwright's inspection. His criticisms as to the cast were listened to respectfully and when he dismissed all the candidates for the lead not even a low moan was to be heard seeping from the close walls of the Excelsior studio.

Joe Ross called Martin into his office and told him not to worry any more about the lead for a day or two. "Maybe you'll run across somebody outside who'll just fit into the star role. I'll take an unknown if you have confidence in her."

Elsie Manning was waiting for the playwright when he came out into the ante-room. "Oh, Mr. Martin," she said, "I wonder if you'd come out to Malibu tonight and have dinner with me? I've a little friend I want you to meet. Perhaps she could do one of the bits."

The old actress, taking no chances, picked up the playwright that night at his hotel and drove him out to the beach in her small roadster. As they entered the snug cottage a remarkably pretty girl, who had been sitting in front of the grate fire, rose and was presented to Martin as Dora Parsons. She was a brunette with an unpretentious but effective bob. He noted approvingly her charming dark gown and the necklace of small, matched pearls which he felt, instinctively, were real. The girl looked like some one he had seen before, but he couldn't trace down the resemblance for the moment.

Miss Manning at once excused herself. "I must go to the kitchen and find out what that heathen of mine is doing about dinner. I'll leave you to entertain Mr. Martin, Dora. He doesn't bite even if he is an author."

He glanced down and saw a copy of his play on the table.

"Who's been reading my opus?" He picked up the script.

"I have for one," the girl answered.

"How did you like it?"

"It's delightful, but don't you think it's a little too subtle for our blunt and blundering friends of the cinema?" She suddenly realized he was staring at her intently and asked him why.

He hesitated a moment and then said, "I hope you won't be insulted when I tell you I've just realized that you look very much like Carlotta Lee."

"I know I do," she agreed. "Everyone says that. But, of course, I'm a brunette and she's very blonde."

He hastened to reassure her. "There's far more difference than that. You're charming and Carlotta Lee is—" He broke off, not knowing just what to say.

"Poor Miss Lee," she commented. "I can see that you don't care much for her."

"I only met her once. Joe Ross tried to palm her off on me for the lead in my picture, but I promptly put an end to that. She was absolutely impossible."

"What a wretched hostess I am. I forgot to ask you Question Number One in our western book of etiquette—how do you like California?"

She gave him a highly flattering glance. "I didn't care for it much on my arrival, but it seems to be improving rapidly."

He gave her an admiring look. "Why you might be Diana Corbett speaking right out of the pages of 'The Dizzy Age.'" Mar-

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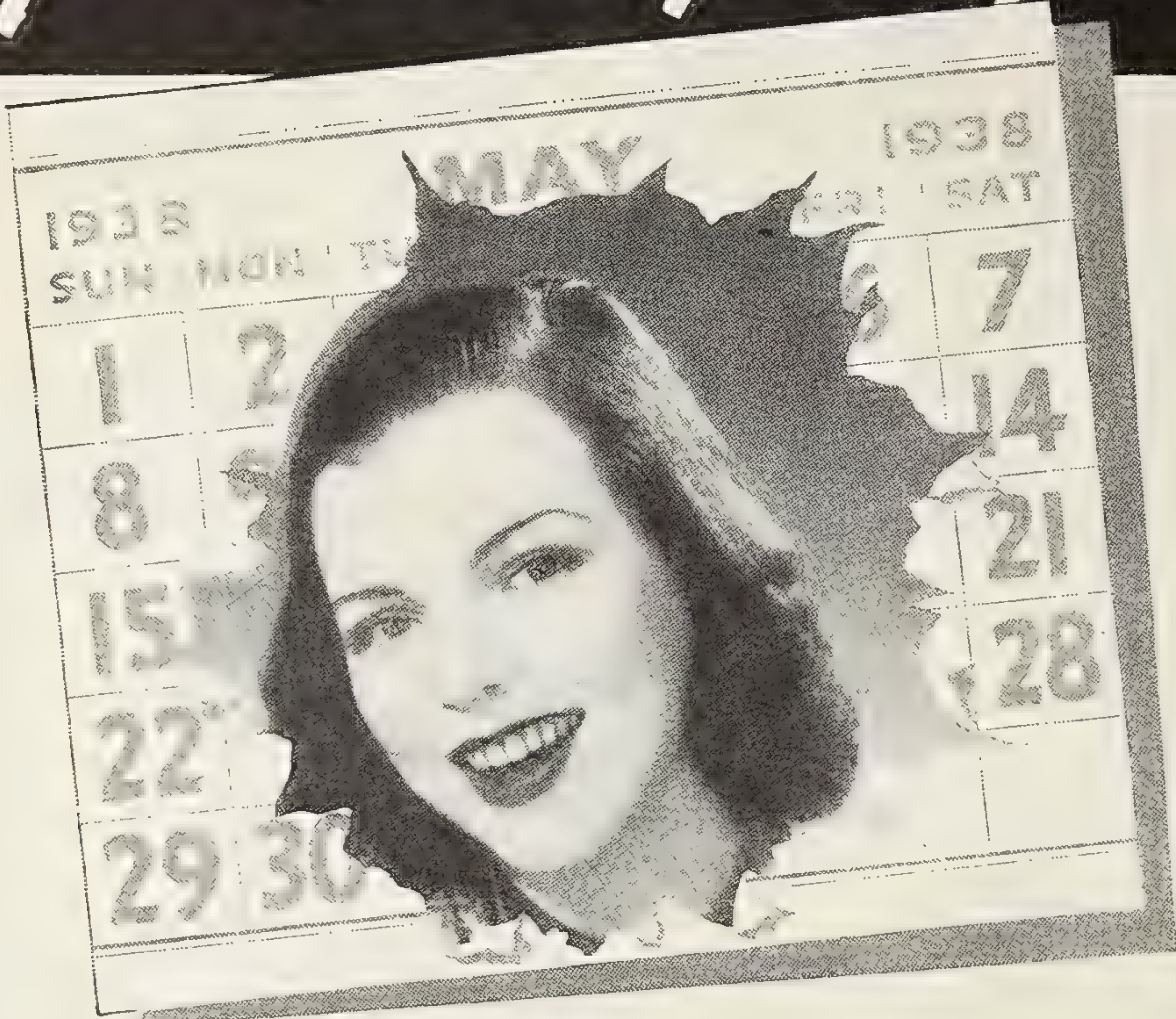


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(42)

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tin took the play, opened the script and handed it to the girl. "Please read that scene at the end of the second act."

Carlotta forgot she was angry and remembered only the hours of work she had put in on the play under the iron mind of her coach. She scarcely glanced at the lines as she acted out the scene. At the end Martin shouted excitedly, "Miss Manning! Oh Miss Manning! I've found her!"

His hostess, very calm, appeared in the doorway to the living room. "Well, why be so excited about it? I knew it all the time."

Anxiety settled on the author's countenance. "But what about Joe Ross?"

Miss Manning dismissed that worry with an airy gesture. "I'll take care of him. And now, my children, let's eat."

After dinner Carlotta and the author vanished to the beach with a blanket and a couple of soft pillows.

The girl silently arranged the blanket on a smooth patch of sand and then stretched herself out on her back looking up intently at the sky and listening to the lazy swish of the surf. Martin settled down beside her and in anything but bright Manhattanese murmured, "A penny for your thoughts."

Carlotta answered a little bitterly. "When you know me better you'll learn that I'm not supposed to have thoughts."

"Don't fence with me," he begged, looking down at her with a dizzy feeling that the world was falling away from them. "Your face is very beautiful down there." He leaned closer over her. "I can see the stars reflected in your eyes."

And then it all happened. He went into a red haze through which he was conscious only of her lips. He finally heard a voice and realized with some surprise that it was his own—and full of self-reproach and apology.

And then she said, "It doesn't matter. I've been kissed before."

"But I can't bear you to think that I'm the sort of person who goes about kissing people he's just met." His sincerity impressed her. She dropped slim fingers on the back of his hand.

"After all," she confessed, "you are rather nice. And I thought I was going to detest you. I mean you're a very important person and you can make or break me."

He hastened to reassure her. "You've nothing to worry about. No one is going to get that lead in the play away from you!"

"Is that a man's promise? No matter what happens?"

"Word of honor." He took her hands and pressed them convincingly.

Joe Ross was at the cottage when they returned. Martin spoke quickly to hide his confusion. "Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. Ross, do you know Miss Parsons?"

"Sure I know her. We've even considered her for that part in your picture, but I felt you'd insist on a big star."

"I want Miss Parsons. I think she is exactly it."

"You're sure of that?"

"Absolutely! She read the most important scene perfectly."

"Okay, then." Ross shrugged his shoulders. "But remember that you picked this girl out yourself and I don't want to hear any squawks if the camera and the mike don't fall for her the way you do. And now I want you to drive back to town with me in my car."

When the men had gone Carlotta dropped into a chair and ceased to be a lady.

"Sweet Mamma! Am I glad that's over? By the way, Elsie, just what does 'arid' mean?"

"The Dizzy Age" was rushed into production without the usual studio fanfare. So quietly were the preparations made that even the head of the press department did

not know that the picture was in work. Nor was Martin notified that shooting was in progress until Joe Ross had seen and heard enough of the rushes to be sure that Carlotta's work was up to the high mark he had set for the picture. Only then was the playwright asked to report on the set. Though cast and staff had been duly warned a camera man forgot himself after a final take of the big scene of the day and exclaimed enthusiastically:

"Gee, I never saw Miss Lee troop off footage better'n that! She'll wow 'em in this! And how that change to the brunette top helps her on the gelatine!"

Martin, suddenly suspicious, turned on the camera man. "I didn't know there was anyone named Lee in this cast."

"No? Say, fellah, who else would be playin' a lead on this lot but Carlotta Lee?"

Martin raged up and down the set, protesting wildly. But no one seemed the least interested in his agitation. Authors, suddenly gone mad, were no novelty in the Excelsior studio.

Somehow the playwright lived through the night and arose the next morning, sane and much chastened. He was on the set early and when the star appeared—he greeted her with a smile and held out his hand.

"Permit me to congratulate you, Miss Lee, on the splendid work you're doing in my picture."

"Then you know?" She seemed much relieved.

"Of course, from the first." He was determined to save his face. "When I heard you read the scene that night at Miss Manning's I realized you were the only one for the part. And I enjoyed the little deception as much as the rest of you did."

Carlotta gave him an admiring smile. "Big Boy, you're sure game. Come back to my dressing van. I've got to get a ton or two off my chest."

She guided him back through dark sets to the little house on wheels which followed her from stage to stage and as they entered said: "I want you to know that the idea was not mine. Joe Ross gyped me into it, though I'll confess I'd have committed anything short of murder to nail down this part. Please—try to forgive me."

He found her very contrite—and very lovely. She reached out her hands and he took them in his. He was much shaken to discover that Carlotta Lee thrilled him just as thoroughly as Dora Parsons did.

"I must have been crazy if I ever thought you couldn't handle this part," he said. "You're wonderful in it."

She gave him a smile which extracted the last sliver of iron from his soul. "Joe Ross wouldn't be pleased to hear you saying such sweet things to me. But he won't bother us today. He's flying to New York."

Martin's face fell. "How can he leave now right in the middle of our picture?"

"He isn't worried about that any more," she assured him. "There's a big fight on over Excelsior stock. Sammy Fishbein's trying to get a lot of Wall Street money behind him and have Joe thrown out on his ear."

When "The Dizzy Age" was previewed several weeks later at a suburban theater Carlotta invited the now thoroughly infatuated playwright to accompany her. She was sorry to think the picture was over and done with. She liked this young man from New York a lot.

The preview was a glittering success. After the showing Excelsior minions flocked out to the curb and congratulated each other. Martin went off to find Carlotta's chauffeur, while the assistant production manager whispered cautiously in the star's ear.

"Joe is back," he informed her, "but don't let anybody know what I'm going to tell



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In "Swiss Miss," Stan Laurel laments Oliver Hardy's mastery over the affections of Della Lind.

you. Sammy Fishbein is out and our boy friend has lined up the Wall Street crowd for himself.

"Of course you're sitting pretty, Lottie, but the fur is going to fly when the boss begins prying all the Fishbein nephews and cousins away from the pay-roll."

Carlotta thrilled to a realization of this news. "That makes Joe Ross one of the biggest frogs in the picture puddle!"

"King of the independents, that's all! And his Excelsior stock is worth just about five millions more than it was last week!"

The playwright, still glowing over the splendid reception of his picture, did not notice how detached and absent-minded the star was as he got into her car beside her. All that he could think of was that Carlotta was a lovely creature—and quite close to him. As soon as the motor reached open country he put his arm around her and drew her in against his shoulder.

"What a wonderful time you and I could have in New York," he began, dreaming out loud. "I'd write plays for you and you'd make successes of them—and we'd have a great old life!"

"Listen, Big Boy, are you propositioning me or what?" She turned in his arm and looked up at him.

"I'm asking you to be my wife."

She drew away from him, but took his hand and held it in both of hers.

"Nick, you're grand and I wouldn't hurt you for anything, but you're a lot too good for me. I'm cabbage underneath and you'd soon find it out. I'd get mad some night and bust a bottle over the head of one of your girl friends." He looked incredulous. "Well, I did it once—at the Ambassador—when a fresh dame made a play for Joe. You'll go back to New York and forget about me and marry some nice little girl from Park Avenue."

When they reached her house she kissed him good-bye as a mother would a son she didn't expect to see again for a long while. She cried a little, feeling that the scene called for tears, and he went away sadly pleased with the fuss she had made over him.

In the living room Carlotta found Joe Ross waiting for her. She rushed up to him and threw her arms about him.

He looked at her wet eyes. "What's the matter, Kid? Was the picture a flop?"

"No, it was swell. I'm just crying because I'm so glad to see you again!" She buried her face in his coat. "Oh Joe, I've missed you like hell!"

"Yeah?" He tilted up her head. "That's fine. Well, Lottie, I've got a grand piece of news for you."

"Not half as grand as I've got for you, Joe. I've gone and fallen in love!"

"With what pair of pants this time?" he growled.

She glanced up at him with all the lure she possessed—and it was more than enough.

"Don't you call yourself names, you big stupid! Don't you know I mean you?"

He stared at her. "You're in love with me? Honest?"

She nodded. With a smothered exclamation of relief he gathered her in and forgot for a few minutes what he had come to tell her. Finally he found his voice again.

"When do we get spliced, Beautiful?"

"The sooner the better. Let's fly to Nevada and take the sentence tomorrow. We'd have to wait three days in California. Now what's your big news, Joe?"

He told her. Somehow she didn't seem much impressed. She seemed to prefer cuddling up in his arms to being told that he was the one big shot in the Excelsior Film Company. She whispered Hollywood chat in his ear while he made up his mind all over again that he didn't understand women.

They were interrupted by the arrival of the production assistant who had stopped by to drive home with Joe. It took him some time to get the producer away from Carlotta. As they climbed into the car Joe's beatific grin aroused the assistant's curiosity.

"What's happened to you, Boss? You look as if you had lapped up a quart of cream."

"Better than that. Lottie has just promised to middle-aisle it with me!"

"That's no surprise to me," the assistant commented. "That dame is just crazy about you. You ought to have seen her face when she heard you had gotten control of the company."

Joe leaned forward. "When did you tell her?"

"Tonight, at the preview."

A curious expression came over the producer's face. "Why the cute little so-and-so!" He seemed to be talking to himself. "So she knew it all the time. And they say she's dumb! Yeah, dumb like a fox!"

"Why Joe, you don't think Lottie's marrying you for your money, do you?"

Ross chuckled.

"I know damned well she is! And what's more—she'll get it!"

"Stars, Stallions and Stables"

[Continued from page 17]

used to ride for me, so for purely sentimental reasons, I bet on it."

That is Walter's merit and misfortune, as he admits—sentimentality. It often overrules his judgment, but his love for horses is so deep and so sincere, that it is difficult for him not to be swayed by sentiment. For example, he will never bet on a horse called "Veil of Tears"—and for a definite reason. Some time ago, he had a horse, "Little Ina," who was running a great race, but cracked up while in third place. She had to be destroyed. And, somehow, "Veil of Tears" is just too morbid.

"Little Ina," said Walter, "had so much promise. Even in the race in which she cracked up, she was going great guns. And then—seeing her killed—I'll never forget that as long as I live." He paused momentarily and swallowed hard. "Speaking of Little Ina, my wife decided to go to Del Mar for the races. She was late and was anxious to place a bet on Little Ina. Well, five miles from the track she was arrested for speeding. She argued with the officer, and got off taking a ticket. At last she got to the track. She happened to meet a friend of hers. 'How soon before the second race starts?' she asked. 'I want to put a bet on Walter's Little Ina, though I don't think she'll win.' Her friend smiled and said, 'The second race is just over, and Little Ina won.' Walter lit a cigarette and blew into space. "Yep, she was a great little horse."

Hollywood's cut-ups and the most mysterious people, when they want to be, are putting up a swell "whodunnit" all of their own. Naturally, I'm speaking of Clark Gable and Carole Lombard. One day, a horse named "Clarcarol" appeared from nowhere on the listings. It only took about half a guess to find out who owned this animal. As yet, the proud hope of Lombard-Gable Inc., hasn't had a real tryout, but if it has half the spirit of its co-owners, who somehow can't talk about "Clarcarol," the little beastie is sure to go places. Of course, Clark is no newcomer to the game, for he had "Beverly Hills." After dismal attempts to get the horse to win or even place once in a while, Clark decided to turn her into an actress. But before he had time to put her into the picture, "Saratoga," she was with foal and had to retire.

You've heard of Joe E. Brown, the baseball sponsor, the football enthusiast, the follower of ice skating, roller skating, rugby, soccer, and—oh, why go on. Presenting Joe E. Brown! Another Hollywood race enthusiast! And an owner himself. Joe E. has been wearing an unusually broad grin recently, for his speedy three year old, "Kay Em Bee," aptly named after his wife, and another horse, "Barnsley," have been going to town. But win or lose—Joe is at the track rooting. He'd sooner watch a horse race than eat. Of course, he likes it better if his colors pass the finish line first.

You may think there can't be many more Hollywood names to add to this list. But here's the surprise. The list is only beginning. In fact, I could go on for days. However, you'd soon get tired of reading names, I'd get tired of writing them, and anyway the editor would cut the story besides.

To begin with, Robert Montgomery has been attending large racing meets in the east, and he is now threatening to bring some horses of his own to the tracks. John Meehan, noted screen writer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, has already several thoroughbreds in training. Harry Cohn, president of Columbia studios, has also crashed the winning mark with his "Highmost"

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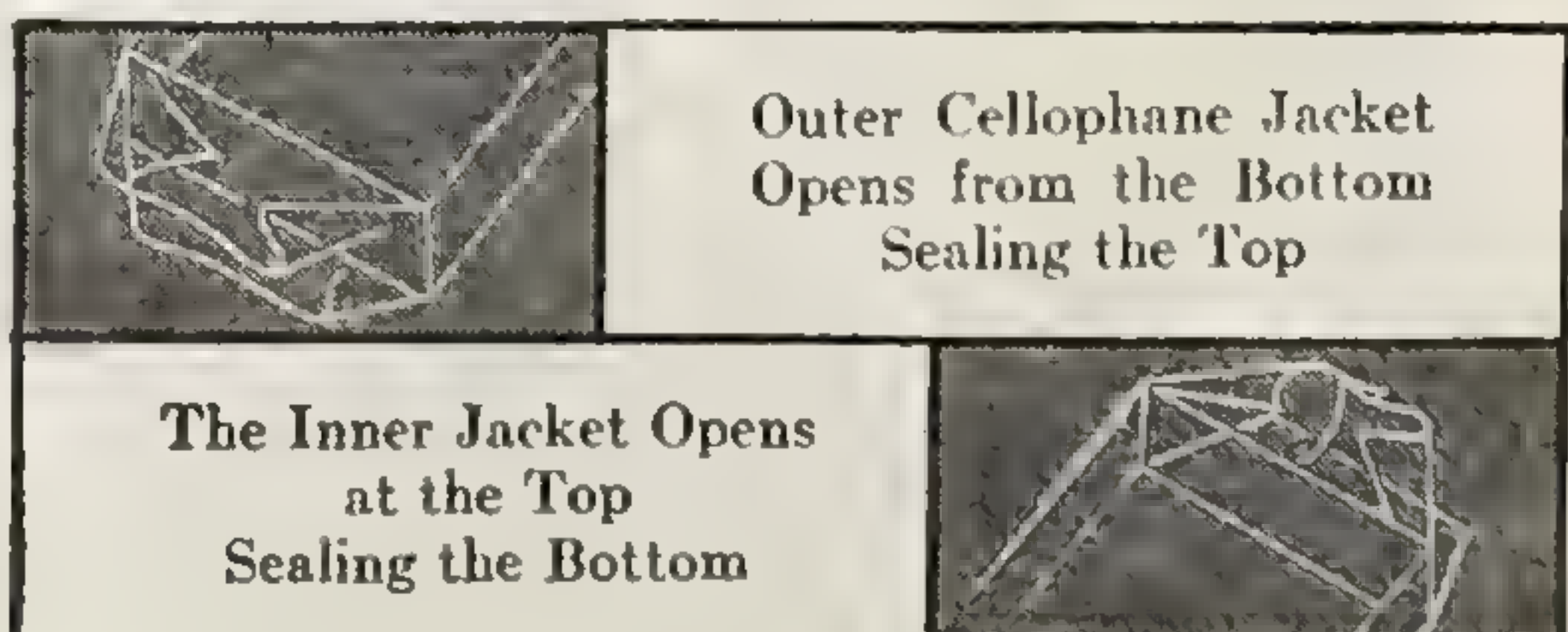
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and "Invermost" which won and placed, respectively, in one day at Santa Anita. William LeBaron, Paramount producer, has had real success with his "Brown Jade." Lloyd Pantages, columnist, is knocking 'em over with his "Lloyd Pan," "Rodney Pan," "Johnny Pan," and "Alexander the Great," whose success he shares with his partner, John W. Considine, Jr., MGM producer.

Barbara Stanwyck and Chico Marx own breeding farms, jointly, in San Fernando, and their colors are being readied for the tracks. Their ranch is named Marwyck. And, by the way, they have one good stallion, The Nut, that everyone believes was named after Chico. Tod Browning and David Butler, director, have named their establishment the "B and B" stables. They plan to train a "string" of more than a dozen horses to compete on the local tracks. Others who have bought racers or are planning to are Charles "Chuck" Reiser, director, Jack Conway, MGM director, Lupe Velez, Johnny Weissmuller, and Lewis Stone.

Then there is Ray Milland, a crack horseman who owns steeds chiefly for his own riding. Fred MacMurray also falls in this category. Frances Dee and Joel McCrea have a ranch in the Valley, and they are going about this horse raising business seriously. But the surprise of Hollywood is David Niven, who owns the animals for steeplechases. He was once a rider in this exciting sport himself, and he has several horses in Virginia that could qualify.

Want some more? Well, Andy Devine raises horses, too, on his ranch in San Fernando, and in a real business-like way. He knows his horses—and he knows how to trade shrewdly. Recently, he bought an old plug for \$40 and kept trading it until he acquired a polo pony out of the interchanges. And there is Bob Baker, Universal's western star, whose closest companion is "Apache," the horse that plays with him in his pictures. "Apache" understands English better than a lot of people. Baker will say, "It's time to go home now," and the horse will start for home. If Baker suddenly says, "No, let's stay," he comes back. And, believe it or not, the steed can tell his age by subtracting or adding. In fact, Baker's horse has an I.Q. that ranks higher than many college grads.

But stars find still other uses for horses. Many feel that by having their own thoroughbred in a picture, they will have good luck. Spencer Tracy's horse worked with him in "They Gave Him a Gun," and the horse that Allan Jones rode in "Firefly," named "Smokey," was his own. It earned enough in a month to pay for a month's feed bill and a new saddle. And that's the angle Spencer likes. "The idea intrigues me," Spencer said, subtly. "Imagine a nag paying his own room and board." (A lot of the stars would like to know how that system works, Spence). In MGM's "Girl of the Golden West," Jeanette MacDonald is riding her own steed, "White Lady," and Leo Carrillo, in the same picture, rides his favorite, "Suisan."

Yes, sir, Hollywood has the fever! It's going horse-minded with a vengeance! Racing is becoming the "thing" now. A star must have a race horse, besides those on his ranch, to be in "the pink." While a winner is the thing desired, Hollywood greats will bide their time, taking both losses and wins agreeably, because something has crept into their blood that just won't leave. It's a thrill to them! It's something new to them! Above all, it's a chance for them to have that pony they wanted as a child and couldn't afford. Hollywood is at last combining thrill with sentiment—and with exciting results. So—with a bit of bated breath, with a quick move as "They're off" rings over the arena, Hollywood stands and cheers, "Hurry back—boys."

Dress Up and Live

[Continued from page 19]

that that was the first topless evening frock to appear in a picture—and who am I to argue? There have certainly been enough of them since—witness Lily Pons' dresses in "Hitting a New High." Lily, it seemed, liked the things.

Orry hasn't perpetrated one of those since del Rio's. One of his loveliest numbers, to date, is the trailing black chiffon dress with the beaded bodice which Kay Francis wears in "This Woman is Dangerous." And there are only a few inches of the bare Kay Francis visible at any time!

I was interested in what Norma Shearer had to say of her costumes in "Marie Antoinette." You'd think that they would be trying to wear. Powdered wigs and beauty patches and enormous metal hoops under the panniers. She has had to have special doors cut in her portable dressing room so that she may go in and out comfortably. But she *loves* 'em!

"Every woman in the company feels the same way," she said. "These absurd skirts, these wigs, the glittery jewels, the tiny ornaments for the powdered hair—they're all exciting and romantic. When we take them off to go home life becomes drab, somehow. You know, in that period, when life became really serious, the skirts collapsed—the fun was over!"

Into their hands these women are delivered. Your Orry Kelly, your Edward Stevenson, your Adrian, your Royer, your Travis Banton. They view the glamorous ladies with critical and helpful eyes. You may imagine one of them saying, "Look, Toots! Your hipline is just a bit—er—fulsome. Now a peplum might help. . . ." Glamorous lady immediately has tantrum.

Psychology and symbolism come into these matters, too. Frinstance, the severe frock with the cowl neckline, which Garbo wore in "Conquest" when Napoleon visited her unexpectedly, expressed the nun-like life she had been living and to which she had (she thought) dedicated herself. Maybe you thought it wasn't a very pretty dress and maybe Madame Walewska would have agreed with you. But she probably thought that she wasn't leading a very gay life, either! Anyhow, it established her mood.

Geel! Remember the little white number, with the heartshaped bodice and the flowing skirt that Anita Louise wore in "Tovarich?" A thing to make your mouth water, if you were seventeen—or even if you were a slim twenty. Wait until you see Irene Dunne in that silver "bugle" thing in "The Joy of Living!" Just wait. And Joan Fontaine's white, bouffant net in "The Milkman Rings Twice." (This one has a shiny sort of clip that will do something to you.)

Let me get back for a moment to the gentlemen who design these confections. They are earnest men, sincere artists. They see the lovely ladies of the screen in terms of so many legs, arms, torsoes, necks, shoulders, some easy to dress, some difficult. The character in the picture must be interpreted, of course. But always the woman must be enhanced . . . the woman who is to wear the creation.

If her figure permits, they cover her with shimmering, form-fitting satin. Sometimes they swathe her in puzzling swirls of gauze. Orry Kelly is giving his lovely ladies linen evening frocks (which look like silk but are more difficult to design) Stevenson is doing a lot of things with cotton and organdie. Adrian is recommending rich fabrics with ornate trimmings.

But they are all saying, "Cover yourself, my dears! From your collarbones to your toes—cover yourselves!"

And these are the gentlemen who are paid large salaries for creating and preserving glamour in Hollywood.

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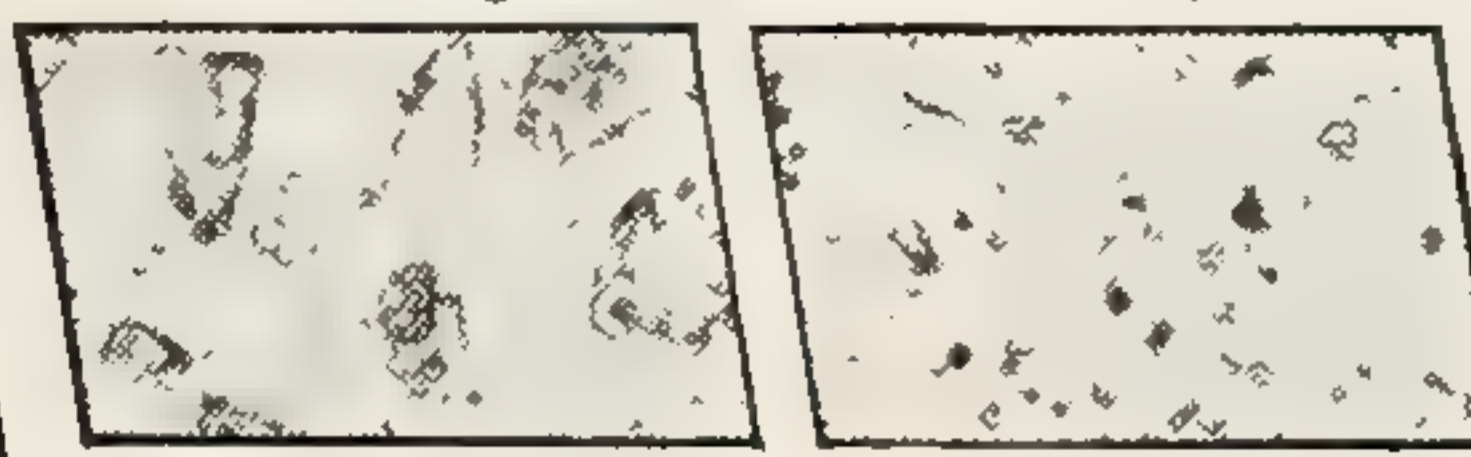


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Projection of Don Ameche

[Continued from page 23]

Probably the most fascinating thing about Don Ameche, aside from his versatile voice, is his amazing "slow-take" personality. When you meet Don for the first time—I met him for the first time on location when he was playing Alessandro in "Ramona"—he makes no particular impression on you. Just another nice young actor, the woods are full of them. Then, he begins to sneak up on you. Subtly, that "slow-take" personality goes to work and gradually moves in on you. Before you know it you are wondering how you ever got along at all before you met him. Suddenly he will let loose that famous Don Ameche smile at you, and from then on you're a rabid Don Ameche fan!

There's something magic about the Ameche smile. And does Don take advantage of it! One of his former teachers, the Reverend Maurice S. Sheehy, has said of him, "There may have been some opportunities for mischief which escaped Don during his days at Columbia Academy, but, if so, I do not recall them. The mischief, however, was never malicious. And he won professors to him by his smile, which melts the strongest defenses of the heart." But it is definitely not a "prop" smile. It is natural and sincere like the man himself. Don's former teacher, and now one of his best friends, also says of him, "During fifteen years' association with students I have never met anyone more honest and fearlessly frank, at all times and under all conditions, than Dominic Ameche."

Don's chief fault is forgetfulness. He can be counted on to forget practically anything *except* his lines on a set or before the microphone. Only the other day Mrs. Ameche had to call up a local department store quite frantically and beg them to bring out a pair of shoes to the Valley. For Don, it seems, had to go to a party that night and his feet were almost on the ground, despite the fact that she had been telling him for weeks that he needed shoes. Don is not one of the party-loving actors of Hollywood, but just the same he loves to dine and dance at fashionable restaurants. Every Sunday night he and Honore can be found among the gay young people at the Trocadero. Undoubtedly Don will be devouring a thick rare steak, with an entree of spaghetti. He hates lettuce almost as much as he does tight collars.

Don's complete lack of fear never ceases to amaze the technical crew on his pictures. With the exception of Clark Gable they'll tell you that they have never worked with a guy before who was so nervy. "He's no sissy," they'll say, and proceed to tell you tall tales illustrating the Ameche grit. The favorite seems to be the time when the "Ramona" company was on location down near Elsinore and Don was stung by a sting-ray.

If the sting-ray's poison hits the blood stream it means death. There was much-a-do by the whole company—Loretta Young screamed—a hairdresser fainted—the director dashed to the telephone to tell the studio to send specialists down by plane! In the midst of all the excitement Don emerged from his dressing room smiling quite casually. "What's the fuss about?" he said. "The doc we have here sewed up my foot. Let's shoot."

This complete lack of fear must have been "born in" Don Ameche for the Reverend Maurice Sheehy has this to say about his former pupil: "Recently I was asked whether there was anything in Don's school days which presaged his success as a motion picture actor. He never walked, he always ran. One day to my horror I saw

by RICHARD HUDNUT

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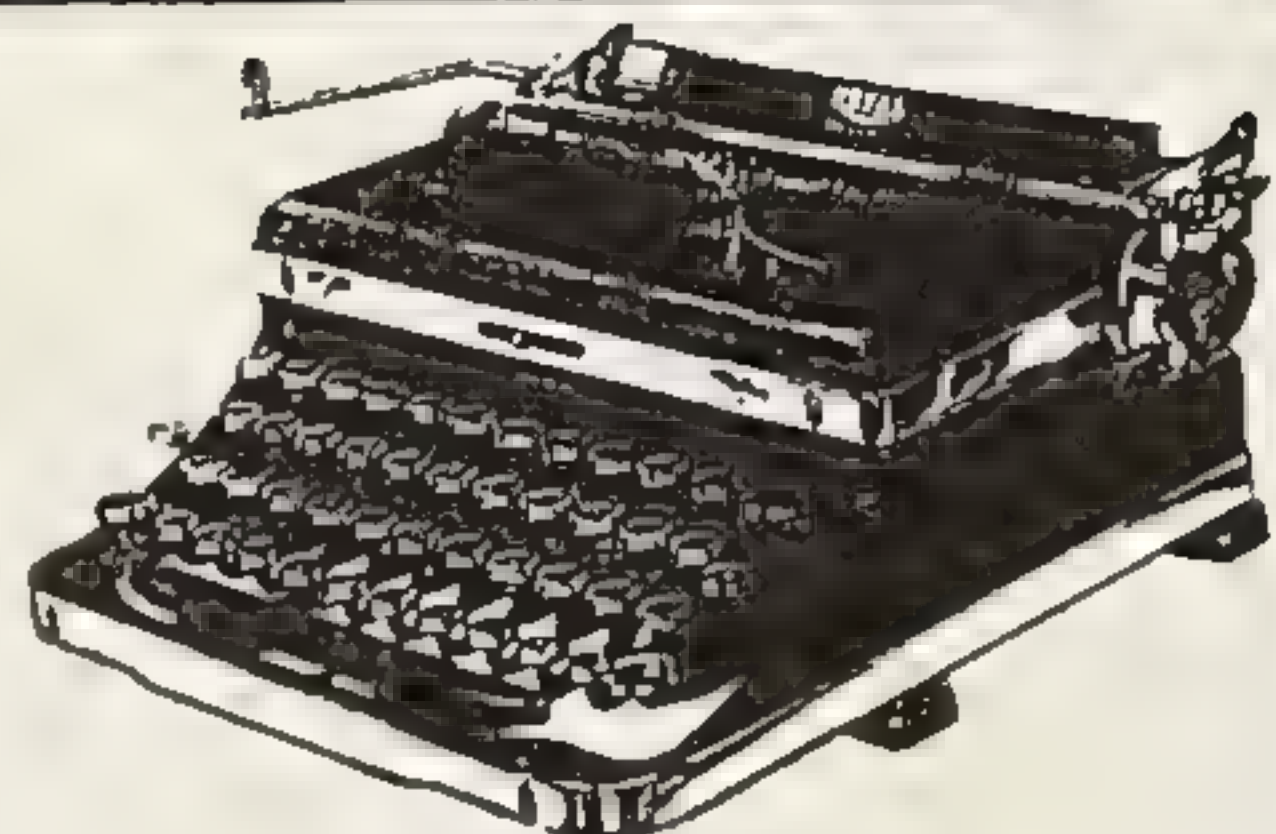
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him playing tag along the ledge of the roof of a five story building. Fear of danger, physical danger, was something to which Don was ever a stranger."

One of Don's secret little vanities is his marvelous knowledge of Latin—a subject he majored in when he was in school. He reads it fluently and beautifully. He likes to be in pictures where there are altar boys so that he can read the prayers for them offstage. One of his friends tells about the baptizing of Don's first-born, young Dominic Felix Ameche, the Third, in St. Luke's Church, River Forest, Illinois. It seems that Papa Ameche made a perfect nuisance of himself all during the ceremony. He insisted on reading the Latin over the priest's shoulder—and even checked him once on his pronunciation!

A most important day in Don's life, though he certainly didn't know it at the time, was Thanksgiving Day, 1928. Don was attending the University of Wisconsin, at Madison, and was studying, but not too hard, to become a lawyer. It was a holiday of course and Don had to make up his mind whether he'd go to the football game or to the matinee. A road company of "Excess Baggage" was playing Madison at the time. Though Don had captained many a football team in his prep school days the theatre now, with its lights and curtains and make-believe, he found far more interesting than a piece of inflated pigskin. So he decided in favor of the matinee—a decision that completely changed his life. Don't tell me there isn't any Fate!

At eleven o'clock Don appeared at the ticket office in the lobby of the theatre and stuck a dollar and a half under the wicket. The man in the cage pushed back the money and said: "Aren't you Don Ameche? From the College?" When Don assented, he said, "Okay, young man. Meet me at the stage door in two minutes."



This year, the highest of screen honors—The Academy Award—went to Luise Rainer for her performance in "The Good Earth" and to Spencer Tracy for his in "Captains Courageous."

It seems that at eight o'clock that morning the leading man of the stock company had been hurt in an automobile accident and ever since then the manager of the theatre had been phoning frantically all over town for a substitute actor to fill the injured man's place. When he saw Ameche at the ticket window he thought his prayers had been answered—he had seen Don in one of the college plays and knew that he could act. At three o'clock that afternoon Don Ameche made his debut on the professional stage! It had all "just happened." As Don says: "Everything that has boosted me along has been an accident. It just happened to me. I have never plan-

ned anything. I've just gone along—and there it was! Just ready to be taken."

Don stayed with the stock company the rest of the season. Momma and Poppa Ameche sighed because they weren't going to have a lawyer in the family after all—but with their usual good humor they decided to make the best of it. After his success in Madison, Don was eager to tackle Broadway, but Broadway wasn't particularly excited over the enthusiastic young westerner with the dreamy eyes. For months, long weary months, Don lived on beans and hopes. Write home for money? No, he was too proud for that. "The greatest excitement in my life at that time,"



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Gracie Allen and Edward Everett Horton in
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literary quality of "Yawn With The Wind."

says Don, "was the day I discovered a place
where I could get a plate of beans for five
cents." Mr. Ameche never wants to see
beans again.

But finally came a not particularly
profitable season in "Jerry for Short," fol-
lowed by a vaudeville tour with the late
Texas Guinan. Then to Chicago with the
lead in "Illegal Practice." The play only
ran two weeks, and Don, pretty discouraged
about it all, was on the verge of going
back to Kenosha and getting a job in the
mattress factory there, when his pals from
the theatre suggested he try radio.

Darryl Zanuck turned on his radio one
night, heard Don's voice, and immediately
demanded a screen test. It wasn't long
after that that Don (soon to be followed
by his wife and two small sons) arrived
in Hollywood and signed his name to a
Twentieth Century-Fox contract. His first
picture was "Sins of Man," followed by
"Ramona," "Ladies in Love," "One in a
Million," and "Love Is News." At present
he is working on his eleventh picture,
"Alexander's Ragtime Band."

He who was destined to be second only
to Shirley Temple on the Twentieth Cen-
tury-Fox lot was born in Kenosha, Wiscon-
sin, May 31, 1908. He was christened Dom-
inic Felix Ameche, after his father. The kids
at school changed it to "Dom" and then
to "Don." He attended kindergarten and
Franklin public schools in Kenosha, and at
the age of eleven, having completely ex-
hausted his family by his almost super-
human zest for life and excitement, he was
sent away to St. Berchman's Seminary, a
boarding school for boys under fifteen con-
ducted by the Sisters of Mercy. In the
Christmas play that year Don was chosen
to portray the Virgin Mary. Unfortunately,
the day before the play, he acquired a black
eye in a basket ball game. "And I feel I
can say in all sincerity," said Don, "that it
was the first time on record that the Virgin
Mary was presented with a black eye."

From St. Berchman's he went to Colum-
bia College in Dubuque, Iowa, where his
flair for dramatics was developed under the
supervision of Father I. J. Semper, the dra-
matic coach of the college. It was at this
time that Don discovered that he could
do "imitations" of people, and this discovery
you can be sure kept Columbia in a con-
stant state of turmoil. His favorite "imita-
tion" was of Father Kucara, the master of
discipline, who, when he was lucky enough
to catch Don, would caution him: "Ameche,
what's to become of you?"

It was while he was at Columbia that
seventeen-year-old Don fell hopelessly in
love. Her name was Honore Prendergrast
and she lived in Dubuque and she is so
described: "—in whose face there was so
much innocence, happiness and sweetness
that she bore the name of 'Sunshine.'" When Don returned to the college that

night, his heart beating once more, he said
to Father Sheehy, "She's swell. Honore's the
nicest girl I ever saw. I think I'll marry her."

Father Sheehy did not relish having his
charge involved in a love affair at such
an early age. "Now, Don," he pleaded, "be
sensible. Honore's young and I want you to
protect her, as would a brother."

"When we get married," Don offered as
a compromise, "you can marry us."

The day after Thanksgiving in 1932
Honore and Don were married by Father
Sheehy in the Church of the Nativity,
Dubuque, Iowa. Don had graduated from
Columbia, attended four other colleges
briefly, been on the stage in New York and
Chicago, but he never forgot his first and
only love. As soon as he could make a
living for her, thanks to the radio, he
married her and brought her to their first
home in River Forest, a suburb of Chicago.

Hollywood is famous for its matrimonial
problems. But the friends of Honore and
Don Ameche don't have to worry about that.

Three Lanes to Fame


[Continued from page 27]

in New York City. "Mostly to learn correct
breathing," she says. Rosemary and Cora
came after her when summer vacation was
starting and the two girls stopped in at a
music house to buy some sheet music to
take home. When they tried a song there
was applause from a stranger. Fred Waring,
no less, happened to be listening; he in-
sisted that they join his band.

That was sheer luck; yes. But they'd
been studying for it. On their opening mat-
inee at the Roxy, Pat nearly floundered
tragically. "I was chewing gum to keep from
shaking to death. When I got onto the
stage it was still there—and stuck in my
mouth so I couldn't sing! Talk of your
embarrassing minutes—! Fred finally caught
on, began joking about my predicament,
and I swallowed and sang." She was pre-
cisely fourteen.

For four years the two youngest Lanes
were featured singers with the popular
Pennsylvanians, their mother presiding over
their apartment. In fashionable hotels and
over the airwaves their harmonizing went
over big. They didn't let Broadway glitter
go to their heads, though.

"We always had Hollywood in view,"



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asserts Rosemary, endeavoring to be calm. "Why, for two-and-a-half years we wore bands, having our teeth straightened. We knew how right they'd have to be for the cameras." They carefully saw every worthwhile film and play. Pat giggles at that. "Rosemary had a weakness for the sentimental, drippy ones! Oh, she got in all the musicals as well. But is she the romanticist?" Sisterly analyses, with the Lanes, are accurate. Rosemary is, indeed the sort who ordinarily would marry young and be vitally concerned with making a go of her household. But she has a talent and the Lane ambition. Pat, on the other hand, looks so fragile and is, contrarily, mad about sports and the great open spaces. She spent all her leisure time, when with Waring, on a dude ranch she located in Delaware. Zeke and Si, the Wyoming cowboys who run it, are appreciated correspondents.

"I've always been a problem child," sighs Pat, as demure as an angel until her eyes twinkle, as they inevitably do. "That reminds me," muses Rosemary. "When we were children, you hit me once. I never did know why. Why?" Pat grins. "Didn't know my own strength! But will you ever forget how Fred was in cahoots with mother? He was forever giving us little talks. 'I'm shaping your characters,' he'd persist. We always wanted to reverse—I still," declares Pat, "want to sing torch songs." Her sweet face handicaps that yearning, I'm afraid.

It wasn't Lola who got them to Hollywood. Lola encountered what most women brand bad luck. When her career was most promising she married Lew Ayres. It was a violent love that wore itself out when two temperaments could not compromise. She retired altogether when, later, she married Al Hall, a prominent director. When this marriage likewise failed she was in no position to be passing out pull. She had none. Her own professional standing had to be re-established and it was harder to come back than it is to dent Hollywood in the first place.

"I heard of a rôle I thought I could play. I read the script and went to the casting director. He said to me, 'Why don't you quit trying?' That was the final slap I needed. I went home and into prolonged conference with myself. I realized that all my mistakes has been of my own making. It seems to me I have something to offer, that I can become an outstanding actress if I try hard enough, if I develop. I made a detailed chart of myself. On it I put all my shortcomings. My Irish temper was one of my faults. I looked over that chart every single morning, crossed off poor traits only when I'd conquered them for good. I considered myself as laboratory material. I used to react to my surroundings so markedly; now I attempt to stop and think well. Whenever I'm disappointed I figure it's because there's been something wrong with me; I go home and think back and find out what."

Possessing a concise mind and now so completely honest with herself, Lola has regained her stride. She wants to fulfil her acting destiny and, to this end, is not planning on love. Now every little thing which can improve her as an actress is significant. She doesn't want to be typed. A generous person, with a dominant personality, her sense of humor isn't squelched, fortunately, in this new campaign. An omniverous reader, not of novels but of subjects which matter, she takes up one topic at a time and reads everything on it she can discover. And such earnestness has borne fruit. By a strange twist of fate, Lola has been awarded a contract by Warners, where Rosemary and Pat already had been signed. Now all three sisters are playing leads on the same lot, an unmatched case in all Hollywood history.

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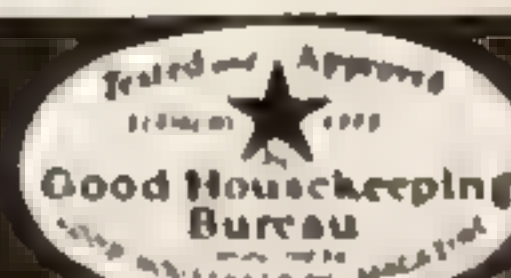
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In spite of all that has been written about bad breath, thousands still lose friends through this unpleasant fault. Yet sour stomach with its resultant bad breath is frequently only the result of constipation. Just as loss of appetite, early weakness, nervousness, mental dullness, can all be caused by it.

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The novice sisters got to Hollywood through Fred Waring. He utilized their obvious ability when he made a picture last summer, and kindly let them leave the band to go on as they deserved to go. Of course, Lola has given plenty of advice from her own experiences. She won't give any interviews about the girls, however. She wants them to feel on their own, wants the public to feel that they are. She lives on a convenient ranch and it was to her cottage that Rosemary and Pat and Cora were rushed upon arrival.

"Take off your Eastern clothes!" cried Lola, handing Rosemary a pair of green pajamas and Pat some red ones "You must put on California manners now." The opportunity of living out in the country was too much for Pat; they moved into a California ranch-house near to Lola. There they have a swimming pool and their horses. Lola doesn't care for water or for riding. "But, speaking for Rosemary, too," chimes in Pat, "we're in our element. I contemplate raising live-stock as soon as I can get around to it."

But night-clubbing, and all those ultra-sophisticated kicks? "That doesn't appeal to us," retorts Rosemary, meaning it. "We've only been in the Trocadero once. What we enjoy here is the fresh air, the trees, the green grass. Country life is elegant!" Wayne Morris is thanking providence that he always could sit a horse better than he could truck on down, anyway.

Regarding her intentions towards Wayne, Pat won't say yes or no. "I think marriage can mix with a career," she states. "I'm certainly not going to stay single for seven years." That's the time limit on her movie contract. Rosemary isn't so sure of complicating her current busy schedule. "I don't see how, when a girl is so occupied, marriage can be very successful. You'd have to let others do all the things you'd want to attend to yourself." Rosemary's radio program, requiring rehearsals in her spare time, keeps her dashing. "In New York you're a sissy if you go to bed before twelve. When Lola vowed we'd be going to bed at nine at night we laughed. But we know now. When we get up at six in the morning we're worn out by nine at night."

Having always roomed together, Rosemary and Pat continue to do so, even though they're stars and have a guest-house to boot. "We split when we're studying our scripts. One of us," admits Rosemary, "has to take to the den and shut the door." They act out their scenes for the morrow, deliberately. They have a rule, incidentally, never to borrow without first asking if it'll be all right; this, no doubt, is a major hint for first-class harmony.

The youngest Lanes haven't gone on a shopping splurge. They're saving their money. They already had one fur coat apiece and why get illusions? They did want a big car like Lola's, but bought Fords instead. They wish "the duchess"—Leota, their opera-bound sister—could visit them on their ranch and see the studio as their guest. Martha, the only sister who wasn't consumed with professional ambition, is now with them for a month's stay. Martha is the wife of a professor at the University of Illinois.

Astonishingly, Perc Westmore, make-up chieftain at Warners, didn't pluck eyebrows or attempt to change their faces around. The legend about directors yelling at players is a phoney, too, they observe. "And we're so excited whenever we see any of the stars," announces Pat. "Olivia de Havilland was the very first one we saw."

Maybe it was coincidence; maybe it was fate pointing out a moral to me. For Olivia shortly after passed the table where the Lanes and I were lunching. She greeted Hollywood's three smarter girls with respect. Who, given the chance, wouldn't?

Mother's Day

[Continued from page 57]

mother even closer together if that's possible. Whenever she is visited on the studio set by "mother," Sonja unashamedly climbs up and sits on Mama Henie's lap and "loves" her no matter who may be around! She may be the world's greatest ice skater to her public, but she's just a precious little girl to "Mama."

Mrs. Isabel Eddy, mother of handsome but girl-shy, 37-year-old Nelson, is another of those Hollywood mothers beloved by their offspring. Nelson says he positively couldn't get along without her. "Until I find some one at least half as fine as she is, I shall never marry!" he says, and means it, too. Mrs. Eddy runs his house, protects him from unwelcome feminine visitors, giving Nelson all the comforts of a wife-run establishment. Usually, on Mother's Day, if it is warm, they go to the beach and have a grand time.

Mildred and Harold Lloyd give the usual family dinner party in honor of their two mothers, Mrs. Howard Davis and Mrs. Elizabeth Lloyd—and top that off by running a couple of popular films in the family theater room.

Warner Baxter never fails to give his annual dinner party for his mother. William Powell, who, by the way, even today still calls his mother "Mummy," usually takes her for a long motoring trip.

Last Mother's Day, Shirley Temple surprised her mother by appearing at the side of her bed bright and early, adorned with dust-cap and apron, and exclaiming: "Mumsie, you have to stay in bed all day today!"

"Why, what on earth for, darling?" demanded Mrs. Temple.

"Because," said Shirley, with the barest trace of a grin on her little face, "it's Mother's Day and I don't want you to do any work—and if you're in bed I'm sure you'll not be able to do any! I'm going to do all the work today and I'm even going to fix my own hair! You just rest like a good little mother!"

Of course, Mrs. Temple didn't stay in bed all day long but, nevertheless, her little girl's attitude both pleased and amused her.

Nobody, though, loves their mother any more than little Jane Withers does her charming, nearly-always-smiling mother.

Mrs. Withers' every thought concerns Jane and her welfare and that little "monkey" we all love so well on the screen realizes it fully and comes right back with all the devotion in the world for "mother."

About a week before each Mother's Day comes, Jane secretly gets out the paste, colored paper, paints and bits of lace and makes the lady-who-loves-her-best-of-all one of the most colorful and gorgeous greeting cards you and I could ever hope to find—and is Mrs. Withers thrilled and tickled when she receives it, together with a dozen bear-hugs and some useful gifts she's wanted.

Sally Eilers will never forget the first visit of her son, Poochie, aged 3, to a movie set. She was doing a dramatic scene in which she was threatening a matron with a gun during a jail-break. And right in the middle of the shot Poochie screamed: "O be careful of that gun, mummy, or it'll hurt you and then Poochie have no mummy for mummy's day!" That broke up the scene—and Sally nearly died laughing, but she sent the child to his nurse in her dressing room.

So you see, don't you, Hollywood thrives on mother-devotion?

Adults or little tykes, they all sincerely and whole-heartedly cherish their mothers.

Pictures on the Fire

[Continued from page 13]

Lane. Personally, I prefer Priscilla but it's difference of opinion that makes horse racing.

Cogitating on this profound truism, I turn my steps to—

M-G-M

TWO pictures here but "Marie Antoinette" I'll tell you about later. The other is "Three Comrades" starring Robert Taylor, Franchot Tone and Robert Young.

This, too, is near the beginning of things. The three boys run an auto repair shop. Although, no mention of Germany is made, this is another in the cycle of books written by Erich Maria Remarque and takes up where "The Road Back" left off. Things are tough for the boys and Franchot and Young are in Alfons' bar reviving their drooping spirits when Taylor dashes in and hands Franchot a check that makes his eyes bulge.

"Who's this man?" Tone demands. "What'd you hit him with? What'd you do with his body?"

"I sold the limousine (an old Mercedes)," Taylor announces nonchalantly.

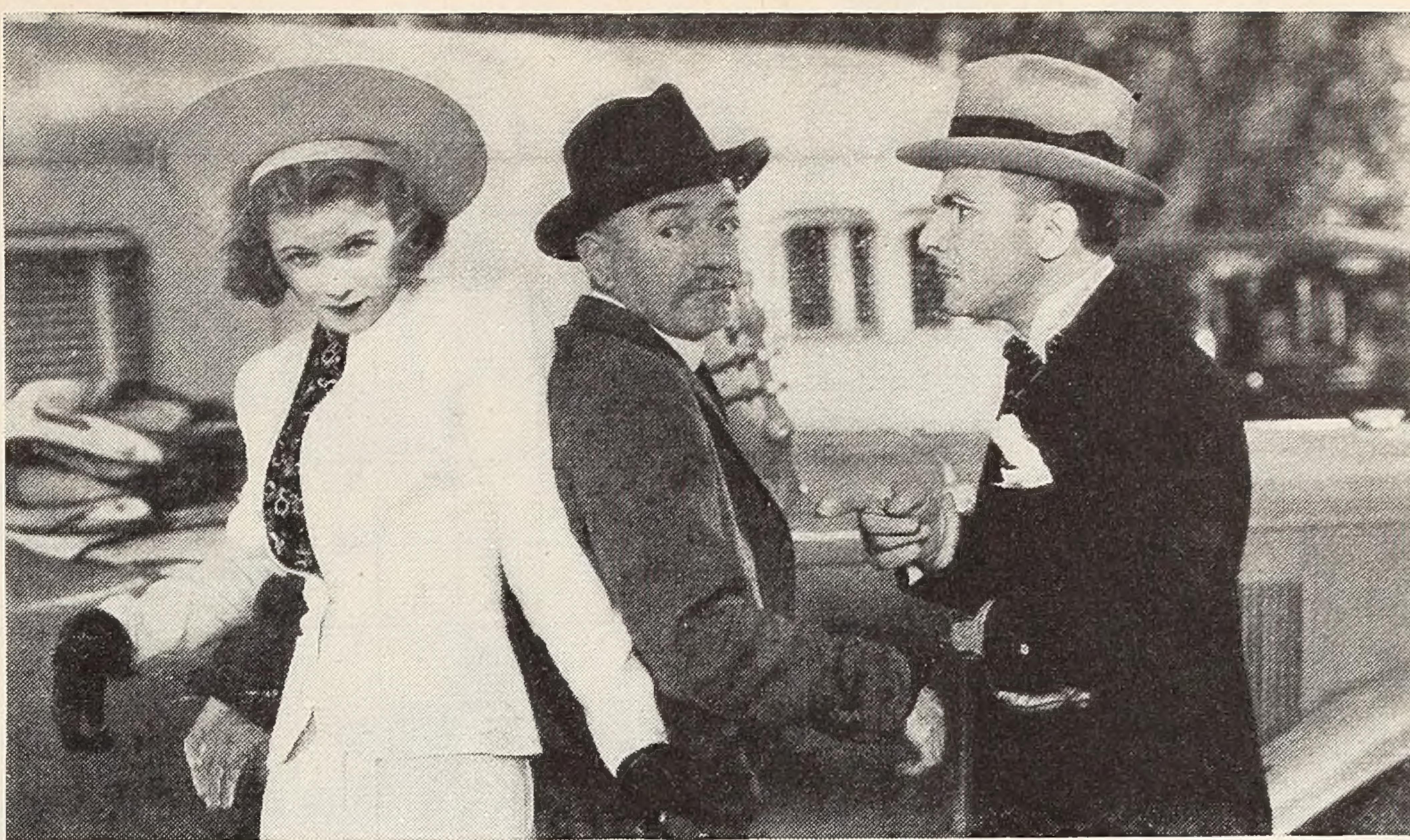
"Did you say his name was Napoleon?" Young interjects.

"Schultz—and Frau Schultz," Taylor explains, airily flicking an ash from his cigarette.

"Two thousand marks apiece!" Young murmurs. "Two thousand marks worth of help for our country."

"It's your money, Gottfried—" Tone begins.

"Yes, I know—" Young replies abstractedly.



Lucille Ball, Arthur Stone and Fritz Feld in "Go Chase Yourself." And the same to you!

"We could buy a taxi," Tone suggests. "There's one being auctioned off today—at Schmidt's," Taylor supplies.

"Why a taxi?" Young asks.

"Because it's an income in addition to the shop," the practical Tone explains. "Because it's a source of security—for the three of us—"

"Well, what are we waiting for?" Young queries after a short pause.

Tone grins and slaps his shoulder, speaking to Taylor: "Go tell Baby to move over—she's going to have company."

So Tone and Young leave to buy the taxi

and Taylor goes to the phone to call the girl in the case so Romance can start to have its fling.

And that about winds us up for this month because, although there are five pictures shooting at 20th Century-Fox, I've already told you about "Four Men and A Prayer," starring Loretta Young, and "Kentucky Moonshine." The others, "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and another big musical, are on location and "Little Miss Broadway" starring Shirley Temple is closed to visitors.

Hence, until this time next month, Adios!



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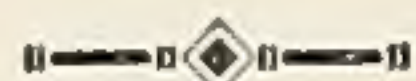
KLEENEX^{*} DISPOSABLE TISSUES

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The Final Thing

NORMA SHEARER had the scare of her life at the testimonial dinner given Louis B. Mayer, retiring after seven years as head of the producers' association. Norma spoke of Irving Thalberg, then praised L. B., and finished her very nice speech by quoting Director Woody Van Dyke, a quotation that included a curse word to put it over.

As Norma sat down Master of Ceremonies Georgie Jessel stepped up to the microphone and solemnly said, "For the benefit of those who heard Miss Shearer swear, that was Sophie Tucker speaking." Norma's face turned crimson as she gasped, "Was I on the air?" And what a sigh of relief she breathed when Jessel assured her he was only jesting. Movie stars had rather be caught stealing than swearing—on the air.



LEG glorifying comes high in Hollywood. Next time your eyes are delighted by an expanse of silk-encased nether extremities capering across the screen consider the expense and be grateful. That rough-and-tumble number Martha Raye did with the strong-armed sailors in "The Big Broadcast of 1938" used up two dozen pairs of black chiffon opera hose. They cost four bucks a pair.

The symmetry-aiding tights Alice Faye displayed in "In Old Chicago" nicked the budget for \$250. That is because they were hand embroidered and hand painted. Sonja Henie wears out two pairs of especially made tights a day when she is cutting the ice for one of her skating numbers, and every pair sets the wardrobe department back \$35.

ANNOUNCEMENT

A GREAT Feature in our June SILVER SCREEN! The TRUE story of a beautiful girl in Hollywood whose voice is "dubbed in" but whose face is never seen on the screen!

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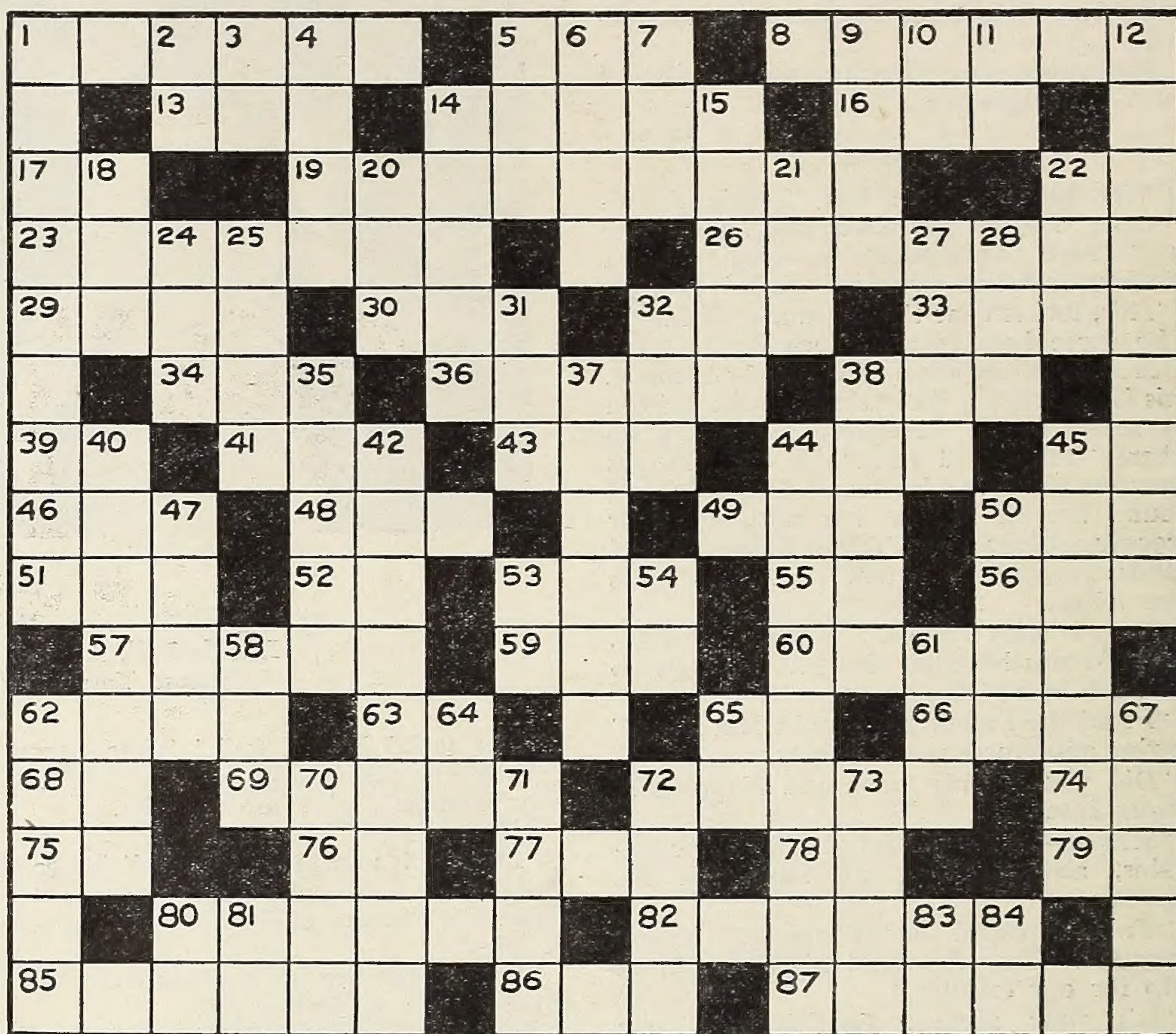
Ponce de Leon sought the Fountain of Youth. But the famous Hollywood screen stars found it! Read about this miracle of Hollywood.

* * * *

This next absorbing issue will bring you another fascinating and romantic fiction story centering around life in the film center, as well as many personality stories about the players you are so interested in. Don't miss the June issue of SILVER SCREEN, on sale May 13th.

A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert



ACROSS

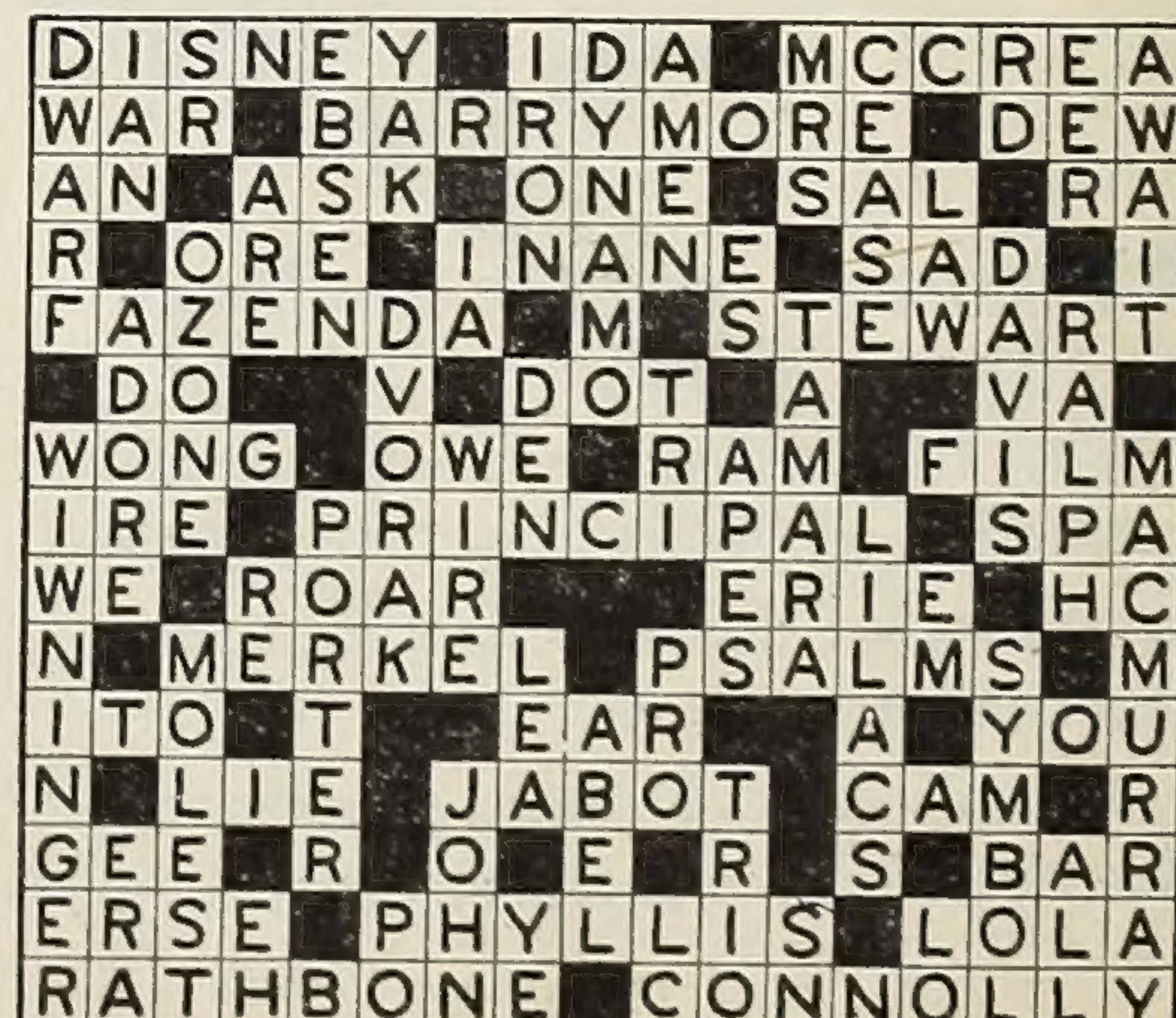
- 1 One of the seven dwarfs
- 5 Document (abbr.)
- 8 In "Submarine D-1"
- 13 Part of the verb "to be"
- 14 "Josette" is her latest picture
- 16 Small venomous snake
- 17 Expression of wonder
- 19 Vivacity
- 22 Elder (abbr.)
- 23 The little daughter in "Scandal Street"
- 26 Well-known tap dancer
- 29 In "Murder in Greenwich Village"
- 30 Golf mound
- 32 Freeze
- 33 Played the title role in "Life of Emile Zola"
- 34 Modern
- 36 Sound judgment
- 38 Suitable
- 39 Whether
- 41 Pouch
- 43 Born
- 44 Preposition
- 45 Parent
- 46 Number
- 48 Sweet Potato
- 49 Vase
- 50 Sea eagle
- 51 Period of time
- 52 North River (abbr.)
- 53 Request
- 55 Paid publicity
- 56 In "Wells Fargo"
- 57 Saltpeter
- 59 With Clark Gable in "Test Pilot"
- 60 Appoints
- 62 Auction
- 63 Near by
- 65 "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" (initials)
- 66 Player's stake
- 68 Upon
- 69 Warmth
- 72 Sally of "Sally, Irene and Mary"
- 74 Either
- 75 Northwestern state (abbr.)
- 76 Two-toed sloth
- 77 Entirely
- 78 Therefore
- 79 Near (abbr.)
- 80 Famous for his animated cartoons
- 82 Sidewise
- 85 The manager in "Happy Landing"
- 86 Organ of hearing
- 87 A character actor

DOWN

- 1 She whom the seven dwarfs idolized
- 2 Every (abbr.)
- 3 Speech of hesitancy
- 4 Ardor
- 5 Obscure
- 6 Persian poet
- 7 Small bed
- 9 Walking stick
- 10 Andrew Jackson in "The Buccaneer" (initials)

- 11 Upon
- 12 A thrilling film
- 14 King (poss.)
- 15 Female relative
- 18 Feminine pronoun
- 20 Mesh
- 21 Suffix
- 22 Male descendant
- 24 Crawford in "The Buccaneer"
- 25 Stains or colors
- 27 Mohammedan prince
- 28 Hard-shelled fruit
- 31 Even (poet.)
- 32 Suffix
- 35 In "The Kid Comes Back"
- 37 In "Girl of the Golden West"
- 38 With Bette Davis in "Jezebel"
- 40 The butler in "Fools for Scandal"
- 42 Abraham Lincoln in "Of Human Hearts"
- 44 A recent DeMille discovery
- 45 Kay Francis' husband in "First Lady"
- 47 Metal pin
- 50 Paradise
- 53 Man's nickname
- 54 Southern state (abbr.)
- 58 Beverage
- 61 Star of "Every Day's a Holiday"
- 62 Star of "Happy Landing"
- 64 Toward
- 65 Clerk (abbr.)
- 67 "Robin Hood" himself
- 70 Reckless
- 71 In "College Swing"
- 72 Wing-shaped
- 73 Outer garment
- 80 Well known orchestra leader (initials)
- 81 Suffix
- 83 Point of compass (abbr.)
- 84 Titanium (chem.)

Answer To Last Month's Puzzle



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